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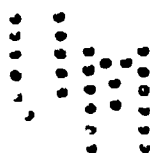
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR



Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDOLYPPE.'

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Agatha's Vocation	28, 118, 227, 328, 423, 513
Agnus Dei	148
Ancient Races of the Bible.	473
Cameos from English History :—	
Passive Resistance	47
The Seven Bishops.	154
Flight of James II.. . . .	241
The Revolution	342
Bonnie Dundee.	437
Derry and the Boyne	541
Circumcision, The	39
Conversation on Books	272
On Foreign Books	374
Debatable Ground :—	
Sunday-schools.	90, 491
Ghosts	189
Education of a Hundred Years Ago	291
Tact and Worldly Wisdom	393
The Golden Mean	591
Easter-Eve	363
Great Forty Days, The	457
Grottoes of Han, The	574
In Memoriam—Amy Lascelles.	271
Lectures on Church History	54, 164, 259, 355, 449, 555
'Lost in the Finding'	18, 111, 221, 318, 417, 527
Papers on English Literature	72, 178, 278, 376, 481, 582
Poetry :—	
Kaiser Frederick	67
After a Mission.	479

	PAGE
Second Adam, The	233
Second-Hand.	197
Soap-Bubbles	371
Thoughts	69
Three Gardens, The.	466
Truth with Honour	1, 101, 201, 301, 401, 501
Two Books Worth Thinking Over	565
Two Days in 1887 : a Contrast	125

The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

"The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of Truth is that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this."

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN.

SCENE: the first floor drawing-room of a country-town house in an eastern county, looking into a street; with furniture thoroughly inartistic and somewhat elderly, though certain sporadic attempts at ornament and decoration showed aspirations after more modern ideas of the beautiful. Personages: two unusually good-looking girls, so unlike that few would have taken them to be sisters, or even half-sisters, as they actually were. One, with black silky waves brushed back tightly from her brow, delicate aquiline features, black-lashed blue eyes, and a high bright colour, was standing, tall and straight, by the marble chimney-piece, fingering the little Salviati ornaments upon it, with a rather wistful look on her grave face; the other, a fair little creature with a blush-rose complexion, short fluffy light hair curling all over her head, and great grey eyes with dark-ringed irids, was coiled luxuriously in the window-seat between the open window and the lace curtain, heedless that her pretty face was thereby in full view of the passengers in the street. She was smaller and plumper than the other girl; but there was a vivacious grace about her not to be seen in the more stately sister, and something between fun and indignation shone out of her eyes and curved her pretty lips. These two girls were named Gwendolen and Mary Despard, and were respectively, at this time, twenty-five and twenty-one years of age.

'It's not a thing I should say to any one else,' Gwendolen was saying—she had a way of emphasising her words unevenly when she was moved; 'but you know, Maisie, it's no wonder I feel more at

home at Quixeter than here. If papa had meant me to feel this my home, he shouldn't have left me with grandmamma till I was eighteen. No, I don't want to throw any blame on anybody, but I am a Sandford, and you are a Despard, and I am a fish out of water in the things you like, just as you would be at Quixeter among the things I like. I can't make jokes about nothing, or pretend I enjoy the sort of nonsense you and papa do.'

'We are babies,' said Maisie from her corner. 'We always have been. I'm very sorry, but I'm sure I'm too old to alter, and I think it's just possible he may be.'

'I know you and he always have made me feel out of it,' went on Gwendolen. 'Not intentionally—oh, dear no—but just because our temperaments are of different kinds. When I get to Quixeter I'm a different creature. I don't feel squashed and stupid any more—people talk to me and care to hear what I say. I feel like another person, perhaps you would think I was one if you saw me there. Maisie, you can't think what it is to be offered a whole month there! I don't think there is any doubt papa will let me go, do you? He doesn't want me in the least.'

'I never knew papa refuse a single thing that one of us wished for,' said Maisie with indignation in her tone.

Gwen faced round, with some emotion in her voice.

'Perhaps it depends what you wish for,' she said; 'I've wished for many things in this house, and never been able to get one of them. I've wished for orderly ways in the household, I've wished to have prayers in the morning as all civilised people have. I've wished to have properly behaved servants about me. I've wished not to have gambling parties in the house sitting up till two o'clock.'

'Gwen—just a few men playing whist or billiards! and you know papa never lets them come across us. If it was Edith Lacy now, she might complain of that sort of thing. But it's quite true what you say—Mrs. Sandford spoilt you for papa and me. I think you'd better go to Quixeter where you're happy. We'll do our best to keep each other going without you.'

Maisie turned her shoulder towards her sister with something of a spoilt child gesture.

'I believe I am a sort of a wet blanket on both of you,' said Gwen, in a tone which had a curious mixture of pride and depression. She was thoroughly conscious of the unsatisfactoriness of her family relations, and wavered between blame of herself and blame of them. Maisie, who had a soft heart, relented at once from her petulant mood.

'You needn't be, Gwen. There's no earthly reason why we shouldn't all be jolly together, if you would only see it. If you would only come down off your high horse now and then, and be just a little human, and not look so shocked when papa says a little swear, and take things as they come—in fact, as I do.'

'Yes,' said Gwen, 'and lead on that wretched Lucas Ingleston just

to spite his mother, and pretend you care about his silk mills and reading-rooms, and make fun of him the moment his back is turned; and tell Alice Ingleston her baby is the prettiest you ever saw, and kiss it as if you really liked it, and then go and make up a story about its squalling till everybody at her afternoon tea-party had to go away, when you *know* nothing of the sort happened!’

‘Mrs. Baynes went away,’ said Maisie, ‘and I did like the baby when I said so; it was soft and clean. And, as for Lucas Ingleston, I don’t see why I shouldn’t get a few rises out of him as much as you get your fun out of those masters at Quixeter.’

Apparently she had touched some tender chord, for Gwen coloured, and her wicked little sister perceived it at once.

‘I say, Gwen, you’re blushing! Is there anybody? Oh, what a joke! Gwen caught at last!’

‘No!’ said Gwendolen; but her tell-tale face might as well have said yes.

‘Gwen, that’s a story. Oh, you bad, inconsistent girl—you who never tell stories, who never say a single word you couldn’t swear to in a court of justice, and your face betraying you all the time! Now you must tell me who it is.’

Happily for Gwen’s equanimity, at this moment the door opened, and a tall, thin, sallow man, with grizzled hair and a black moustache, came into the room. He did not at first see Maisie in her place behind the curtain, and his eye roved over Gwendolen without more interest than if she had been a china figure; but it was pretty to see the brightening of lips and eye when he caught sight of the fair head behind the lace curtain, which peeped out to welcome him.

‘Hollo, little Maisie! No tea yet? and I’m as thirsty as a fish. What have you been doing to-day, little girl?’ He went and sat down by her on the window-seat, while Gwen rang the bell.

‘I’ve been scolding Gwen for want of perfect truthfulness, daddy, and I hope I’ve brought her to a sense of her sins. She says no when she ought to say yes, and it is so very wrong ever to deceive any one, especially when you can’t if you try. And do you know, daddy’—Maisie had nestled herself up against him as she spoke—‘you and I will have to make up our minds to each other’s company for a whole month! Gwen has got an awfully jolly invitation from the Lesters at Quixeter. Mr. Lester is going to give a set of lectures on the person Mark Twain calls Mr. Renaissance. Mrs. Lester wants Gwen to come and be improved by them; and, as Gwen is never so happy as in that paradise of learning, I don’t see how we can help letting her go—do you?’

‘You want to go, Gwen?’ said her father, not unkindly, but with none of the special affection that was in his tone when he spoke to Maisie.

‘If you can spare me, I should like it very much,’ said Gwen, really grateful to her sister for having broken the ice for her. She was

never in the least at ease with her father, and could no more have taken anything for granted with him, as Maisie did, than she could have flown.

Mr. Despard was the chief banker in the small country town of Paul's Warrendon, commonly called Paul's to distinguish it from all the other Warrendons in the neighbourhood. He lived with his two daughters in the red brick house attached to the bank, facing the street, and there Maisie had lived all her life, and Gwendolen since her grandmother's death when she was eighteen.

When Gwendolen's mother had married Lewis Despard, his relations had highly disapproved of the match. Mr. Despard was an attractive man, but his youth had not been a blameless one, and, though no moral fault was found with him after his marriage, in the eyes of his neighbours and acquaintances he still retained some of the doubtful repute of the past. This might not have been the case had he not had a tinge of the Bohemian about him, which offends the moral sense of the British middle class more than some worse things. His first wife died when Gwendolen was two years old, and her mother at once took charge of the little girl. In a year he married again, but the first Mrs. Despard's relations were not willing to put the little girl under the charge of a stepmother, though the stepmother was as kindly, child-loving, warm-hearted a woman as they could have wished to find. Before long there was another baby sister in the cradle, and alas, not long after, another motherless child in the house. Mrs. Sandford, Gwen's grandmother, offered to take little Mary to bring up with Gwen, but her father refused to part with her. An elder sister of his second wife's came to keep house for him, and stayed there until she married an elderly squire in the neighbourhood, when Maisie was about fourteen. During the same year Mrs. Sandford died, and Mr. Despard claimed his elder daughter, rather as a companion for Maisie than because he wanted her himself. All his domestic affections were centred on Maisie; ever since she could toddle a 'walk with daddy' had been her greatest joy; her aunt Susy's rule had been an easy one; her father had eagerly forestalled her every wish, and if it had not been that the child had a sweet, unspoilable nature, she would probably have grown up selfish and exacting. But happily Maisie was gifted with a sense of humour, and a power of laughing at herself as well as at other people; she also expected people to be kind to her, and generally found them so; and she had a real, deep love for her father, who was probably a better man for the existence of his little fair-haired daughter. Though in colouring Maisie was like her own mother, in character she took after her father much more than Gwendolen did. She had his quick sense of fun, his adaptiveness to the moods of those he was thrown with, and his easily stirred emotion; also, perhaps, his natural easiness and content with a standard wholly devoid of aspiration.

But when Gwendolen, with her four years of elderhood, her stately

beauty, and her deep mourning, came home to make a third in the place of easy-going Aunt Susy, Maisie made acquaintance with a new type of character and a new way of looking out upon life. Gwendolen felt thoroughly orphaned at the death of the grandmother who had been truly a mother to her, and her stern young idealisms were of the kind to be stimulated rather than repressed by the uncongenial atmosphere in which she found herself. Maisie frequently raged at her, but she could not help admiring her; Gwen was so true and so straightforward, and believed so strongly in her own views of right and wrong, that Maisie, whose own were perhaps slightly fluid at this time, could not help being impressed. If Gwen had been tender as well as true—if she had had a larger, more outgoing nature, dwelling more on possibilities than on limits,—she might have done much more with Maisie than she did; but, as it was, she insensibly raised the standard considerably by which Maisie's conscience guided itself, though she did not stop the chaff with which her younger sister was apt to meet her grave reproaches. The chief difference between them—the defect in Gwendolen which Maisie found it hardest to forgive—was that Gwen did not appreciate the father, whom her old-fashioned propriety called 'papa' instead of Maisie's 'daddy.' Brought up in the most decorous and proper of feminine households, where righteousness and propriety were held to be synonymous expressions, Gwen could not but be shocked at the laxness of Mr. Despard, whose language was not always that which would have suited the crew of the *Pinafore*, and who spoke of a man who had absconded in order to escape his creditors as a 'poor devil.' Gwen felt intensely responsible for every sixpence in her purse; her father and Maisie always wanted to give to every beggar who passed their windows if he looked hungry, and scouted the notion of the Charity Organization Society. Gwen had been brought up to go to church twice at least on Sundays, and on week days whenever some serious duty did not prevent it; her father never went at all, and Maisie not without much grumbling, constrained by an elementary sense of duty. Decidedly Mr. Despard was not all he should have been; yet not only his pet Maisie, but Gwendolen's grave and beautiful mother, Hester Sandford, had felt his attractiveness, and had loved him dearly in spite of his faults and the opposition of her family. Maisie had that power which some women have, and delight in using, of playing upon other people to see what they will do, and the naughty girl had a special facility and pleasure in using this power upon young men; but she was thoroughly heart whole, and likely to remain so, for it was the firm conviction of her heart that she should never see any young man for whom she should care to leave daddy. So things stood with the two sisters when Gwendolen accepted that eventful invitation to Quixeter; of which more anon.

CHAPTER II.

ARDEN'S PARADISE.

QUIXETER was another small country town, situated in a wide level district of the same county as Paul's Warrendon; but at some distance from it, and only to be reached by a particularly inconvenient line of railroad.

After a long career of respectable insignificance it had risen into public notice, by the removal thither of an old grammar-school foundation, and the creation of a great modern public school. The masters and scholars of that school, after some few years' residence, beheld in themselves the final cause of Quixeter, the great result for which that peaceful spot had been waiting through the centuries. Their school buildings covered and crowned the one low hill which took from Quixeter the reproach of being in a flat country; the Roman Road was suited to their bicycles; their straw hats, cricket-bats, and school-books transformed the shop windows; and they filled the little High Street with black gowns and boating flannels.

The boarding-houses at Quixeter stood on either side of a wide road. They were built of yellow brick, picked out and ornamented with patterns and strange devices in red, and were relieved by plantations of trees, still young and very short, so that the effect of their architecture was unimpaired.

The largest, reddest, and yellowest, was under the charge of Mr. John Lester, and was defended by an ornamental and battlemented porch rather like a dragon's mouth to swallow up unwary pupils. Everything was clean and whole, and fresh and new, and had an air of growth and prosperity. To Gwendolen Despard, the coming of the grammar school had been the opening of life. She had been in the habit of staying occasionally with the Vicar of Quixeter, and at his house had there met Mrs. John Lester, and to Gwendolen, whose experience had consisted first of a quiet, rather dull life with her grandmother, and then in an uncongenial atmosphere at Paul's Warrendon, life had certainly begun with the friendship that had sprung up between them. It was quite new to Miss Despard to meet young university men with literary interests, or to hear anything of the artistic world, which, as Mrs. Lester was the daughter of a well-known artist, also came in her way. Gwendolen was not a very intellectual person; but she was much the better for finding out that life could have other diversions besides the few highly proper balls and tennis-parties of her life before she came to Paul's Warrendon, and the more Bohemian amusements of the Despard household. She was not herself at first aware when one among the crowd of young masters began to stand out in her mind, especially as on account of Mr. Bevan's relationship to Mrs. Lester she saw him the most frequently; but of late this personal interest had been added to the charms of Quixeter.

She had long ceased to say that she should like to live there better than anywhere else ; but when she came to pay her promised visit, all the school life, which she had unconsciously studied so closely, seemed to surround her with future cheerfulness. It was only a background ; but it was a background which she thoroughly liked.

Mrs. Lester's drawing-room was a big upstairs room, with varnished pitch-pine woodwork and mantelpiece, and pale-red distempered walls, thickly covered with pictures. It was unconventional, and Gwen thought it was 'schooly.' She had always thought that she would have something different. A large angular window stuck out at one corner, making almost another small room, and here was Mrs. Lester's writing-table and her favourite books, and here she was fondest of sitting, perhaps because at this coign of vantage she could see her Jack coming out of school.

There was a half-holiday, however, a day or two after Gwendolen's arrival, and Jack was already in the drawing-room, apparently awaiting his wife's entrance to pour out the tea, as she came in from some call with her friend. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, fair-haired and handsome. His fame at college, both in sport and study, was recent enough to do him honour in the eyes of his pupils ; and he was not unlike a big, solemn, sixth form boy himself. His tastes, interests, and ideas were those of the best of his boys, considerably more developed ; he was the sort of person many of them would have liked to become. And just now, as he was doing the polite in no very genial fashion to a lady sitting opposite to him, his manner was comically like that of a sixth form boy on his best behaviour.

The lady was ill-dressed, awkward, and, at first sight, insignificant ; but with a certain air of being alive to her very finger-tips. She had a deep, rather pleasing voice ; but spoke with startling abruptness.

'Mr. Lester,' she was saying, as the two other ladies came into the room, 'you strike me as a very inconsistent person.'

'What?' said Mrs. Lester, 'quarrelling already? Jack, what have you been doing?'

'Ah!' cried Mrs. Tanner starting up and embracing her, 'my bonnie Gipsy, come and assert yourself!'

Gwendolen caught the tea table, which Mrs. Tanner nearly upset, and Mr. Lester rose to his feet, looking impenetrable.

'I want your countenance for two important schemes, Zingara, and your husband won't let you give it—Liberal as he calls himself.'

'Excuse me,' said Mr. Lester, 'my wife must judge for herself. I can only say that I consider that the Female Franchise stands on a totally different footing from other liberal measures, while, as for the notion of women-lawyers, I wish to express myself moderately, but I consider it's unmitigated humbug and unworthy of consideration.'

'Oh, Jack, Jack!' cried his wife, laughing. 'Is that what you

call expressing yourself moderately? What is it, Fay? What do you want me to do?’

Mrs. Tanner put into Mr. Lester’s hand a notice of a drawing-room meeting to be held at her house, to hear the views of one of the great lights of the women’s cause, who would then be paying Mrs. Tanner a visit, discussion was invited afterwards, and ‘If Mr. Lester would only come forward and state his objections——’

‘I couldn’t possibly argue with a lady in public,’ said Mr. Lester.

‘Only in private,’ put in his wife, while Mrs. Tanner said—

‘We court argument—and we never get it.’

‘I don’t believe he has a single argument to bring forward,’ said Gipsy with cheerful sauciness. ‘Nothing but instinctive prejudices. I shall come to the meeting at any rate, and bring Gwendolen. You’ll let me speak, Jack, won’t you? I have the greatest curiosity to try.’

‘I don’t approve of such experiments in mixed society. I shouldn’t wish you to do it—at all,’ said Jack.

‘Now, Jack,’ cried his wife, clasping her hands theatrically, ‘you’ll drive me to the rights of women. Who wouldn’t rebel against such tyranny? Am I to say, “My husband won’t let me?” What will the advanced ladies think?’

Gwendolen could hardly help laughing as she saw how little this fun was relished by earnest Mrs. Tanner, who thought the matter far too serious, while Mr. Lester evidently disliked being teased as he considered publicly, before a woman he could not endure.

‘You know,’ he said formally, ‘that if my brother comes to us in the summer you will be much occupied.’

‘Cheriton? Is he really coming? Oh, delightful; now, Jack, I’ll strike a bargain. If he says I may speak in public, and all the rest of it, you’ll give in, won’t you?’

‘Well, I think that’s a safe promise. But I think the head master wants me to see him, so I’ll say good afternoon.’

‘And if your clerical brother-in-law—it is the pattern clergyman, isn’t it?—objects, you will not be allowed to act for yourself?’ said Mrs. Tanner, with emphasis as the gentleman retired.

‘Oh, but he isn’t a pattern clergyman, not at all. And I don’t believe he will object, he’ll think it a joke. But Jack is so awfully serious.’

‘Gipsy,’ said Mrs. Tanner, ‘I had rather have your husband’s opposition than your adhesion. You don’t really care for all these matters. You are contented with your own happy little life, and you haven’t a thought for those differently situated. You make a joke of it all.’

Mrs. Lester looked deprecatingly into the piercing eyes of her friend. She really did care for her good opinion more than for the Rights of Women.

‘I should make Jack angry if I made too much of it,’ she said.

‘Ah, there it is, there it is!’ said Mrs. Tanner, rising. ‘“You cannot make Jack angry,” and that is how things go in this world.’

‘Must you be going on?’ said Gipsy, as Mrs. Tanner grasped her parasol.

‘Yes, I have an engagement at the Bardells’.

‘Then we will come out for a turn, Gwen. I want to show you that almond tree in Arden’s Paradise.’

Arden’s Paradise was a fossil from a previous world, a proof not only that men and women had lived and died in Quixeter, before the Hornworker’s school came to invade it, but that some of them had also studied and had had thoughts and schemes for the improvement of their fellow-creatures.

It was an old-fashioned botanical garden. Early in the last century, Mr. Arden, a townsman of Quixeter, had bought and enclosed with the high, well-built substantial walls of his time, a large piece of ground among the flat meadows on the outskirts of Quixeter. This he had laid out and planted with every variety of rare tree and shrub, and had beautified with fountains, alcoves, and statues according to his best taste. A glass house, splendid for its date, though nothing wonderful in modern eyes, filled the upper end of it, to which was attached a quaint little house, in which Mr. Arden himself had lived, and which he had intended should serve always as the residence of a man of science; but, in spite of his intentions and his endowment, nothing had been done for many years but to keep the place in fair order, letting it serve as a pleasant resort for the inhabitants of Quixeter, while the little house was let by the trustees to any chance tenants. Mrs. Tanner now occupied it. Arden’s Paradise was a delightful place. It deserved its name for

‘Its garden and its gallant walks
Continually were green,
There grew such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else were seen.’

Hardly any where else except in the great half-ruined gardens of the western suburbs of London, could be seen such cork trees and catalpas, Judas trees and snowy mespilus—acacias of the rare kinds and colours; while yellow and red horse chestnuts, Spanish chestnuts, almond trees, and every rare and peculiar variety of fir, oak, and other timber trees, grew and flourished there. The most unusual combinations of form and foliage resulted from the grouping of these foreign beauties, and the beds at their feet in Spring were still full of quaint old-fashioned flowers, well-nigh going out of fashion elsewhere.

Although Arden’s Paradise was open to the public, early on a week-day afternoon, few people came there, and Gwendolen Despard and Gipsy Lester, pacing up and down the broad central

walk, held their conversation undisturbed by strangers and acquaintances.

Mrs. Lester's small figure and dark, vivacious face, set off by an 'artistically' tinted and shaped costume, contrasted well with Gwendolen's correct air of being got up exactly as a young lady should be. But, somehow, this conventional style of dress suited the girl's height and slenderness, and the Book-of-Beauty-like regularity of her face, a regularity which some people thought was impaired, but which was certainly redeemed from insipidity, by the unexpectedly light tint of her blue eyes under their black lashes. These curious clear light eyes gave a character of its own, and rather a fierce character, to her very handsome face.

'Yes,' she said, in her abrupt, distinct voice, when they had for some time continued an eager and congenial conversation on the points Mrs. Tanner had started. 'This is a good place to come to for new ideas, your debates and discussions are always starting them; but after all I don't think I believe much in theories—especially about women. The way most girls have gone on hitherto is likely to leave a good deal to recommend it.'

'That is a theory, Gwendolen, in itself.'

'Is it?' said Gwendolen, 'I thought it was the result of observation.'

'Well, and what is a theory but a result drawn from observation?'

'Is it?' said Gwendolen again, 'I thought a theory was an idea that came into people's heads of itself.'

'Is that meant to be sarcastical?'

'No, not at all. But what's the use of making up your mind when you are young as to the kind of life you think best? Something is sure to upset your ideas about it, or some one interferes with it.'

'For a person who has no theories, Gwendolen, you seem to have made up your mind pretty clearly. What is your notion? You might as well tell me.'

Gwendolen Despard drew up her head with a certain erect defiant action peculiar to her, and with a heightened colour, and a little strain in her clear tones, she gave her views of life.

'I never will have an opinion,' she said, 'without acting on it. The only thing that matters is to be perfectly real and true. Nothing, except doing right, can matter so much to a girl as whether she is married or not, or make so much difference to her life. We all think so, and our lives are really arranged because we think so. Or, while we're too young to think, our elders think for us. And, since we can't talk out our thoughts about that, all these debates about careers and aims are not quite genuine. Because there's always an *if* that nobody says and every one thinks. And when you can't tell the whole truth I'd rather not talk at all. Though I don't see why one should be ashamed of what every one has thought of ever since

the first girls who walked in this old garden and long before. And then people talk such nonsense. Constance and Amy Wright talking about the lectures and classes and intellectual society, so superior to balls. It's just the same thing.'

'Then, I suppose you didn't come here for the pleasure of staying with me or of hearing my husband lecture on the Renaissance?'

'No!' said Gwendolen, desperately, 'you know I didn't, Gipsy, I'll not pretend.'

'Oh!' said Gipsy Lester, suddenly stopping and taking her companion's hand. 'If that's what you want to talk about, I must say, for a determined old-fashioned young lady, you have taken a very modern and theoretical way of opening the subject.'

Poor Gwendolen was blushing and almost crying.

'I did *not* mean to talk about it,' she said. 'You asked me, and I had to speak.'

'Well, let us talk about it, then,' said Mrs. Lester, drawing her down upon a seat. 'Why not? I think Humfrey Bevan has shown his feelings pretty plainly.'

'I always *have* liked coming here for all reasons; I do like staying with you, too. But you know it is a long time since I first saw Mr. Bevan.'

'But you know, Gwen, he could not say anything till he had the boarding-house promised, as you will be so well off yourself.'

'I suppose not,' said Gwendolen. 'But I think he didn't quite know or think about it, any more than I did. For I did believe at first it was just the pleasant place, full of new ideas, and the talk and you, only.'

'And now you think it's me, too. Go on, Gwen, this is much nicer than theories!'

'But as soon as Mrs. Tanner came,' said Gwendolen, 'and you all became so theoretical and discussed life and work, and everything else, she made me think.'

'She does make one think! I never thought, I do believe, for myself before.'

'Well, there I was, past twenty-four and not particularly wanted at home. And she thought I was just the girl who ought to have an object. I didn't want an object a bit. There are plenty of little pleasures, and I shouldn't think of neglecting any duty I was aware of. But one day she said to me, looking at me with her great uncomfortable eyes, "*Why* don't you want an object?" And then, all of a sudden, I seemed to know that the reason why I couldn't see any force in being a nurse or an artist, or an actress or anything else, was—was—'

'Because you had an object already.'

'Yes, and then everything was spoiled. And I was ashamed to come here, and I couldn't propose a visit. But at last I thought staying away would look as if I didn't care, and that that would be *quite* untrue. So I came!'

Gwendolen tossed up her head again, and looked straight out at the acacia tree in front of her.

‘Yes, that was quite right and plucky of you, Gwen dear; I’m so glad you did.’

‘Only I ought to pretend, even to you, that is was for the Renaissance Lectures.’

‘Not to me,’ said Mrs. Lester, with a pleasant little air of matronly patronage. ‘I am responsible for you, and I ought to be told about it. Besides, poor Humfrey is my cousin, and has shown his feelings plainly enough.’

‘No, he didn’t,’ said Gwendolen, ‘not till he knew the boarding house was coming. He did avoid me, and I did think he didn’t care.’

‘Did you? Oh, you goose!’

‘But I knew that I did. I told the truth to myself,’ said Gwen proudly. ‘I tell you now as we have begun about it, but no one knows at home.’

‘And have you and Humfrey come to any sort of understanding?’ said Mrs. Lester, still patting Gwen’s tan-coloured gauntlet.

‘No, not exactly,’ said Gwendolen, with burning cheeks. ‘But I feel sure now that we shall.’

And, with an effort, she turned her clear singularly candid eyes on her companion. There was an unusual softness about her, the defiant air was in abeyance, the happy and hopeful feelings in her heart gave a new sweetness and interest to her face.

‘So I couldn’t talk about careers—could I?’ she said, laughing a little.

‘Why not? Can you talk of nothing in the abstract? I never had a career, except to be Mrs. Jack, as they call me down in the north. But I have opinions on the subject all the same.’

‘But,’ said Gwendolen, glad to escape from the subject of herself, ‘before Jack, before Mr. Lester, or while you were wondering, what did you think then?’

‘There never was any before, and I never did wonder,’ said Gipsy, laughing all over her dark face. ‘I was only eighteen, and he found himself out first; in fact, if I hadn’t thought he was killed on a mountain in Spain, I don’t think there would have been much to find at that period. And, then, I had all his ideas and theories to take in afterwards. You see our true love did run so very smooth. But one’s mind ought not to cease to develop.’

Gwendolen was still young lady enough to have hardly realised that it was possible to continue ‘growing up,’ after one was married and had three children. But Mrs. Lester was still engaged in that process, and found it very interesting, having indeed more leisure to think about her mind than Gwendolen, who had to think about her future.

‘But your home must have been full of ideas, artistic ones especially?’ said Gwendolen.

‘Oh, yes, but I am not sure that one takes in the home ideas at

the time,' said Mrs. Lester, 'one breathes them, without thinking about them. Jack's people were all quite different from any one I had known before; they might have made one think; and here, of course, we have such *very* great advantages; it's such an advantage to be in the very van of the battle, in all the full tide of modern ideas, as Mrs. Tanner says.'

'I don't like alterations,' said Gwendolen. 'I like things to be the same always. It's more troublesome to do one's mind up new, than one's house. But, then, we are all Conservatives, and you are such Radicals here; Mr. Lester especially.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Lester, a little doubtfully, 'Jack is a Radical, of course, but he doesn't like novelty, and he's very particular. Cheriton says Jack must take out his hereditary instincts some way.'

'I should like to see Mr. Cheriton Lester. It seems so *odd* that any one belonging to you should be the young Maxwells' guardian.'

'Yes, he is coming to look after them soon; so you will see him, I hope. What's the matter?' as Gwendolen suddenly started and gave her a warning push. 'Oh, I see, an angel in Arden's Paradise! Or is it a snake?' said Gipsy mischievously, as she gave a welcoming smile to a slim young man in brown tweed, brown-eyed also and brown bearded, who came quick and direct to the bench where they were sitting.

Mrs. John Lester thought her cousin would be very fortunate if he got Gwen Despard. She was well off, and in every way a good match for him; besides that, her vigorous good sense would give him just the spur which his friends thought he sometimes needed. Certainly he would have been much at a loss as to the proposed boarding-house by himself, while, if Gwendolen had only dared to avow it, not all the art and literature which she fell in with in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room interested her half so much as the boys' dormitories, and the various excellent modern arrangements for their comfort. She could listen to the enthusiastic Mr. Lester for any length of time, though his wife and his brothers rarely heard him out on these subjects. She had quite failed to see the point of the joke, reported to have been made by the much-quoted Cheriton, when opinions were divided as to calling the pupils of the school Hornworkers or Quixonians, Quixecestrian Hornimen had been suggested as an alternative. She was the very wife for Humfrey, who did not take life quite earnestly enough.

But, whatever dilettantism he might have occasionally shown in his career, he showed none as a lover; and Gipsy would gladly have left him to say his say at once in the glades of Arden's Paradise; but Mrs. Tanner, returning from her tea-party with some other friends, caused Gwendolen to stick close to her side.

She could only let Humfrey Bevan walk home with them through the flat green meadows and cheerful streets of Quixeter, and ask him as they parted to come in in the evening after school.

He assented eagerly, and, as he parted from them, said softly to Gwendolen—

‘ You like Arden’s Paradise ? ’

‘ Very much,’ she answered warmly.

‘ One day will you walk there with me again ? ’ he said.

‘ Yes, I will,’ she answered, low and steadily, and so they parted.

CHAPTER III.

PREVENTED.

As Humfrey Bevan went through his school-work on the evening after his meeting with Gwendolen, the fragrant flowers and stately trees of the old world garden, where he hoped once more to walk with her, seemed to him lovely as any dream of the poets, and Arden’s, indeed, a terrestrial paradise. Gwendolen was but an earthly maiden, neither saintly nor angelic ; but she was young, fair, and propitious, and the future was full of prosperity and hope.

Humfrey, his circumstances considered, was a very successful person ; but he had not always been a very happy one. To be a well-paid schoolmaster, with Gwendolen Despard for his wife, was not the fulfilment of early dreams ; but rather the awakening, in clear and cheerful daylight, from dreams that had been more or less painful and uncomfortable.

He was one of those people whose powers and whose tastes are not identical. He was clever, and it soon became evident that, with diligence and energy, he was capable of scholarship enough to make his way in the world. His father was a country solicitor, not well off nor of good family. Humfrey, as a child and youth, won easily the not very sharply contested scholarships of the unreformed grammar school of the little country town where he grew up. One of these, open only to his fellow-townsmen, took him to Oxford ; but there the competition was harder, the temptations far greater ; and Humfrey’s career was not quite what had been expected. He was fond of art of all kinds, and fell into a set where any sort of artistic play was thought far more highly of than study. His sketches were clever, and much admired by his friends ; and nothing but the vigorous and consistent snubbing given to such hopes by Mrs. John Lester’s father, Mr. Stanforth, whose wife was a cousin of the Bevans, kept him from throwing up his appointed career, and turning artist on the spot. He had just sense enough left to know that Stanforth was probably a good judge ; but he had visions and yearnings, half real, half fanciful, and felt his college work dull and a hardship. Also, at Oxford, he fell in love with a very young and very lovely girl, whose father kept a small inn in the neighbourhood. There was a period of secret and romantic wooing ; while the girl’s beauty and her answering passion, blinded him to all disadvantages, and he

became engaged to her with every intention of marrying her as soon as he had taken his degree and got some employment, and with this impulse he worked hard again.

Happily or unhappily for Humfrey Bevan who shall say? Thyrza Larramore was neither better nor worse than other carelessly brought up girls of her station, and she was a good deal sillier than many; she was not proof, during the period of waiting, against other admirers. She got herself talked about, she received other men's attentions, made her lover angry, and the result was a quarrel and a parting. While a certain sense of relief was contending with cruel disappointment, and Humfrey hardly knew whether he had too hastily taken advantage of a chance of release, or shipwrecked all his happiness for a fit of causeless jealousy, Thyrza, whose delicate beauty was the outcome of delicate health, caught cold and died. Her mother did not scruple to say that her heart had been broken by Humfrey's desertion, and that he had taken advantage of the first excuse to throw her over. It was easy to repeat the story with an even darker colouring, and in any case the charge of having got out of a scrape in an unfeeling and somewhat ungenerous fashion hung about Humfrey Bevan; he could not defend himself at the expense of the poor little girl, whose death had filled him with the intensest melancholy, and all the peace and pleasure of his college career was over. He hated art, and girls, and pleasant company; all the Bohemian side of him was crushed out for the time being; but the turn to his life was given, partly by John Lester, who, though much his senior, was kind to him on account of his relationship to Miss Stanforth. As an engaged man of unimpeachable steadiness, likely to take high honours, Jack had objected entirely to the Thyrza episode, and Humfrey had felt repelled by his Philistinism, as he thought it, and was scornful of his 'county' feeling and good birth. In fact he did not like him. Jack, however, was a loyal person, he had the worst opinion of the fair Thyrza, and he felt bound to stand up for his future wife's cousin. He therefore invited Humfrey Bevan to dinner at his lodgings to meet his brother, who was paying a last visit to him at Oxford—giving the invitation in a public and marked manner. The two brothers made themselves very pleasant, and after dinner, to Humfrey's unutterable astonishment, Jack Lester, usually a most reserved and punctilious person, suddenly plunged into the midst of his visitor's troubles, started the painful subject, and then, remarking, 'I'll leave you to talk it over with Cheriton here,' went off and left him with the stranger.

It had always been a marvel to Humfrey how the awkwardness of the situation somehow melted away, and how, in a very few words, he got the most comprehending sympathy, and finally a conviction that he could do something with his life yet.

He took his degree creditably, and, through John Lester's interest, obtained the mastership at Quixeter, where his inner history had

been a slow awakening to the mistake he had made, and a gradually increasing devotion to Gwendolen Despard.

But he was slow to believe first in his feelings and then in himself. He recognised with astonishment Mrs. Jack Lester's absolute ignorance of his past trouble. Certainly the Lesters could be trusted with secrets. Would she be so eager if she knew all? He had a great fear of that long past trouble coming in a garbled form to Gwendolen's ears; and it was no doubt a tribute to her sincere and straightforward character that he determined, if she ever gave him the right to do so, to tell her the true version of it himself.

The impulse to the stronger and more sensible side of his nature, which had been given by Jack Lester's loyal support and by his kindness, was increased tenfold by the influence which Gwendolen had on him. She became to him an ideal of all that made life worth living; but he suffered many pangs as to his own demerits, and it was with very ill-assured hopes that he presented himself in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room at the appointed time—no, exactly three and a half minutes after he might have reached it for fear of being too punctual. What did he see? There was no Gwendolen there, nor Jack, but Gipsy, with a much concerned face came up to him. 'Humfrey, such a dreadful thing has happened! Poor Gwen!'

'What?' said Humfrey, turning pale, while a rush of incongruous possibilities of illness, accident, and death rushed through his mind.

'It is her father. There has been an accident, and he is dead. We know no particulars, only these two telegrams have come, and Jack has gone to take her to Paul's Warrendon. Poor dear, it was such an awfully sudden shock!'

The first telegram, Gipsy explained, had come early that morning, but they were in chapel, and it had accidentally been pushed under a parcel, so that Gwendolen had not seen it.

'Jack was so fearfully angry, and no wonder,' said Gipsy. 'The last we found when we came back after parting with you.'

The first telegram was from Dr. Beard, Paul's Warrendon, and ran: 'Mr. Despard has met with a serious accident—come to your sister.' The second was from Mary Despard, and was dated, 6 P.M.: 'Why don't you come home? Did not Dr. Beard's telegram arrive? All over.'

Humfrey would have given anything that he had been walking back with Gwen, and that he had come in and been able to take care of her in her trouble rather than Jack Lester, who probably thought it his duty, but would, doubtless, sooner have stayed at home.

'How did she take it?' he said.

'Bravely,' said Gipsy; 'I think she was more stunned by the shock than anything else. They got off by the 7.30 train, and Jack will go with her to Paul's Warrendon and sleep there. Poor girl!'

'I wish I could have been at the station to see her off!' said poor Humfrey.

‘Better not,’ said Gipsy, kindly. ‘Her mind was naturally full only of that one thing. But, cheer up, Humfrey. We will have her back soon, and meantime don’t despair.’

Her bright black eyes gave a pointed meaning to her words, and he felt that she could not have looked or spoken so unless she had been pretty sure of Gwen’s feelings.

(To be continued.)

‘LOST IN THE FINDING.’

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER I.

‘I DON’T believe you *are* glad to see me!’

‘Oh, Humphrey!’

‘Tell me so, then.’

‘You know I am, how can I help it? only——’

‘Never did looks so belie a lady, then! If I were not so out of breath with hurrying up this hill, I would just turn round and run away again.’

The speaker, a tall young man of about three-and-twenty, certainly did not look as though he had the remotest intention of fulfilling this threat. He was seated on the low parapet wall which bordered a terrace walk in one of the most beautiful gardens of beautiful Lisbon. The villa to which it belonged stood on the side of the steep hill, ‘Ona Farir de Andaluz;’ this latter overlooking the city at a height which made it a favourite resort of the British merchants belonging to the ‘factory,’ as being far more healthy and airy than the site of the grand but uncomfortable old mansions clustered below, each standing in its own garden, and generally surrounded by walls which formed the limit of the ‘walks’ indulged in by their inhabitants.

But Humphrey Coppleston was too well accustomed to the long, steep climb to think much of it even on an October afternoon, and we agree with him that it was well worth surmounting for the sake of the reward which he expected to gain at the summit, namely, the sight of a face which was dearer to him than any other in the world, and which he had not seen for six months past. How often he had pictured to himself the delight of this meeting (all the more delightful because that to one of the two concerned it would be a surprise!), during the tedious fortnight at sea, and the extra week of weary waiting—first inside London Docks, and then outside Lisbon Harbour—which 130 years ago formed an unavoidable part of a voyage to the latter city; and now that it was all over, and the impatient and ardent lover was at last able to throw himself at his lady’s feet, or—descending from poetic hyperbole to plain facts, to sit on a stone wall in front of her!—here was the fair lady most evidently divided between pain and pleasure, smiles and tears.

Presumably, however, the smiles and pleasure predominated; for Humphrey’s sunburnt face was beaming with unmistakable satis-

faction, and there was a ring of laughter in his voice which belied the reproaches with which he endeavoured to soften Margaret Hawthorne's not very hard heart. Evidently she was not much afraid of his fulfilling his threat of immediate departure, as she seated herself a little below his level, on a bench against the wall, and said—

'But, Humphrey, do tell me, why have you come back? and what will *they* say?'

'I came back because, after giving all the circumstances the most careful consideration, I arrived at the conclusion that your society (to say nothing of my aunt's), even combined with what '*they*' will say, was a pleasanter alternative than being smothered with London fogs, or hanged outside Edinburgh jail. If they would have beheaded me decently I might not have minded so much perhaps, but the Hanoverians show no consideration for a gentleman's feelings, even on the scaffold!'

'If you only would be serious for once, and tell me what has really happened.'

'Nothing worth bringing the tears to your eyes, sweetheart. Just this, then; I was getting heartily sick and tired of the work, and had already made up my mind that I could never do any good at it or by it, when Mr. Faversham, to my infinite delight, sent me off to Edinburgh with an important message to his brother which he didn't care to trust to writing.'

'Yes, we heard of that, and my father was so pleased at the confidence placed in you.'

'I fear he will scarcely be equally pleased with the result? I got there in ten days, travelling hard all the time, and having had little or no chance of hearing news on the road,—reached the city just at sunset, and went straight to the office according to orders. I found it already closed for the night; so, leaving my mails at an inn close by, I walked off to the senior partner's house, which I was told was not far distant. On the way, what should I see but two ruffians, fully armed, setting on a small, weak-looking man. He was already down, but, in spite of that, they were maltreating him in the most brutal manner. Of course I went in to the rescue, and knocked down one of the big fellows. He was so fat that I don't believe he could have got up again anyhow, but I just sat upon him to make sure, while I hauled out his pistol, and, pointing it at the other, threatened to fire if he didn't "hands off." I never saw such a pair of cowards! He let go like a lamb! Up jumped my thin friend and took to his heels with the other after him. That was fair play enough, considering their relative weight and size, so I just waited till they had got clear of the street, and then got up and walked off myself, leaving my antagonist to rise at his leisure; and I am bound to say for him that he was lying there quite patiently when I turned the corner.'

'I did not think the matter worth mentioning when I saw Mr. Faversham that evening, but I told him about it the next day in case of implicating the firm, for I found that the affair was being talked of all over the town. It seems that the man I had rescued was a noted rebel, who had taken a prominent part in some riots which had been going on, and the others were two of the guard who had been sent to arrest him on information received. However, I shall always maintain that nothing could justify the way in which they were using him.'

'I think it was very brave and right of you. Didn't Mr. Faversham say so when you told him?'

'Not exactly! You should have seen the old gentleman's rage and terror. He bundled me out of the office as if I had got the plague, and insisted upon my starting off back to London without an hour's delay; and there *our* partners were not much better. Mr. Faversham talked about treason and felony, and I don't know what not, and said (which I am proud to think has some truth in it!) that with *my* name there could not be a chance for me if it were found out, and that I had ruined my prospects for life, and so on; but I must confess that I never dreamed of such bliss as being sent straight back here, and when Mr. Faversham told me it really seemed too good news to be true.'

'If only father had not so set his heart upon your getting on there. I am afraid he will be terribly disappointed; and your grandfather too, Humphrey, what will he say?'

'You must come with me and tell him, Margery. I meant to have asked your mother to let you come this afternoon, but Dr. Allen is always so interminable when he gets with her!—small blame to him!'

'I hardly think she could have spared me anyhow. But I think Mr. Coppleston will be really thankful to have you back; he has been very poorly lately, and I am sure he has missed you very much. Do you think that man you rescued could have been a Jacobite?'

'Oh, you cunning child! I confess I too had thought of that, and, apart from *your* selfish view of the subject, madam, I wish I had had any means of finding out. It would be something to feel that one had struck if only *one* blow in the cause. Ah! If I could only be a soldier? There would be no danger of my not sticking to *that*.'

'Dear Humphrey, I wish for *your* sake that you could; but you cannot expect me to wish it for my own.'

'I don't see that. Soldiers' wives are better off than sailors', anyhow!'

If this argument did not seem very conclusive to Margaret's mind, she was too discreet to point out the fact. Indeed, it may be concluded that she had long since exhausted all her arguments and remarks on the subject, seeing that, for at least nine years past, she had been the confidant of all Humphrey's ravings on this, to him,

most fruitful topic; ever since, in fact, his grandfather had actually contemplated sending him, then, a boy of fourteen, to join Prince Charles's last disastrous attempt to gain his crown;—and had been only deterred by Mr. Thomas Hawthorne's earnest entreaties and arguments. A bitter disappointment it had been to young Humphrey, who still sometimes talked as though the issue of Culloden must have been changed by the prowess of his single arm, and, in his inmost heart, never quite forgave his prudent, middle-aged cousin for his interference in the matter. For the families of Coppleston and Hawthorne were already related, and had inter-married more than once in previous generations. Both branches had suffered severely in the Civil Wars, devoting ungrudgingly to the Royal cause mind, body, and estate. Of the latter, but little was left when the war was over, and they fled with the remainder of the Court beyond seas.

One of them, an Antony Hawthorne, seems to have had the somewhat rare good fortune of being remembered when Charles the Second returned to claim his crown. He was reinstated in at least a portion of his estates in the South of England, but it was beyond Charles's power to restore to him the wasted revenue, the melted plate, the felled timber, and other good things which had vanished beyond recall. The Hawthornes remained a poor family, and Mr. Thomas Hawthorne, a younger son in his generation, was glad enough, while still a lad, to get a berth in the office of his Coppleston cousins at Lisbon, where *they* had settled, prospered, and grown rich; though old Mr. Coppleston was still wont to aver that the hardest of all the many sacrifices made by his father for his King and country was when he condescended to embark in trade.

But, although fortune smiled on them as regards worldly goods, there their prosperity seemed fated to end. Mr. Coppleston's only son grew up unhappily despising the very means which procured for him all the luxuries and comforts by which he was surrounded; luxuries which proved in his case a curse.

'What was the necessity for working,' he argued, 'when there was no one but himself to inherit his father's large fortune?'

Already his conduct was giving rise to grave anxiety when his marriage with an English lady restored Mr. Coppleston's hopes; but within a year he was killed in a duel under circumstances which went near to break his father's heart, and which undoubtedly *did* hasten if not cause the death of his poor young wife, when their first child was but three weeks old.

On this child his grandfather's hopes and affections now centred. To avoid the mistakes made with his son was his great anxiety, and, in doing this, he perhaps went too far in the opposite direction. His chief desire was that the boy should be educated to some settled occupation, and with this object in view he always assured him that any share which he might have in his wealth would depend entirely upon his own industry and good conduct.

A better boy could not be found ; upright and high-principled, he had always been a universal favourite wherever he went ; but he showed a rooted aversion to indoor occupations, and indeed to head-work of any kind, as both he and Dr. Allen (Chaplain to the Factory, and tutor to some of the Bristol merchant's sons,) knew to their cost.

Undoubtedly much of what was good in him Humphrey owed to his aunt (as he had always called Margaret's mother), and she, on her part, loved him almost as much as though he had been already her son. The gardens of their respective houses actually joined at one point ; and Margaret, being also an only child, the boy and girl had almost grown up together,—sharing each other's joys and sorrows,—and living in a brother and sister-like style which absolutely scandalized their Portuguese neighbours, but which shrewd Mr. Hawthorne the less regretted, as he considered it the surest safeguard against the possibility of a closer connection in the future.

But the best laid calculations are sometimes doomed to disappointment ; for when did a certain well-worn story regulate itself by rules and precedents of any kind ? Perhaps the unselfish courtesy which was a natural part of Humphrey's character was scarcely brother-like, and, combined with a certain quiet reserve which Margaret may have unconsciously learnt from her Scotch nurse, prevented the familiarity between them from degenerating into contempt ! Certain it is that on the very day that he came of age, and when Margaret was still only seventeen, Humphrey unpleasantly startled Mr. Hawthorne by a serious demand for the hand of his cousin Margaret.

A less prudent father might have been excused for being startled by such a demand coming from a youth who possessed not a farthing of his own, nor any means of earning even that unappreciable coin of the realm ! Still more astounded was he when Humphrey gravely assured him that he spoke for Margaret as well as for himself, 'praying for their parent's acquiescence and blessing !' (young people were a little given to stilted expressions in those days).

Mr. Hawthorne would have indignantly denied the possibility of his being prejudiced against his young cousin,—yet such was, in fact, the case. He never could dismiss an idea that Humphrey was in reality the counterpart of his father, between whom and himself there had been very bitter feelings. Mrs. Hawthorne understood the boy far better. She had been confined to her sofa for many years with an incurable complaint which caused her great suffering at times, but which was powerless to injure her brave, patient spirit. Naturally she had had much to do with the training of Margaret's only young relation and constant companion, and she recognized the fact that his faults were more those of circumstance than of nature, and would have been far from objecting to his becoming a son indeed, though she could not deny the imprudence of any promises made under existing circumstances.

'If only Humphrey would settle to *something* !' How often this

had been her cry during the last two years: for Humphrey showed as little taste for a merchant's life as his father before him; and it was not surprising that Mr. Hawthorne should decline to listen to his suit until he could 'show some reasonable prospect of maintaining a wife.'

Such a prospect seemed indeed remote, unless Mr. Coppleston should end the difficulty by at once providing for the young people (as he could easily do).

But the old gentleman made no such offer; though he by no means shared Mr. Thomas Hawthorne's view of the matter. Next to his grandson, there was no one whom he loved better than his little cousin Margaret; to his mind nothing could be more desirable than such a marriage—some day! And while Mr. Hawthorne was only intent upon raising every possible objection past, present, and future,—he at once grasped the mighty weapon offered to him for fixing Master Humphrey to that office stool which he had so long and so effectually evaded!

After all, Mr. Hawthorne's objections were not sufficiently tangible to long withstand his wife's gentle pleadings, Mr. Coppleston's practical suggestions, and (perhaps, most powerful of all) Margaret's pale face! A compromise was effected. Humphrey was to work steadily for one year before the engagement could be sanctioned; as for marriage, that was not to be thought of till he himself was earning one-third of what the elders considered a sufficient income for the young people to begin upon; the other two-thirds to be guaranteed by Mr. Coppleston and Mr. Hawthorne respectively. Beyond this his grandfather would promise no more than before; all was to depend upon his own steadiness and perseverance.

For a time all went well. Humphrey stuck to his desk like a hero,—or shall we say a martyr? For he was as far as ever from being reconciled to exchanging a sword for a pen. But, as might have been foreseen, his year of probation proved a short one; in fact such an indefinite arrangement was awkward in the extreme while circumstances necessarily threw the young people so much together. Before six months were over their engagement was an acknowledged fact; but Mr. Hawthorne salved his conscience (or his pride?) by annexing a fresh condition. Humphrey was to go to England as soon as possible, to learn the branch of the business carried on there. To this the lad was by no means averse; the love of novelty and possible adventure was strong in him; besides, England was 'home';—a home all the more tempting because it had always been viewed through the vista of fond description and active imagination. To leave Margaret was hard of course. But no doubt her parents were wise in thinking it well to apply the test of separation before marriage.

And now here was Humphrey back again; but under circumstances which were sufficient to account for Margaret's fears as to the

reception he might meet with from the respective heads of the two families, however firmly *she* might be convinced of his rectitude and heroism.

The terrace on which they were sitting was of old a favourite meeting-place, and often as children they had played there for hours together.

Mr. Hawthorne was very fond of gardening, and devoted most of his leisure time to making his own little property as perfect as possible. This terrace walk had been his special hobby: partly natural, partly artificial, it seemed to those looking up at it from below, almost to overhang the town. The ground sloped away from it both above and below; and by widening what had been a natural path along the side of the steep hill on which his house was built, flanking it on one side with a stone wall, and, on the other, cultivating into a beautiful shrubbery the natural brushwood which clothed the hillside, Mr. Hawthorne had produced almost a hanging garden. It led straight from the house at one end, and the ground-floor rooms opening on to it were Mrs. Hawthorne's, so that she might lie in the window watching the children at their play, or, when she felt well enough, be carried out there herself to enjoy the air and view, without fatigue or trouble. Anything more beautiful than that view it would be difficult to imagine. Beyond the city rolled the river Tagus, on the other side of which were visible, in the far distance, the pine-wooded plains of Alemtejo, and the olive yards and orange groves towards Coimbra; to the left, the river spreading itself out into an immense bay, stretched twelve miles from shore to shore, covered with vessels of all nations and sizes; to the right, looking down upon the castles of Belem and St. Julian, the rough bar glittered with white breakers, fringing the Atlantic Ocean. Below the city, about eighteen miles into the country, the rock of Lisbon could be seen rising dimly distant.

The terrace itself was about two hundred yards long, narrowing towards the further end, and leading to a summer-house built of wood, one side of which was open to the view.

Dr. Allen's visits to Mrs. Hawthorne were apt to be somewhat lengthy; but Humphrey bore the waiting with exemplary patience, and, indeed, would still have detained Margaret when she at last started up, saying that she would go and see whether her mother was yet alone.

She was some time absent, for Mrs. Hawthorne was nervous, and Margaret had to be careful in announcing Humphrey's unexpected return and its cause. As it was, her mother's face flushed, and her thin hand trembled when at last he was ushered into her presence.

The room in which she was lying on a low couch, combined the then characteristics and most of the comforts of her native and adopted countries. It was square and lofty, with tiled floor and *dédo*, and had two large windows, one overlooking the terrace, and the other

commanding the view over Lisbon already described ; these windows, though closely latticed, were provided with glass—a rare luxury at that time in Portuguese houses, even those of the principal Fidalgos. The upper part of the walls was covered with beautifully embroidered arras, prolonged into curtains by the windows and over the doors. Two handsome carved cabinets stood back in recesses ; not, however, covered with the china which we should now be proud to display on their shelves ; but which then lived in china closets or pantries, only valuable in as far as it was useful. We must except one exquisite china bowl which stood near Mrs. Hawthorne's sofa, and in which she and Margaret mixed the then much prized "pot-pourri" ; also two large beau-pots, and a curious Moorish water-cooler, without which, standing on the floor, a Portuguese apartment would have been incomplete indeed. This was not the dining-room of the house, and the absence of chairs and tables would have at once perplexed English eyes ; there was but one of the latter, and three chairs, high-backed, narrow-seated, and thoroughly uncomfortable and unpromising in appearance, in spite of their oak carving ; but scattered about the floor were large thick cushions with heavy tassels at each corner, such as were then invariably used as seats in Portuguese houses—a custom probably derived from the time of the Moorish possession. On one of these Margaret seated herself at once by her mother's side, while Humphrey returned Mrs. Hawthorne's greetings, and again went over the explanation he had already given Margaret as to the cause of his coming : that his aunt regarded it as no light matter was evident enough.

'Would it not have been better to go straight to the counting-house, and to have explained all this yourself to your uncle?' she suggested.

'Mr. Faversham has written, and I told old Joseph to take the dispatches there at once. Besides, I knew that my uncle would be "on Change," so that I should have had to wait an hour or two, and I wanted to get up here.'

'The real reason last !' said Mrs. Hawthorne, smiling. 'Do you know at all what Mr. Faversham will have said ? The immediate cause of your return does seem indeed to have been almost unavoidable, however unfortunate ; but, dear Humphrey, will he give you a good character for regularity and perseverance at your office work ? So much will depend on that in my husband's mind.'

Humphrey's face fell. 'It was all right at first,' he said, 'but afterwards,—Well ! I know I didn't stick to business latterly as I ought to have done. The more I see of it, the more I *hate* it, Aunt Margaret ; it is no use pretending anything else.'

'It rarely pleases God to give us the path in life which we like best, Humphrey.'

'I don't believe it can please God for a man to spend his life in learning to cheat others !'

The moment the words had escaped his lips, Humphrey saw what a mistake he had made. Mrs. Hawthorne's face flushed crimson,—the tears sprang to her eyes, and Margaret, glancing at him reproachfully, hastily held to her lips a cup of water which stood near.

'I beg your pardon, Aunt Margaret!' he exclaimed; 'I ought not to have said that; but indeed I was not thinking of my uncle. He has nothing to do with that part of the business. I never heard of it till I went to England; at least, I had heard hints, but nothing definite, and I don't suppose he really knows.'

'Knows what? What is it that you mean?' but the colour did not fade from Mrs. Hawthorne's cheeks, and her voice faltered as she spoke.

Humphrey glanced uneasily at Margaret, as he went on.

'I mean about the adulteration, and all that.'

'Do you mean that the wines which we sell in England are adulterated?'

'Yes, that's just it; and they wanted me to learn how to do it! As if any *gentleman* could mix himself up with such dealings! My uncle *can't* know what goes on. I don't believe that any one tasting the pure wines out here would have a notion that they have anything in common with the muddy, nasty stuff which is sold in England. Look at the Port, for instance. We profess to sell only the best which comes from the Southern Provinces. Well, I happen to know that from one grower alone, right up in the north, we have 150 pipes yearly; then they mix it with elderberry juice and spirits to give it a "body," as they call it, and sell it for Douro Port.'

'Surely such unrighteous dealings cannot have been going on very long,' said Mrs. Hawthorne. 'It will be well that your uncle should be informed of it. But I cannot think, Humphrey, that the knowledge of this was a sufficient reason for neglecting your work; would it not have been better to persevere, so that in due time you might qualify yourself to take a position in which it would be in your power to put such things straight again?'

Humphrey began pacing uneasily up and down the room.

'It is all the same everywhere,' he said, after a minute or two. 'They say that an *honest* man cannot thrive in business now. For my own part, if I cannot serve my rightful king and my country, I had infinitely rather settle down quietly and live on however little my grandfather may choose to leave me, than soil my hands with trade in order to be wealthy and luxurious.'

'Oh, Humphrey! How often have we said to you that you have no right to count upon what does not belong to you.'

Humphrey made an impatient gesture.

'Is it likely,' he said, 'that my grandfather would make me a beggar, and break Margery's heart? If I *could* take to this work, I would—if it were only to please him; I don't want to be idle.'

'No; but you never can see that it is not a question of what you

want to do, but of what you *ought* to do ; and in the mean time you are wasting what should be the most useful years of your life. But it is 8 o'clock. In another hour your uncle will be in to supper, bringing with him some friends ; and there are household matters which Margaret must see to for me in the mean time. I will not ask you to stop, dear boy, because you ought not to lose any more time in announcing your return to your grandfather. You will see your uncle early to-morrow, will you not ?'

'Yes, I will come here for prayers, if I may ; and then I can go on with him to the City if he wishes it. Forgive me, dear aunt, if I have said anything to pain you ; that would indeed be an ungrateful return for all your love and kindness.'

He was holding her hand as he spoke, and thinking sadly that it felt thinner and lighter than when it was last in his. She answered with a smile—

'If you owe me anything, you can best repay it by being a brave soldier. Yes, I use my words advisedly,' she added, as she felt him start. 'A truly brave soldier seems to me to be not so much one who stands in full uniform in the fore-front of the battle, doing brave deeds before the eyes of all men, and sustained and nerved by excitement and applause ; as one who, unseen and unnoticed, fights his battle alone with God-sent difficulties to try him, and against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He who wins in *that* fight is truly greater than he who taketh a city.'

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODDS,'
DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

LUCY.

SUNNYBANK looked bright, and was sweet with roses and mignonette, and poor Lucy declared that already she felt well!

'I've been living in such ugly bare houses,' she said, 'that this looks a perfect palace to me.'

'Well, my dear, fond as I am of Sunnybank, I never could consider it in the light of a palace,' said Sunnybank's young mistress, as she got out of the cab; 'but, whatever you like to call it, you are very welcome here, Lucy. Come, Minnie, open your sleepy eyes. Sissie, stand up—they are half asleep. Nannie, I hope you have a good meal ready for us, for we are starving!'

The children were soon awake, and asking questions which betrayed to Agatha that there had been much privation and little comfort in their home hitherto.

When Mrs. Drayton made her appearance next day, she found the two ladies sitting under the great walnut tree, working busily at holland overalls for the little girls, who were running wild about the garden.

'Oh, here is Mrs. Drayton, you don't know her; but she is such a kind friend to me. You see, Mrs. Drayton, I found my way all right—and here we are.'

'So I perceive, my dear. I am very happy to make Mrs. Lisle's acquaintance.'

Poor Lucy looked so pretty and so fragile, that Mrs. Drayton softened towards her at once; she had been feeling a little annoyed with her for turning up at such an inconvenient time. Agatha walked to the gate with her when her visit was over.

'My love, Mrs. Lisle looks very delicate.'

'Very; I want to talk to you about her. I will come to you in the evening when she is busy with the children—if I may?'

When this was repeated to the Rector, he said—

'Ah, wants advice about the poor young creature.' Mrs. Drayton laughed quietly, but said nothing.

Agatha arrived at about eight o'clock, and, after giving an amusing account of her adventures with the redoubtable Mrs. Ritson, she said—

‘But I felt quite frightened when I saw Lucy plainly.’

‘She looks very ill,’ said Mrs. Drayton.

‘She has been very ill. I have asked her to see old Dr. Mayne, who knows her so well; and I want you—if you can spare time—to make him say exactly what he thinks of her. For, if further advice or a winter abroad would cure Lucy, I could manage all that. He is to come at twelve to-morrow.’

‘I will meet him in the lane as he leaves you, my love.’

‘George,’ said Mrs. Drayton, when Agatha was gone, ‘do you still think that Agatha came here to ask advice?’

‘Eh,—advice?’ said the Rector, ‘well, not quite that. But then her arrangement is a good one.’

‘Oh, yes; she has plenty of sense. I don’t blame her, either, though she is very unlike most young girls; for she has long been the ruling spirit. All I want is to point out to you that you are not to expect me to influence her conduct much. She is a peculiar girl, too, for she seems to me to have quite a dislike to initiating any course of action; yet, when once she is embarked, she seems to arrange everything so well!’

‘It seems to me, my dear, that she is really anxious to see what her duty is, and then to do it thoroughly!’

‘Yet her aunt’s plans——’

‘Now, Barbara, just answer me; what were her aunt’s plans?’

‘Why, you know, George; either a home for indigent ladies, or an orphanage, or, perhaps, a hospital. She did not decide, you know.’

‘Very good. Now here Agatha has an indigent lady, and an invalid to boot, also two little ones, very likely to be orphans as far as their poor mother is concerned. Console yourself, my dear, by regarding this as a beginning; it has the advantage of being a beginning made by God himself.’

Dr. Mayne appeared in due time, made his examination and departed, under the belief that Agatha was strangely blind to the gravity of his manner; but he met Mrs. Drayton in the lane, who told him her errand. Agatha came to the Rectory in the evening.

‘I knew it!’ she said quietly. ‘I saw that he thought badly of her. My dear, pretty Lucy! Mrs. Drayton, can nothing be done?’

‘Well, he thinks the case a very hopeless one; and doctors can do nothing for her. But air and nourishment very often, and not much at a time; and if she lives till August, to take her to the Isle of Wight, or even the south of France.’

Agatha sat crying quietly. Presently she said—

‘Will you let me write a letter, please? I must tell Willie Lisle, and I could not write with Lucy by.’

‘That young man must have taken but little care of her, I fear,’ said

Mrs. Drayton, as she got out writing materials, 'to let her come home alone, in such a state of health.'

'Lucy loves him dearly!' answered Agatha, 'so he must be kind; but you know he is not very wise. Ah, how I hate writing this letter!'

But she wrote on steadily, from the moment her pen first touched the paper, until she signed her name to it.

'There! the poor fellow will at least know that she is being cared for. Mrs. Drayton, how is Miss Anderson? I have not heard for some time.'

'Very weak. She said yesterday that it was a long time since they saw you.'

'Yes, I really could not go, but I will go to-morrow. I want Lucy to send Sissy to them.'

'My dear. I fear their school has greatly fallen off. People are beginning to require more than they can give. Hannah Phillips' classes have injured them a good deal.'

'I don't know how Hannah *can* do it' said Agatha quickly. 'She is in no want, and surely could find employment without injuring her kind old friends.'

'Well, she came home from Germany full of notions about education, and no doubt the Miss Andersons are behind the times. You did not feel it, because your aunt really educated you. But between Miss Phillips and that new-fashioned school for very little children in the town, I fear the Andersons get but few pupils nowadays.'

'Well, I must go, for I should like to post this before I go home.'

'Leave it with me, my love. Mr. Drayton has letters for the post. I will walk home with you, it is a charming night.'

Under cover of the semi-darkness of a moonless June night, Agatha said presently—

'Will you ask Mr. Drayton to find out for Mrs. Lisle where her brother is. He ought to be informed of her illness. She has no idea where to address to him.'

'I will tell Mr. Drayton. I suppose he will come home at once,' added Mrs. Drayton, with a sigh. As Agatha made no answer, she ventured to go on. 'It will probably change everything very much.'

Still Agatha was silent for a time. Then she said steadily, 'I know what you mean. But I think not, Mrs. Drayton. If he had loved me *really*, we should never have parted.'

'But if he should say——'

'He will not say it, unless it is true; I do not think it likely—indeed possible—that he should get to love me better, away from me, than he did when with me.'

'But if he did?'

Agatha gave a quick, impatient sigh. 'It will not be!' she said, 'I don't care to talk of it. Only, when God puts such love into a woman's heart as there is in mine, He did not mean it to be only a misery to her.'

Mrs. Drayton was a little shocked.

'My love,' said she, 'I do not quite understand you. You seem to me to speak as if your feelings were unchanged.'

'So they are,' Agatha answered shortly.

'Oh, my love! this is very bad! It ought not to be, believe me. You are parted from him, and you should endeavour to forget him. There is something—something—un—I can't express myself very well—but——'

'You mean unfeminine, or unmaidenly, or unladylike, perhaps. I do not agree with you, Mrs. Drayton! This love is given by God. It is therefore a blessing. When I pray for Edward, I am doing the work entailed by that blessing, perhaps I was led to love him just that I might pray constantly and fervently for him. And those prayers must be heard and must be answered. They will win a blessing for him, though I may never see him again, or may see him only as a friend. If I did not know this, how could I bear it?'

'But you, my poor child! it is no blessing, but only a sorrow to you. You should think a little of yourself.'

'Where do you find that commandment?' said the girl, with a nervous laugh. 'And is not sorrow a blessing? Oh, I cannot talk of these things, I never could; but if my Master takes one out of the millions He died for, and says to me, "Love this man, pray for him, grieve over him," is *that* no blessing? Good-night, Mrs. Drayton. You are not annoyed with me, are you?' And, bending to kiss her, she whispered, 'Don't be angry, I did not mean to be cross.'

'You were not cross, dear heart, and, if I am angry, it is with myself.'

Mr. Drayton easily discovered Edward Winstanley's solicitors, and wrote to them at once. In reply they stated that Mr. Winstanley had gone to California with a friend, but had not remained there. He had written to them, desiring them to send him a sum of money, and to manage his affairs for him until he returned to England; he said he would write again some time, but was going on an expedition which would take him out of the reach of postal arrangements for many months.

Willie Lisle wrote in reply to Agatha's letter, that he had accepted a temporary situation, to take charge of a large farm while the owner was away in England. His employer had sailed, so that he could not stir at present, but as soon as possible he would come to England. Not that he thought that Lucy could be so very ill. Agatha's kind care and Market-Yoredale air would soon set her up again. By the time this letter reached Agatha, it really seemed as if Willie's opinion of his wife's health were about to be justified, for Lucy was wonderfully better. The rest and peace of mind, which her present position gave her, seemed to revive her strength, and Agatha could not help hoping that she might yet be a healthy woman again.

Meantime Agatha had plenty to do, and did it thoroughly; a very

good recipe for cheerfulness. She taught little Sissy herself, as Miss Anderson's school was closed 'for the present,' as poor Miss Susie always said; but every one else knew that the old school was a thing of the past. Miss Anderson was dying, and owing to the falling off in the school of late years, and various misfortunes in money matters, of which Agatha heard from the dying woman, there would be very little left for Miss Susan. It was a real happiness to Agatha to be able to soothe her old friend's anxieties by telling her that she needed just such a person as Miss Susie to help and advise her when she began to carry out her aunt's schemes, and to teach the little Lises at present; she assured her that Miss Susie would be a most welcome inmate at Sunnybank. Nor was it very long before this plan was carried out, for Miss Anderson died before the end of July.

The summer was a very fine one and the warm weather lasted longer than usual. So much better did Lucy seem, that it was resolved to try if a winter in the south of France might not re-establish her health completely.

'And I think,' said Agatha to Mrs. Drayton, 'I shall coax Lucy to come with me alone—to leave the children to Miss Susie. To take children and servants would be so very expensive, and I think Lucy would be as well without them. She exerts herself too much for them.'

'I dare say; but, Agatha, excuse me for asking—I was under the impression that Mrs. Browning's income added to your own would have made you too well off to require such economy?'

'I know, of course, that Aunt Mary would help me about Lucy, if necessary; but, if I can manage on my own money, I will not touch hers, but let it accumulate until I begin her orphanage.'

'I hardly think you will keep up an establishment at Sunnybank and another at Pau, on your own income alone.'

'Oh, I think I could! You know I pay no rent, Aunt Mary bought Sunnyside years ago; and, besides, all the genius for economy that ought to have sufficed for many generations of Seymours has come in a lump to me. Miss Susan understands managing a small household very well, and Lucy and I will live very simply. I only fear that she may not like leaving the children.'

However, when the plan was proposed to Lucy, she was quite willing to go. The hope of being completely cured—of being 'a useful wife to poor Willie' once more, nerved her for anything.

'As to saying how kind it is of you, Agatha, I *can't*! and you always turn what I say into a joke—but I say it to myself, and Willie will be so delighted.'

So, before October was a fortnight old, Agatha and Lucy were on their way to Pau. They went by sea to Bordeaux, and thence made their way slowly, stopping for two or three days at various places, to Pau. Agatha proved quite a genius at finding quaint old farmhouses, where they could stay for a few days, enjoying the new scenes and the delicious climate. Lucy was like a child out for a

holiday, and Agatha enjoyed everything more than she had expected to enjoy anything again. November saw them settled in a tiny lodging in Pau, among such colours and such mountains that Agatha declared she felt inclined to throw away her sketch book in despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HORATIO.

THAT winter at Pau was a real holiday to Agatha, a time of rest and refreshment to both body and mind. All her troubles about Lucy seemed over; Lucy gained ground every day, and very soon could walk as far, if not as fast, as Agatha herself, who was a light-footed damsel. Many pleasant expeditions they made together, when Agatha strove hard to imbue Lucy with something of her own enthusiasm for the old castle—and strove in vain. Lucy never got beyond 'very pretty, dear,' and equally vain was it to endeavour to awaken any historical interest. Henry the Fourth? Oh, didn't he wear a white feather? she had read such a pretty poem about that. Of other celebrities born in Pau she had never heard, and her impression about Bernadotte was that he had founded a Hospital somewhere, and kept dogs to hunt up travellers who were lost in the snow: plainly confusing him with the St. Bernard's Hospice, with which the soldier of fortune had but little to do, one would say. 'Ah, I never could remember; Miss Anderson always said I should never be a credit to her.' Yet she was by no means a bad companion, she was so sweet-tempered and unselfish, that Agatha loved her better every day.

They lodged in a small cottage in the suburbs, where they shared the same bedroom and had a pretty sitting-room with a charming view of the mountains, and their good-natured landlady allowed them to dine in her beautifully clean kitchen. In the porch, up which a magnificent myrtle was trained, the old Frenchwoman used to sit at her work while her lodgers were at dinner; and there, one day, not long after they came to Pau, they heard some one address her.

'Well, Madame Callé! here I am, much requiring your kind care and good cooking to set me up again. Can I have your rooms as before!'

'Eh—no—the rooms are occupied! It is Monsieur with the strange difficult name. I am sorry—overwhelmed—but it is so. We have lodgers.'

'Ah! well, it can't be helped, but it is a bore all the same,' said the man's voice in English. Then in French, 'Do they mean to make any stay?'

'The entire winter, Monsieur. One of them has been ill—and the other is devoted to her—ah, it is beautiful, that devotion.'

‘Beautiful, eh? Where do they come from?’

‘They are *compatriotes* of Monsieur. English ladies, quite young—no other ladies, so young, would be alone—one is married however.’

‘Compatriotes of mine! who told you that I was English, Madame Callé?—what are their names?’

‘The lady is Madame Lisle, the demoiselle is Meess Seymour.’

There was a momentary silence, and when the man spoke again he said—

‘I am not English, Madame, disabuse yourself of that idea. I am a Jew, born in the United States of America. Are these ladies in your garden by chance?’

‘No—no use in peeping, Monsieur. They are at dinner in my little kitchen where you yourself have dined so often.’

‘In the kitchen! Madame, why did you not say so before? they must think me the most unmannerly Hebrew Jew they ever heard of. Good-bye, I’m sorry I cannot be your lodger again.’

The two girls heard his steps as he walked away. Lucy saw him, and said he was very tall, with white hair. Madame Callé came in full of chatter. ‘The poor gentleman looked very ill, as bad as when years ago he came to her first. But she was glad that her rooms were engaged—such nice, quiet ladies, always pleased—much unlike Monsieur, who smoked all day and found fault with everything. He might be American, how could she tell? but a Jew, no! nor need he ask her to believe it. She had seen Jews and heard them speak, and they were all unlike Monsieur yonder, she never could say his name.’

‘Try, Madame. I am quite curious about him,’ said Agatha.

‘I have a card of his, *tiens*, there it is.’

‘Mr. Horatio, 114 Rue St. Jacques de Fer. What a queer name. Come, Lucy, let us go upstairs that you may rest for a time and be ready for our sunset walk. I would not miss the sunset for anything.’

As they went to their sitting-room, she told Lucy what had passed between the good dame and the stranger, and Lucy remarked—

‘Madame Callé says he is not a Jew, and I say he is not an American; at least he does not speak like one.’

‘But, why should he claim to be either, unless it was true? Now lie down, Lucy, and presently we will take a turn to see the——’

‘Sunset!’ said Lucy, ‘you are crazy about the sunset, I think.’

Lucy dozed, and Agatha worked up one of her sketches for some time; then they put on their hats, and went out, Agatha provided with a shawl in case Lucy felt cold by-and-bye. They went to the Cours Bayard, of the beauty of which Agatha was never tired. Having walked on to the end, she said, ‘Lucy, should you mind taking a turn here by yourself? I want to climb down there to the

place where I sat to make my sketch yesterday ; I want to see it again in this light.'

'I'm not at all afraid,' said the valiant Lucy, 'only don't stay very long.'

'Oh, no ; and there is no one here but those children and their nurses.'

Agatha disappeared, and Lucy walked slowly about fifty yards along the promenade, then turned and came back again. Standing just where Agatha had left the path and scrambled down the bank towards the river, was a tall old man with white hair. Lucy, the greatest coward that ever trembled and quailed, felt disposed to vanish before he turned and saw her ; but Agatha—poor Agatha ! would get such a dreadful fright when she came up the bank and found this dreadful-looking man right in her way. I may here remark that it took a good deal more than that to frighten Agatha. The stranger became aware of Lucy's presence, and turning, he bowed courteously. Something in his face startled her, she never could tell what it was.

'Your friend is a bold climber for a lady,' he said in English, 'do you think she is quite safe? the bank is steep and rough.'

'Safe? oh, quite safe,' faltered Lucy, who could not help gazing at him, he puzzled her so, though she fully believed that he meant to rob her, at least. As her wedding-ring was the only thing of any value about her, she need hardly have quaked so terribly.

'Your name is Seymour!' said this alarming old gentleman suddenly.

'N—n—no—Lisle.'

'Ha ! I thought so. What is her Christian name? your adventurous companion, I mean.'

'Agatha,' said Lucy, and then added desperately, 'come away from the edge, she is coming up—and—and I see a man over there!' she went on. There was no such man, and had there been, Lucy was too frightened to see him, but she hardly knew what she was saying in her fright for Agatha.

'Yes, she is coming ; good evening,' said the stranger, and walked swiftly away. The next moment Agatha found poor Lucy almost fainting, and quite unable to give any distinct account of the adventure (as she called it) which had so terrified her.

'I thought he would push you back, you know, and rob you. Your brooch is valuable—and your watch.'

'But if he pushed me back and I fell into the Gave (which I surely must) he might have found it hard to secure my brooch and watch. Don't be frightened, Lucy ; I think it must have been Mr. Horatio by your description, tall and white-haired you said he was.'

'So it was, I declare ; then I am sure he is both a Jew and an American,' cried Lucy, who was full of prejudices against Jews,

inherited from her forefathers, and disliked Americans because she had been unhappy in America. 'He is a dreadful man, and his face puzzles me. I must have seen him long ago, I think.'

For some days they saw no more of the American Jew, but he saw a good deal of them. He seemed curiously attracted by the two young Englishwomen, and was often close to them, watching them without their knowledge. But on one occasion they had reason to be very glad that he was near them; they had wandered out into the lovely country, following a footpath across some fields. Suddenly they came upon a house with a large garden, and they were admiring everything in a leisurely way, when a big black dog rushed out of some out-house, jumped over the wall and came barking furiously towards the two girls. Lucy screamed and clung to Agatha, who had a small stick in her hand, and who, if alone, would probably have overawed the dog, but with Lucy screaming and holding her, she felt very helpless—so helpless that after making one valiant blow at the dog, she got really frightened for perhaps the first time in her life, and—did not like the sensation. The dog was a nasty low-minded beast, whose courage rose just in proportion to the fall of hers; he sprang at her and she actually felt his hot breath on her face, and fully expected to feel his teeth next, when suddenly he collapsed in the most sudden way, howled dismally, rolled over on the ground, and finally fled as fast as his four legs would carry him. As soon as Agatha could see again, she found that Lucy had fainted and that Mr. Horatio stood beside her.

'Was it you that saved us? how can I thank you—I was so—frightened.'

'It was an ugly adventure; but you stood your ground like a true—true Englishwoman.'

'Lucy, dear Lucy, the dog is gone; what shall I do? she has fainted; I must lay her down, and she is holding me so—oh, thank you.'

For Mr. Horatio had come to her help; between them they laid Lucy down on the grass.

'Now, Miss Seymour, don't fancy that I have gone mad, I am going to shout. There must be someone in that house, and we want water here. I do not care to leave you.'

He shouted loudly, but in vain.

'Stupid idiots! what is to be done? Is she moving yet?'

'No, I am frightened for her, for she has not been strong. If you go, that dog might come again, and she would surely be ill if she got a second fright. Lend me your stick—I must go over to the house.'

He looked at her, handed the stick to her, and said 'Get water, you'll find some in the house, even if there is no one at home.'

Agatha grasped the stick, drew her dark eyebrows together till they formed a single, almost straight line, and set forth on her errand. She found the house door open, but no one was in the room;

she entered; she called, but no answer came. But she perceived a large stone jug full of water, and with this and a cup she went back to the door. There, to her amazement, she found Mr. Horatio.

'Oh, why did you leave Lucy!' she cried.

'Lucy is safe enough. I have shut the enemy into the stable; he was peeping out, but had no inclination for a second thump. Did you think I could let you run into his jaws alone? he would certainly have come out at you.'

'But Lucy——'

'Oh, she'll be all right. Your shrieking fainting females are never a pin the worse; see, she is better already.'

Lucy was soon quite herself again, and Mr. Horatio completed his kind offices by searching out the people belonging to the house and engaging a queer-looking little cart with a hood over it, to carry the two ladies back to Pau.

'We are very, *very* much obliged to you,' said Agatha, holding out her hand to him; 'if you had not been here, I do not know what might have happened; we were really in danger.'

'You were, that is a vicious brute. Take my advice, and don't wander in solitary places, or, if you do, carry a pistol. Miss Seymour, I am glad to have obliged you, may I venture to ask you a question or two?'

'Certainly,' said Agatha, smiling.

'Then tell me, are you the daughter of the late Mr. Seymour of Temple Seymour?'

'I am; did you know my father?'

'Slightly, very slightly, but quite well enough. And your aunt—I see you are in mourning—is it for Mrs. Browning?'

'Yes, it is.'

'Good-bye, and thanks, Miss Seymour,' he said, stepping back, and making a sign to the lad who was to drive them, to set forth. They reached home without any further adventure.

Neither of them saw Mr. Horatio again, until their pleasant winter was over, and Pau was becoming too hot to be a desirable residence. Lucy was by this time apparently as well as she had ever been, and Agatha was in better spirits and better looks than she had been for a long time. She was packing, with Madame Callé's help, and had sent Lucy out to sit in a shady nook in the garden, for well as she seemed, Agatha never allowed her to heat or tire herself. Lucy was knitting away, when a shadow darkened the entrance to the little harbour, and there stood Mr. Horatio.

'Mrs. Lisle, pray excuse me; I saw you here as I was passing. Will you kindly give me Miss Seymour's English address?'

'Oh,' said Lucy. 'I wonder—I do not know, sir. I will just go and ask her.'

'Nay, do not trouble yourself. I assure you it can make no difference to Miss Seymour. I have no designs upon her—not even a

begging letter. And I can find out in some other way if you refuse ; but I hope you will not do that.'

He took out a pocket-book, and went on with the same half-careless air of authority—

'Not Temple Seymour, I suppose? Her scamp of a father took care of that—London?'

'No,—Sunnybank, Market-Yoredale,' said Lucy, who had not enough of what, for want of an English word I must call *savoir-faire*, to refuse obedience a second time.

'Market-Yoredale! What the—what on earth took them there? but of course you don't know, Mrs. Lisle. Thanks very much for your kindness. I feel an interest in Miss Seymour, because I knew her very extravagant and, let us say, worthless father. Good morning ; I am glad to see you so completely restored to health.'

He bowed—a most magnificent bow, and was soon out of sight. Lucy sped indoors to recount her adventure, though she somewhat softened Mr. Horatio's remarks about Agatha's father.

'And I am more certain than ever that he is neither a Jew nor a Yankee, but an English gentleman!' declared Lucy.

'Lucy, that evening on the Cours Bayard you were morally convinced that he was both a Jew and an American!' declared Lucy.

'Because he frightened me so that I could not judge. But now I am sure that he is English, and a gentleman ; I mean a gentleman as you and your aunt were ladies, you know, not only a gentleman like Dr. Mayne or Mr. Drayton. And he is so like someone! his eyes seem quite well-known to me. Why, Agatha, it is you he is so like!'

'Me!' cried Agatha, starting violently, and turning very pale. 'Dr. Horatio—Horace! I never thought—Lucy, is he gone?'

'Oh, yes ; he went off at a great pace.'

Agatha went to the window, looked out along the road, and then stood there thinking deeply for some time. She spoke no more about the matter, but she had a nervous, anxious look, which she did not lose until they had left Pau far behind them. But she carried off the card which Madame Callé had showed her, with Mr. Horatio's name and a Parisian address.

Every one at home was surprised at Lucy's renewed health and strength. She was so happy too, poor little woman! for Willie had agreed to work permanently with the person whose farm he had been managing ; and he was coming home for her.

(To be continued.)

THE CIRCUMCISION.

‘First, must Thy Name be ‘Jesus’;
 With this Thy work begins,
 To cleanse and save Thy people
 From all their sins.

First, must Thou bear our sorrows,
 Our sin, and toil and strife:
 O Holy Saviour, dying
 To be our life.

That in Thy death baptized
 Our flesh may buried be,
 And we, Thy grace partaking,
 May live by Thee.’

MAN is not a merely spiritual being; he is dependent upon his bodily senses for his knowledge of the material world in which he lives; he is a creature of time; and before his creation God was pleased to set ‘lights in the firmament, to divide the day from the night,’ and to be ‘for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years.’ By these means portions of time are distinguished, which may be employed for spiritual uses, prophetic, symbolic or liturgical, for ‘declaring the glory of God and showing His handiwork.’

One of the most important of these divisions is the week, the observance of which was enjoined equally by the Law of Moses (and *before* the Law) and in the Church. The ecclesiastical week of the Israelites ended in the Sabbath of rest, on the seventh day, and was a memorial of that week in which ‘the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them . . . And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made.’

But since that time, the history of the world has been a sad record of failure, sin, labour, sorrow and suffering; and so the Jewish week with its seventh day’s rest, is not only a memorial of the past, but points onward hopefully to that ‘rest’ or ‘keeping of a sabbath’ ‘which remaineth for the people of God.’ The weekly rest was a type of the more perfect and enduring rest to come. The Resurrection of our Lord on the first day of the week gives fresh significance to the symbolic use of this period of time. For, with that event, the words spoken by Isaiah began to be fulfilled: ‘behold I create new heavens and a new earth.’ * ‘When He again bringeth in the First-born into the world He saith: And let all the angels of God worship Him;’ for ‘He is the Heir of all things,’ ‘the beginning of the

* New Version.

creation of God,' 'the first-born of every creature,' the beginning of the new, spiritual creation. And the first day of the week points not only to what has been begun and is now in progress,' but forward to the completion of the work, to the new day of regeneration and redemption, when the 'earnest expectation of the creature' waiting 'for the manifestation of the Sons of God' shall be satisfied.

The observance of the octave, enjoined in the case of some festivals under the Law, and practised in the Church from the earliest times, is explained by Durandus as grounded upon four reasons which may be reduced to two: first, to bring out the full significance of the festival celebrated; and secondly to express the anticipation of its future consummation and the enjoyment of its fruits. In the case of the festival of a martyr, the first day speaks of his death, and the eighth leads us to the hope of his resurrection and glory; as says S. Augustine, 'The same day is first and eighth; and so the Resurrection of the Lord is said to have taken place on the eighth day.'

In Leviticus viii. and ix. we find that, when Aaron and his sons had kept the full period of their consecration seven days and seven nights, abiding throughout that time within the door of the tabernacle, on the eighth day, Moses called together Aaron and his sons and the elders of Israel, and instructed Aaron to offer the sin-offering and burnt-offering for himself and the sin-offering, burnt-offering and peace-offerings for the people, in the presence of the whole congregation; and then the 'glory of the Lord appeared unto all the people. And there came a fire out from before the Lord' and consumed the offerings upon the altar. 'Which when all the people saw, they shouted and fell on their faces.' The consecration of the priesthood was thus completed; and had the seal put to it by God Himself, Who gave visible token of His acceptance of them as mediators on behalf of the people.

On this subject Ainsworth remarks: 'All creatures for the most part were in their uncleanness and imperfection seven days and perfected on the eighth, children by circumcision, young beasts for sacrifice, persons unclean by leprosies and the like. So here the priests, until the eighth day, were not admitted to minister in their office. Whereby the day of Christ was foreshadowed, Who by His resurrection on the day after the Sabbath, hath sanctified His Church and ministry, and all their actions, and made us an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God.'

The Feast of the Circumcision then, occurring on the octave of Christmas Day, while it is a prolongation of the Feast of the Nativity, gives us fresh food for meditation in connection with the mystery of the Incarnation. The circumcision of our Lord is the first proof to us of the reality of His incarnation; secondly, it shows Him to us from the beginning of His earthly life, ever submitting Himself, as One who came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him; 'even Christ pleased not Himself;' and thirdly, being ministered on the eighth day, it had a typical significance.

But to see the full meaning of this rite as fulfilled by our Lord, we must look back to the time of its first institution. God had called Abram to leave home, country and kindred; and he, full of faith, had gone forth a wanderer, not even 'knowing whither he went,' but trusting simply in the God who had made a covenant with him. The covenant was renewed when he came into the land of promise; and again when he dwelt in Mamre and once more showed his faith by believing the promise that he should have an heir, and it was counted to him for righteousness. The rite of circumcision was enjoined when the covenant was finally and solemnly ratified and Abram and Sarai received their new names. It was to be a pledge on the part of Abraham and his seed that they undertook to fulfil their part of the covenant, and it was a sign, which God would recognise, of their title to the promises which He on His part made to them. This covenant included more than the obligations and promises of the Law, as St. Paul shows in Gal. iii.

Further, circumcision was a symbolic sign of that self-denial and that giving up of their own will in obedience to the will of God, which is to be seen in all His saints, in every dispensation—that true circumcision 'of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God.'

But it was more even than this; it was a type of some better rite to come, which should be not merely a *sign*, but a *means* of grace, an effectual means of conveying, to those who should receive it, that 'death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness,' or in one word regeneration, of which the older rite was a sign.

Regeneration is a word loosely used at times to mean only 'renewal,' or 'improvement;' as when men talk of 'the regeneration of society,' by which they mean, not its destruction but its reformation, and restoration, or advance, to some higher and more ideal state. But regeneration is *not* restoration or improvement of the old; it is a *new* birth altogether. Spiritual things can never be perfectly and in all respects compared with natural things; but yet a 'parable from nature' may help us the better to understand them. What does the gardener do with a wild brier-stock, when he wishes it to bear roses of a better sort than its own wild ones? Instead of trying to improve it by cultivation, he puts into it a bud from another tree, and practically *kills* it; that is, he does not suffer it any more to live its own life, to bear its own foliage, its own blossoms; all the wild shoots are pruned away as they appear, and the stock is made to lead the new life of the bud. It is quite possible, of course, for the wild stock to be successfully budded and yet to live its own life still; and it will do so unless constantly checked, with the result that the bud will be overpowered, perhaps killed; but if the gardener has his way, the germ of new life prevails over the old.

The illustration of course is not perfect, but it harmonises with St. Paul's words to the Galatians, 'I am crucified with Christ, never-

theless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me !’

Circumcision was a sign of death, but it could not communicate the new life. Ministered on the eighth day, however, it was typical of regeneration, which consists in the pouring out of the life of the flesh—‘the blood is the life’—and the reception of a new life. By the ‘flesh’ is meant here, not merely the body, though it too shall be made new, quickened ‘by His Spirit that dwelleth in it’—but the whole fallen nature inherited from Adam.

It was this flesh, this fallen nature, that the Son of God took upon Him ; and though God from God, Light from Light, Very God from Very God, He became very Man of the substance of the Blessed Virgin. But He became incarnate by the ‘Power of the Highest,’ He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and the Life of God in His soul was ever, throughout His life, expressed in all His thoughts, words, and acts. In becoming man He ‘emptied Himself,’ laying aside His glory ; never, for an instant, ceasing to be God ; but never, so to say, availing Himself of His Godhead ; never allowing Himself to exercise any of the powers or functions of Godhead. All that He thought, said, did, while upon earth, was thought, said and done, not as God, but as man,—man, filled with the Holy Ghost ; and thus His birth-condition was a type and example of the regenerate life, which, even in Him, was not completed until the resurrection ; for it was not till then that He received a spiritual body, and became ‘a quickening spirit,’ with power to impart the new life to others.

In baptism, we receive this new life in our spirits ; and in us too it shall have its perfect consummation, in the day of the glorious resurrection ; for, says St. Paul, ‘if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.’

‘In us the hope of Glory,
O risen Lord, art Thou ;
The first-fruits of the Spirit
Are in us now.’

As yet we ‘groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body,’ ‘the redemption of the purchased possession.’

Circumcision then was the type of baptism ; it was the sign of a covenant, and it gave those who received it a title to the blessings of the covenant, which were themselves prophetic of the time of glory and blessedness, spoken of as ‘the regeneration,’ when the new creation shall be completed and the consequences of the fall shall be done away entirely for ever.

The circumcision of our Lord and God shows to us then the reality of His act in taking our nature. His blood, the same blood

which flows in our veins, is shed; 'human blood, life, is poured forth; and except it cease to flow, death ensues.' God has truly become Man!

Also, we see that Christ has taken our nature such as it has been since the fall, 'yet without sin.' If He had taken our nature as it was in its unfallen state, free from all weakness and infirmity, there would have been no need for the pouring out of the life of the flesh for the attainment of a more perfect condition; and circumcision would have been in His case an empty and unmeaning ceremony, instead of what it was, a true sign—a sign of the weakness of the nature which He had assumed, a sign of liability to temptation, and of subjection to the law of suffering and death; and a sign that, although in taking that nature 'He had become the very fountain of holiness unto man, yet must its condition be changed, before the perfect will and eternal purpose of God in man could be accomplished in and by Christ.'

Jesus 'was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man. For it became Him, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.' He was 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'

It is a mystery which we cannot even attempt to understand. We know that there is no sin in the fact of temptation; and yet, judging by ourselves, we cannot conceive of temptation without some answering *inclination*, however brief, to yield to it, and that in itself is sinful. 'Tempted in all points like as we are, yet *without sin!*' Temptation brought all its power to bear upon Him, had full access to Him, but found nothing in Him, no response, no entrance even for a moment; for in Him was no sin, 'no motive to sin, no thought of sin, no breath of sin.' The silence of reverent awe best befits us in presence of so great a mystery; and without in any way attempting to explain it, we hold fast the two sides of the great truth—'tempted—yet without sin.'

It is hardly less a mystery that the Son of God, begotten before the worlds, should come down to know our infirmities and our sorrows, to submit to all the limitations of our finite nature, by a continuous act of His divine Will; to suffer all the consequences of sin, sin itself excepted, to know hunger and thirst, disappointment, weariness, heaviness, and at last death. He might have called legions of angels to defend Him; no man could take His life from Him—He laid it down of Himself; but He *did* lay it down. He spared Himself nothing.

But He not only became Man, subject to the laws of feeble, fallen human nature, He was also born of the seed of Abraham, and

besides this, He was subject and submitted Himself to the law of Moses. He had taken part with man, Himself sinless, not refusing the consequences of man's sins; and He took part with the Jew, not disowning fellowship with him in his guilty and apostate condition.

In His circumcision, the first event of His life upon earth, He was manifested both to God and man as bound by all the obligations of the Jew, bound to the entire observance of the law of Moses. He was 'the fulfilling of the law.' Hitherto, the outward rite had been a sign with which the inward fact was sometimes more, sometimes less, but never before in any child of man, perfectly in accordance.

He, the Seed promised to Abraham, the Heir of the promise made to Abraham, the 'Circumcised in heart' has come, and receives the sign of the covenant, which God on His part fulfils by the gift of His Son.

Circumcision was given as the sign of the promised kingdom. Here is the promised King, Who claims His birthright as King of the Jews, not in virtue of His birth as the son of Abraham and the son of David, but only through the rite ordained as a sign of the covenant which ensured the kingdom.

It was [a sign also of entire self-renunciation; and this is He of Whom it was written: 'A body hast Thou prepared Me. Then, said I, lo, I come to do Thy will, O God'; whose meat it was to do the will of Him that sent Him. And then it was given also as the sign of the new life to be attained through death, by resurrection from the dead; and He, circumcised as on this day, is Himself 'the Resurrection and the Life,' the 'Second Adam,' the 'Quickening Spirit,' from Whom, the Captain of their salvation, the sons whom He brings to glory shall derive their eternal life.

The new year begins with the circumcision of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; and how can we better enter upon it, than by reminding ourselves once more that in Him we also 'are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with Him in baptism, wherein also we are risen with Him.' Made one with Him, we are pledged to live, as He lived, the circumcised life of self-renunciation, the life of Him who could say, even in the most awful hour of His agony, 'Thy Will be done,' 'I seek not Mine own will,' 'I delight to do Thy Will, O God!' The life of Him Who was—

' . . . called to suffer and obey
Through earthly loss,
To bring His living offering, day by day,
And bear His Cross.

O spotless Lamb! upon the Throne of God
Thou sittest now:
And in the lowly path which Thou hast trod
Our hope art Thou.'

And He is in us, His members, to live that life if we will have it so.

We can encourage the old life, if we will, but we can suffer Him to keep it in death; we can suffer the new life in us to grow, until gradually it shall overpower the old, and, in the morning of the resurrection, it shall be revealed as *His* life, Christ in us, transforming our bodies as well as our souls and spirits. And in that day He shall say 'Gather My saints together unto Me, those that have made a *covenant* with Me by *sacrifice*.'

Circumcision was the sign of the covenant by which the kingdom was promised to Abraham; and by baptism we were made one with Christ Jesus; 'and if we be Christ's, then are we Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise;' 'heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ,' 'inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.' 'If we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him. If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him,' the King who 'shall reign in righteousness.' Do we ask what will be the blessedness of that kingdom? 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.'

The promise to Abraham was, 'I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing;' and the promise to his children is still the same; can we desire or conceive any higher privilege than that of being used by the King for the blessing of His people, found to be 'sanctified and meet for the Master's use?' 'His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face,' and 'be like Him.'

Can we have any greater joy than to be able to serve, to be fit to be used?

We none of us know what is before us in the coming year, or how much of it we may see in this mortal condition. It may be that before its close, the King will have come to some among us. Shall He be obliged to leave any behind because we are not ready, not loving His appearing?

What will be the work of each one of us in the kingdom? We do not know, but *He* knows; He knows the place in the one Body, for which we were each created, the place which it will be our joy to fill, the place for which we are being trained. It is our place, our own special inheritance; but it is not ours by fate. We have been called to it, chosen for it, but we have yet to prove ourselves faithful, before it can be ours.

He who is training us knows the work which is waiting for each of us. 'We are God's workmanship. He knows what He is going to make of us. When He has made His instrument then He will use it.' He has taken us in hand to make something of us Himself. When His work has been wrought in us, then we shall know the uses for which we were made; our career will lie before us—the performance of the good works for which God has created us, shall begin. He has put us upon the wheel, that we may be made new vessels, when the Spirit of God shall have finished the work in us for which we were made one with Christ.

The means, we may be sure, are perfectly and exactly fitted to the end in view. Every joy, as well as every sorrow which meets us, is a part of those means, for, we know that *all* things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are 'the called, according to His purpose.'

We know it now, we shall *see* it some day, and acknowledge that nothing which has come to us in the course of God's Providence could have been spared without loss.

'For one star differeth from another star
In glory and in use; and all are stairs
Of the illimitable House of God;
And every one has its own name and place
Distinguished, and some special word is given
For each to utter in the mystic song.'

The Disciples.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLX.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

1685-1688.

THERE is a curious parallel between the two attempts to bring England back to communion with Rome. In each case there was a futile attempt to exclude the hereditary sovereign, whose hands were thereby only strengthened, and in each, the advances to the Pope were received with coolness, on account of political combinations. What Lady Jane Grey's claim had been to Mary Tudor, that of Monmouth was to James II., and even as Paul IV. regarded Mary and England as appendages of Philip, the oppressor of Italy, so in the eyes of Innocent XI., James was the devoted ally of Louis XIV., the object of his dread and distrust.

The Jesuit influence ruled in France through Père la Chaise, Louis's Confessor; and in England James was equally led by Edward Petre, a devoted Jesuit belonging to an old noble Roman Catholic family. Like Mary I., James took adherence to the legal line of succession as a token that arbitrary power would be endured; and like Louis XIV., he seemed to suppose that personal immorality was atoned for by exertions in the cause of his Church. However, in justice to Father Petre, it must be said that under his influence the chief scandal of James's life was mitigated.

James had neither the ability, acuteness, nor charm of his elder brother, though he was more industrious and conscientious. He was unable to discern the signs of the times and to steer his course accordingly, his character was stern and obstinate, his manners grave and unbending, and though the old free and familiar customs of living in public were continued, he was probably the only Stewart who did not know how to be gracious. Of the strength of the nation's attachment to the Church of England and of their horror and dread of Popery he had no idea, and he further believed that there was no oppression to which the loyalty of the clergy and the doctrine of passive resistance would not lead them quietly to submit.

Among his brother's papers, James had found one, written in Charles's own hand on the controversy between the Churches. This in his eyes was conclusive. He showed it to Archbishop Sancroft, who was struck dumb at the duplicity and hypocrisy it revealed in the late master to whom he had so often administered the Holy Communion. It was printed and distributed right and left, and the

best mode of winning the royal favour was to profess to be convinced thereby.

The Earl of Perth and his brother Lord Melfort actually did so, and embraced the King's faith, Melfort thus winning a confidence which he used sincerely but fatally. The Earl of Sunderland, a greedy unprincipled man, likewise assured the King that he was secretly of the same Church, though not as yet openly, and in the meantime he received £6,000 a year from Louis for keeping up French interests at Court!

Father Petre, the Jesuits and the new converts were all for the strongest measures, urged on by the French, but the old Roman Catholic English aristocracy, such as Lord Powys and Lord Bellasis, knew that the only hope was in moderation. The Pope himself was of the same mind, Bishop Leyburn, his Vicar Apostolic, was a Dominican, a sensible and cautious man; and the Nuncio, Count Adda, was also anxious to prevent any violent measures, nor did he assume his office publicly but passed for a visitor.

On his part James sent Lord Castlemaine as ambassador to Rome, but with orders always to consult the General of the Jesuits and the French Ambassador before entering into any engagements; and Innocent XI. was said to be seized with a violent fit of coughing whenever the English Ambassador had an interview with him.

What James was unprepared for was Tory resistance. He thought the party would endure anything from the Crown, and was astonished when his brothers-in-law, Lords Clarendon and Rochester, and all the Tory party with them, showed themselves resolved to resist attacks on the Church and encroachments of power.

It seems strange that Jesuit sagacity should have been so much at fault as not to perceive that the only chance of winning their way was by avoiding illegality and violence. If James had been content to act constitutionally instead of again combining religious and political feeling in opposition to him, he would probably have lived and died on the throne, and his cause would have made much silent progress, but the Jesuits seem to have been entirely ignorant of the English character, and to have disregarded those who could have shown them that the methods to which they urged the King were those most likely to arouse opposition. All moderate counsels they took as manifestations of that Jansenist spirit which they hated above all and even imputed to Pope Innocent himself.

In Ireland, Ormond was recalled, and two Lords Justices, the Scotch Lord Granard and the Primate, Michael Boyle, were appointed; but the former displeased the Church people, the latter the sects. And the army was in the hands of Colonel Talbot, who was gradually dismissing the English element, under pretence of their having sympathised with Monmouth; and as a mark of favour he was created Earl of Tyrconnel.

James did not venture at once to place the vice-royalty in his

hands, but sent as Lord Lieutenant, his brother-in-law, Lord Clarendon; who did not remain long in that post. His promotion of Roman Catholics to be judges and magistrates caused much offence and distrust; but he was too much of an Englishman to carry out all James's intentions, so that in 1687, he was displaced in favour of Tyrconnel. There was a cry of dismay from all the Protestant population, and 1,500 families actually quitted the island, some to join the other refugees in Holland, and others, of the recent settlers, to return to their original English homes, where some of them showed themselves to have acquired very troublesome, idle, and even knavish habits.

Tyrconnel belonged to one of those old English families of 'the Pale,' which had become thoroughly Irish; and he was a rude, vulgar soldier, commonly known as 'lying Dick Talbot,' and hitherto a kind of bravo of the two royal Stewarts, a Roman Catholic by profession, but making no secret of his actual unbelief.

With his vice-royalty the tables began to be turned, by appointments of Romanists to every vacant office possible, and by making vacancies if possible. Bishoprics were not filled up on death, and their revenues were assigned to Roman Catholics; the Protestant clergy could not get the payment of tithes enforced, and justice had become as unattainable for a Protestant as formerly for his opponent. Still, James, as an Englishman, had an instinct of maintaining the national supremacy, and therefore would not let Tyrconnel summon a Parliament, which he knew would be not merely Roman Catholic, but altogether anti-English. All the time, Tyrconnel was in the pay of Louis XIV., and had engaged that if James left only the two princesses as heirs, he would bring Ireland over to the allegiance of France.

As soon as the rebellion was over, James forced from the judges an opinion that a dispensing power was inherent in the Crown, and he then relaxed the Test Act, so as to make persons who would not communicate in the Church of England able to accept office in the State and in corporations. Also he gave general indulgence to non-attendants at parish churches. Dissenters as well as Roman Catholics profited by this toleration; but the former were by no means grateful for the relief, being certain that it was only the first step towards the full establishment of the Popery they hated.

In Scotland, the Killing time was at an end; but neither the Scottish nor the English parliament would repeal the Test Act. Even the Presbyterians scented danger, and the Bishops in Scotland made strenuous opposition, and as they had been appointed by the Crown, James considered himself to have the power of depriving two of them, Bruce, Bishop of Dunkeld, and Cairncross, Archbishop of Glasgow.

The next act of James was to re-establish that Court of High Commission, which had taken cognizance of ecclesiastical offences as representing the sovereign headship of the Church, which had been

one of the chief grievances complained of and abolished in the time of Charles I. It had been hated when used by conscientious men on behalf of the English Church. Now it was re-instated by a member of an alien communion evidently for the sake, not of purifying, but of oppressing. The Archbishop, Sancroft, was named for it, but never took his seat, and there were also the Bishops of Durham and Rochester (Crewe and Sprat), who were both thought to have been talked over by the King, and, moreover, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys.

The first victim was Dr. Sharp, for his violent language called the Reviling Parson. He was Dean of Norwich and Rector of St. Giles's in London, where he preached a sermon against Popery. James sent orders to the Bishop of London to suspend him. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, was a Tory, a man of high birth, brother to the Earl of Norwich, and had been tutor to the two princesses. He had, in the House of Lords, strongly opposed the legality of the King's power of dispensing, and he now refused to suspend Dr. Sharp, on the ground that no man can be punished without being heard in his own defence.

On this, Compton himself was summoned before the Court. He pleaded that only his Metropolitan and the other suffragans had a right to try him, that he was a peer, and subject only to the laws of the country, and that he had forbidden Sharp to preach. Nevertheless, the King arbitrarily suspended him, to the alarm and displeasure of all the country.

Lord Rochester, who was a younger son of the first Lord Clarendon, and therefore a brother-in-law of James, objected to this flagrant injustice, and likewise refused to be converted to the Romish Church. In consequence, he was dismissed from the Council, but amply provided for by a charge upon Lord Grey's estate.

A clergyman named Johnson, who had been chaplain to Lord Russell, had, in the last reign, written an attack on James, called, 'Julian the Apostate.' He was in prison, whence he wrote a letter to the soldiers in the great camp on Hounslow Heath, adjuring them not to be made the tools of a tyrant, bent on exterminating the Protestant faith. For this the Court condemned him to be stripped of his gown, to be whipped through London, and to stand in the pillory.

Certainly such an exhortation to soldiers had a flavour of mutiny about it. And James set great store by the men whom he kept encamped at Hounslow, thirteen thousand in number, under the command of two Roman Catholics, Feversham and Dumbarton. They were a standing menace to those who remembered their doings both in Somersetshire and in Scotland, and who were continually welcoming Huguenot fugitives with terrible memories of the dragonnades.

The English Church held strongly the doctrine of passive resistance, namely that it was the duty of a Christian 'to suffer and

be still,' after the example of the primitive church, which had finally prevailed, without disobedience to the heathen emperors in things lawful, but taking patiently whatever they might have to suffer for non-compliance with sinful practices. Knowing that these were their tenets, James took ungenerous advantage of them by all the means of oppression that came in his way.

By his prerogative, he gave permission to various Orders of Religious to have houses and open schools. There were Benedictines at St. James's, Jesuits in the Savoy, Franciscans in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Carmelites in the City. Schools were opened by the Jesuits, and as they were admirable teachers, were quickly filled, but not contented with this, the King commanded the Governors of the Charterhouse to admit as Master one Andrew Popham, a Romanist. This was successfully resisted by Bishop Compton and Lord Halifax; but encroachments went on everywhere. Several Oxford men, namely, the Master and two fellows of University College, Romanised and obtained dispensations to hold their preferments, and a lay fellow of Merton, John Massey, was nominated by the Crown to be Dean of Christ Church. Father Petre, James's confessor, was a descendant of Sir William Petre, the founder of Exeter College, and in this right, he claimed the nomination of seven fellows; but this the University absolutely refused to sanction.

James hoped to obtain the support of the dissenters, and on the 18th of March, 1687, he announced to the Council, that it was contrary to his principles that any one should be persecuted for conscience's sake, and he therefore, by his royal prerogative, suspended all penal laws, made worship free, and dispensed with tests and oaths of supremacy, and it ended with an assurance that there should be no disturbance of property in Church and Abbey lands.

How far James had any real spirit of toleration, there is no knowing. He had always been one of those depressed and persecuted, and to these it is natural to talk of toleration. He was at first kind to the Huguenot refugees, and Penn, the Quaker, was his friend; but no one could trust a man of his harsh temper, any more than his Church could be trusted, when once the upper hand had been gained, not to persecute.

In point of fact this Declaration gave what has been gradually granted in the course of the two ensuing centuries; but to the English mind at that time, it was in the first place illegal, since the King had no constitutional right virtually to set at naught Acts of Parliament, and in the next place, it was evident that the real intention was to destroy the bulwark of the English Church; and the nonconformists understood the traditions of Rome well enough to know that this was a ruse to gain them over for the time, and that to accept these favours would only be a step to their final ruin.

Addresses of thanks to the King were got up. There were about sixty from the nonconformists, but none of their men of mark signed

them. Five bishops thanked the King; these were Barlow of Lincoln, commonly called Bishop of Buckden, who never saw Lincoln; Wood of Lichfield, who had been suspended by the Archbishop for scandalous conduct; Crewe of Durham and Cartwright of Chester, both notorious time-servers; Watson, afterwards detected in simony. Parker, whom James had appointed to Oxford, could only get one signature among his clergy, and Sir Jonathan Trelawney, then Bishop of Bristol, only two. The Archbishop, being in weak health and much perplexed, held back as long as possible.

But James was taking further steps, most alarming to the English Church. The Presidentship of Magdalen College, Oxford, was vacant, and James commanded the fellows to elect Anthony Farmer, a Roman Catholic of well-known bad character. This they refused, on the ground that he was disqualified by their statutes, and as they received no answer they elected one of their own number, Dr. Hough, and the election was confirmed by their visitor; but it was annulled by the Court of High Commission; and when a deputation of the college was sent up, Jeffreys behaved with his usual insolence. When Dr. Fairfax tried to argue the point, and said it was one to be argued in Westminster Hall, he was answered—

‘Pray are you a doctor of law or of divinity?’

‘By what authority do you sit here?’ demanded Fairfax.

This enraged the Chancellor, who exclaimed—

‘What commission have you to be so impudent in court? This man ought to be kept in a dark room! Why do you suffer him without a keeper? Why do you bring him to me? Let my officers serve him.’

The Nuncio, Adda, had been appointed to a bishopric. James had him consecrated in his own chapel, and then presented in great state. The Duke of Somerset refused to share in the ceremony, saying it was against the law.

‘I am above the law,’ said James.

‘Your Majesty is so, but I am not,’ said the duke; and the introduction was performed by James’s nephew, the Duke of Grafton, son of Lady Castlemaine.

Soon after the King set forth on a royal progress, with the intention of influencing the parliamentary elections. At Bath, he issued an invitation to the sufferers from scrofula, or the King’s evil as it was called, to come and be touched. This curing power, supposed to be inherent in the royal families of England and France, was believed in by the English Church, and the form of prayers on the occasion had been translated and adapted as ‘The Office of Healing.’ Bishop Ken was absent at Wells, and no reference was made to him. The ceremony took place with the old pre-reformation form in the Abbey Church of Bath, Father Huddleston reading it while the King touched the sick, and bound on the arm of each an angel of gold.

Ken afterwards wrote to the Archbishop an explanation of his inability to interfere, but said that the next Sunday he had preached

a sermon on the Good Samaritan, explaining that though the church doors could not be opened to a different worship, yet they ought not to be closed against an act of charity.

That curious person, William Penn the Quaker, was in the King's suite, since an honest representative of the principle of toleration might, it was thought, conciliate the nonconformists. He was also sent forward to Oxford to try to persuade the Fellows of Magdalen to submit, but they stood firm, even when the King came in person and threatened them, commanding them to elect as president their Bishop Parker—a man of whom Burnet said 'It was a sufficient lampoon on the times that he *was* a bishop.'

Again they refused, and in two months a sitting of the Court of High Commission was held there, presided over by Bishop Cartwright. Hough refused to appear and appealed to the Courts of Law at Westminster, whereupon soldiers were sent who expelled him and twenty-five fellows, the Court of High Commission declaring them incapable of holding preferment. Parker died in a few months' time, and James then nominated an absolute Papist, and fellows of the same communion. When in 1834, the Duke of Wellington, on entering Oxford to be installed as Chancellor, passed the beautiful tower and gateway of Magdalen, and asked its name, he was answered, 'That is the college that James II. ran his head against.'

And assuredly these arbitrary proceedings had a great effect in alienating the loyalty of the universities. Barillon, the French Ambassador, who accompanied him on his journey, could not help observing the want of heartiness in the welcome of the King—no wonder in the counties still reeking with the bloodshed of Kirke and Jeffreys.

But there was a single-minded dulness and obtuseness about James which made him utterly impervious to those signs of the times that his brother would have instantly detected. He had dismissed nearly the whole bench of judges for not ruling that he had the power of abrogating a constitutional law. 'Your Majesty can make fresh judges but not lawyers,' said one. He had turned out his brother-in-law, Rochester, from the Treasury for not Romanising. He degraded half the lords-lieutenant for refusing to interfere with the elections; he had expelled the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and all the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford; he had set aside officers in the army and navy, including the Rear-Admiral of England, and no redress was to be had. Still the nation was enduring in patience, confident that better times would come with Mary, Princess of Orange, and though she was childless, the reversion was to her sister Anne, who was devoted to the English Church. It was therefore not willingly that the clergy obeyed the command to pray that the Queen might become a joyful mother of children, nor was there much sincere thanksgiving when it was announced that the prayer was likely to be fulfilled.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.

GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

I.

‘ALL this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them (for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it) if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.’

So spoke the Prince of this World, as he showed all the kingdoms of the earth to the Prince of Peace, to whom all evil is hateful. What was that survey to the eyes of spirits? What was the temptation to One all good, pure and merciful?

All the civilised world lay, as it were, in the meshes of the iron net of Rome, whence there was no escape. The threads of this terrible web centred in a morose and soured man, the dread of those who came in contact with him, and solacing his embittered spirit with hideous secret vices. The old discipline and perfect machinery of his Empire served but to rivet the fetters in which the world lay: the ancient manliness and sternness of Rome had turned to cruelty. Her lazy people’s cry was ‘Bread and games,’ the barbarous games of the amphitheatre. Life was of no account: slaves were thrown to feed pet fishes, and for the possible crime of one, a household of four hundred slaves was actually massacred. The old earnest faith touched by gleams of ancient truth, which had made Rome glorious and dutiful, had been corrupted by intermixture with other systems of idolatry, till it had become a mockery; and the philosophies, once endeavours to feel after the truth, were mere parts of polite education, destructive to all possible belief in the ceremonies and pageants still observed as matters of form. Men who still heard the voice of conscience and yearned for better things, could only loathe their surroundings, and sigh, and argue helplessly.

In the provinces, the yoke of rapacious governors and soldiers pressed heavily, and in the Greek portion of the Empire, the terrible corruptions engendered by ease and idleness in an enervating climate, had eaten away all vigour and manliness. Beyond the margin of the Empire was utter savagery. Truly all the earth was in the power of Satan, and he had given it to his chosen ministers. There was the offer to leave all to innocence and peace, to end all violence and cruelty, even as kindly human hearts burn to do all at once; but only at the cost of homage to that power! No suffering, no atonement, no purification, no death! We all know what the answer was, and that, through Agony, Death and Resurrection, ‘the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ.’

It is of the earliest foundation of that kingdom that we are asked

to consider at present; when the great work of sacrifice had been accomplished, and the Saviour had returned to heaven, leaving the work to be carried on by a band of some five hundred believers, of whom twelve had been closely trained and commissioned, and seventy had likewise had some practice in proclaiming the Gospel.

It would not be the purpose here to go through the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, I will only note the points most memorable in the building up of the Church.

Think of the beginning, the one hundred and twenty faithful ones gathered in the 'upper room,' probably an erection on the roof of a house intended to accommodate the pilgrims to the great festivals. There began the continuation of the Apostleship by the choice of St. Matthias into the place of Judas; and there, on Mount Sion, fulfilling all the prophecies, began the actual foundation of the Church by the great Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit, not on the twelve alone, but on all the one hundred and twenty, including the women. Crowding the court, climbing the outside steps to the adjacent houses, the multitude gathered to see the little company, their heads shining with lambent flame, their words intelligible to all the motley company of pilgrim Jews, whose mother tongue had become Persian, Greek, or Latin dialects of all descriptions.

Then the Galilean fisherman who, seven weeks since, had shrunk from the question of a slave girl, boldly avowed that He whom the Jews had so lately put to a shameful death was their Lord, the Messiah, who had risen—returned to heaven, and in witness thereof had shed forth this, which was seen and heard by all.

The Messiah was come and had been rejected and crucified. In the shock of compunction, three thousand obeyed the call to wash away their sins in baptism. 'They continued in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of *the* bread,' i.e. the Holy Eucharist, and in prayer.

Thus we see the two Sacraments interwoven with the very roots of the Church. As the numbers of the converted reached 5,000, the difficulties of supplying the Græcised Jews from the common stock, led to the appointment of the seven deacons as servers, all with Greek names. The persecution which had died away by the wise counsel of Gamaliel was hotly renewed among these Græcised Jews in indignation at the preaching of Stephen.

Dean Goulburn, in his 'Acts of the Deacons,' has most ably pointed out how three strands run through Stephen's pleading, namely, that the time of bondage always led to deliverance, that rejection and persecution always were notes marking a deliverer, and that future expansion was always implied in the Ancient Covenant. The Dean likewise notes the impression this speech, broken off short by the rage of the auditors, must have made on St. Paul, and how in all his discourses to the Jews, the Apostle argues on the same lines.

The dispersion at this persecution led to the extension of Gospel

teaching to Samaria, and to the Jewish colonies in Phœnicia and Antioch. And at Samaria we find converts, baptized by the deacon Philip, receiving the full grace of the Holy Spirit by the hands of SS. Peter and John; thus showing that the ordinance we call confirmation is an original constitution of the Church.

Here too we meet with the founder of the first heresy, Simon of Gittim, called Magus, who amid the arguments of false philosophy at Alexandria had framed to himself a system declaring that from a supreme deity descended endless generations of æons, beings or emanations, some good, some bad, and that he himself was one of these, and therefore possessed of miraculous power. He had actually done wonders at Samaria, and he tried to increase his gifts as a charlatan by traffic for the spiritual powers of the Apostles. He withered for a time under the rebuke of St. Peter, but returned to his former course, actually adopting our Blessed Lord among his sons. His followers were known as Gnostics, or the Knowing, and throughout these two centuries were the most dangerous corrupters of the truth.

The next great stage in the history of the Church is the conversion of the highly educated and cultivated Saul, destined to become the Apostle of the Gentiles; and almost simultaneously the revelation to St. Peter that the whole world had been redeemed, and that the gates of the kingdom were thrown open to the Gentiles.

A fresh centre of teaching was established at Antioch, that luxurious city given to nicknames, which bestowed on us our proudest title—that of Christian. The question whether Gentile converts should be admitted like proselytes to the Jewish covenant with its obligations led to what is sometimes reckoned as the first council—that held at Jerusalem, and presided over by James the Less, when it was decided that those not descended from the Patriarchs were not bound by the ceremonial law, and might be free from the yoke which Jews, to the manner born, felt to be heavy.

In spite of this decision, Judaic prejudices were so strong, and the acceptance of Christians as Jewish proselytes made matters so much easier for them, that St. Paul spent great part of his life in arguing the matter, and encountered much dislike and prejudice even from the more ignorant and narrow-minded of the Christian Jews.

From the time of the Claudian famine, about the year 45, the Book of Acts changes its character, and instead of relating the doings of the Church at Jerusalem, becomes an itinerary of St. Paul. In fact it is the tradition that after this council in 51, the—Apostles dispersed on their several missionary journeys, only leaving St. James to preside over the Church at Jerusalem. It is unconfirmed tradition that relates the martyrdom of most of the Apostles—St. Andrew, by the cross that bears his name, in Achaia; St. Philip, likewise by the cross, at Hierapolis; St. Bartholomew, flayed alive in Armenia; St. Matthew, dying in Ethiopia; and the connection of

St. Thomas with the Christians who bear his name in Malabar, will not stand the test of criticism, ancient though their Church undoubtedly is.

St. Luke, who was probably a freedman of Antioch, the only non-Jewish writer of Scripture, except perhaps the authors of the Books of Job and of Esther, concentrates all our interest on the one slight, small figure, weakly but full of energetic endurance, toiling on, taking up his carriages, not what carried him, but what he carried, his fardel as the Bishop's Bible has it, now through the wild hills of Asia Minor, now crossing its torrents, 'in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of the heathen, in perils of the sea, now arguing in the synagogue that the Messiah was indeed come, now expelled and hunted down by the mob, now impressing the magistrates by his dignity, culture and Roman citizenship. We follow him in his journeys, first with the grand Jove-like form of Barnabas by his side, then with the faithful Silas, and the gathering band of young disciples, pre-eminent among them Titus and Timotheus, and in the third this party increasing at each city, and Luke showing his presence by the use of the pronoun "we."'

It does not belong to our purpose here to follow Paul's steps in a manner belonging to the study of Scripture rather than to Church history. We would only note the facts and admonitions which especially bear upon the latter, and serve as scriptural authority for her observances.

St. Paul's three journeys occupied nine years, from A.D. 45 to 54. The first was entirely in Cyprus and Asia Minor, reaching to the Celtic colony in the centre. The second included Greece, when he first came in contact with the effete philosophies of Athens, and established a new centre of operations at Corinth, a kind of half-way house between Rome and the East for those who preferred crossing the isthmus to circumnavigating the terrible promontories of the Peloponnesus. Hence he wrote his two letters to the Thessalonians, chiefly to teach them patient fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life, instead of throwing all aside in immediate expectation of our blessed Lord's return.

The end of this second journey is merely indicated by the words 'Gone up,' Acts xviii. 22. The third journey established Ephesus as the chief church of Asia, and it was when there that the errors and dissensions of the Corinthians called forth his first letter to them. After his expulsion from Ephesus, on the tumult raised by the silver-smiths, he travelled slowly on to Macedonia, and thence wrote his second epistle to comfort the Corinthians in their repentance. He extended his travels to the shores of the Adriatic, and while tarrying at Corinth on his return, wrote his warning to the Celts of the Galatian cities against Judaizing; and his epistle to the Roman Church, which he had never seen, though he had many friends there.

Part of this memorable epistle touches on the Judaizing question,

and it was to pacify the distrust of the Jewish Christians at home that he entered on the course of devotions at the Temple, when the unconverted Jews fell on him, and his rescue by the Roman garrison finally led to his being sent for trial to the Emperor after his long detention at Cæsarea, a time that the faithful Luke probably utilized by collecting materials for his Gospel.

The incidents of his voyage and shipwreck are, as is well known, minutely verified by those acquainted with the navigation of the Mediterranean. Then we see him, having gained all his shipmates, met on the Appian Way by his friends, thanking God and taking courage!

St. Luke leaves St. Paul living in his hired house, guarded by the soldier to whom he was chained. Thenceforth inspired narrative ceases; we can only make deductions from scattered hints and probable traditions.

Two letters entitled those to the Ephesians and Colossians were written during this stage of his captivity, both, like the latter part of the Epistle to the Romans, drawing the picture of the ideal Christian character, as becoming to the members of Christ by Baptism.

It has been pointed out how in the Epistle to the Ephesians, he redeems—or turns to account—the time, by drawing his beautiful allegory of the Christian's armour from the equipment of his soldier guard.

The Epistle to the Colossians was accompanied by that private letter to Philemon, on behalf of his runaway slave, Onesimus, which has been characterised as pre-eminently the letter of a gentleman.

The letter to the faithful of Philippi, called the Epistle of Joy, was written in the last year, when he was removed to the quarters of the Prætorian Guard in preparation for his trial; but it appears that even there, in Cæsar's household, his presence spread belief in the glad tidings. Perhaps I should mention that some critics have lately placed this epistle as the first of those of the captivity; but the mention of Cæsar's household, or Prætorium, seems to confirm the general belief.

These were the days when Nero was reaching the climax of his wickedness by the murder of his mother, and yet still kept about him Seneca, his tutor, the philosopher who could build up a nearly perfect system of morality, but lacked the motive to keep him true to it, in the face of temptation and peril. He was the brother of that Gallio, the Proconsul of Achaia, from whose judgment-seat St. Paul and the accusing Jews had alike been driven away as mere troublesome fanatics, whose disputes were unworthy of his attention. Seneca's writings are far better than his life, which merely shows the impotence of philosophy; and finally he was made to perish by an involuntary suicide, adding to the roll of Nero's victims.

Still the ordinary course of justice before the tribunals was not

affected except when the Emperor's personal feelings or those of his friends were concerned. Though of late it has been disputed, it is nearly certain that St. Paul was acquitted of all charges against Roman law, and released. He then apparently went eastward to visit his flocks, and some of our best authorities in Church matters are inclined to believe that a meeting then took place with St. John, whose headquarters were now at Ephesus, and other surviving Apostles, such as, perhaps, Barnabas, who had been stationary at Cyprus ever since his parting with St. Paul, and his nephew and pupil, Mark, was at Alexandria. It is held as probable that here was fixed the regular order of bishops, as stationary heads of local churches, instead of the Apostles, who were chiefly missionaries, and that those essentials of Liturgy were arranged which are common to all churches. But these things are like the similar words in cognate languages, their course is hidden, and we verify their common origin by their identity.

Timothy must at this time have become Angel or Bishop of Ephesus, and Titus of Crete. Some of the late Fathers think that Onesimus was sent to the 'noble Jews of Bercea,' and Dionysius the Areopagite, to Corinth; but we must not venture on entire faith in the statement, which may be founded on mere similarity of name.

The two pastoral epistles to Timothy and Titus were written after they had been sent to their scenes of labour. St. Paul, in the last of these, asks Titus to meet him at Nicopolis, in Illyricum, where he meant to winter.

In the meantime, however, A.D. 65, a fearful fire had raged at Rome. Nero, excited at the sight, had watched it with a certain delight, and sung the lines in which Virgil described the destruction of Troy. Whether he had actually been the incendiary or not, his conduct excited vehement suspicion and indignation, and he sought to avert these from himself by directing them upon the Christians. Hitherto, the Roman power had been favourable to the Christians, considering them as a mere variety of Jews, and protecting them as never the aggressors in the popular tumults. But Nero had heard of Judaism and Christianity in his immediate household, and the uncompromising standard of purity and virtue was enough to enrage him.

Tacitus has told us how the Christians were thrown to wild beasts in the Emperor's gardens at night by the light of living torches, namely their brethren smeared with combustibles. St. Paul was absent from Rome when the persecution first began, but he was remembered, and in 67 or 68, was brought back to Rome—almost alone.

His second epistle to Timothy tells of his first answer, when no man stood with him, but God strengthened him and delivered him from the mouth of the lion. Was this metaphorical for his enemies, or was the lion a real one, from which his Roman franchise saved him? He summons Timothy, who seems to have shared his imprisonment

for a time. Was the Epistle to the Hebrews then written? There has been much doubt about it, and it does not begin as usual with St. Paul's greeting. Yet it seems the completion of his teaching and of those thoughts that began in him when he saw Stephen's face as the face of an angel. It shows how the old covenant held the new within it, as the husk holds the future plant; and to me, it seems full of St. Paul, and no other, though it is quite possible that the final touches were lacking, and that the last chapter may have been added by Luke. However, that may be, the end was near, the race was finished, the fight was fought, the crown was won, and as a citizen of Rome, he died by the sword, as is commemorated on the 29th of June.

We must reject the legend that St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, was met by our Blessed Lord bearing His cross, and that on asking *Domine, quo vadis?* 'Lord, where goest thou?' he was answered, 'I go to be crucified in thy stead.' This was of course an invention arising out of his words in the second epistle, 'Knowing then I must shortly put off this my tabernacle even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me,' which must really refer to the wonderful scene and prophecy of that morning by the Lake of Galilee, recorded by St. John.

The pretensions founded by the Papacy on St. Peter's supposed episcopate at Rome have caused the fact of his presence and martyrdom there to be disputed, but the very earliest Fathers mention it, and there is no reasonable doubt that after a terrible imprisonment in the Mamertine dungeon, a bell-shaped den of stone, he was crucified on that same 29th of June, with his head downward so as to change the cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

Looking back at the narrative and the letters, we see that every convert was at once baptized, and held thus to die to sin and rise to a new life; that 'sealing' by laying on of hands to confer the gifts of the Holy Spirit followed; and that the 'breaking of the Bread,' as the Holy Communion, was constantly observed. To the more obvious passages, it may be added that the words in 1 Tim. ii. 1, translated 'giving of thanks,' bear the sense of offering the holy Eucharist. The authorities, even heathens, were to be included in the supplications offered at such times. What has become our offertory of alms is likewise enjoined on the Corinthians; and the First Day of the week is evidently implied as the consecrated one, both in that passage and in the account of the midnight meeting at Troas, when Eutychus's accident occurred. It is somewhat remarkable that while every other Apostolical ordinance has been disputed in modern times, the sacredness of the Lord's Day has remained untouched.

Traces of a creed are thought to be found in the words of St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 3-4, where, as the very heart of the Gospel, he uses two sentences afterwards a portion of the Nicene Creed, and which may have been part of the original symbol, since he says he 'received' them.

He may also refer to that confession when he bids Timothy hold fast the form of sound words, 2 Tim. i. 13.

The faithful saying, 2 Tim. ii. 11-12—

If we be dead with Him,

We shall also live with Him :

If we suffer,

We shall also reign with Him :

If we deny Him,

He also will deny us :

is evidently part of a hymn, and some of the 'prophecyings' mentioned in the Epistles are believed by some authors to have been the composing or singing of hymns.

That the details of worship were as yet unsettled is shown by the remonstrance to the Corinthians on the confusion of their assemblies ; but all was to be set in order when St. Paul came, and the Agapè or Feast of Love which followed the Holy Eucharist was regulated.

We find the three Orders of the Ministry first in the Apostolic band, recruited by Matthias, then by Paul and Barnabas, and then follows the appointment of the seven deacons. In every city where there was a number of converts, elders were ordained. Elders came to meet St. Paul from Ephesus for that most touching farewell at Miletus ; and there were elders with James to receive him at Jerusalem. Moreover, he gives directions to Timothy and Titus as to their choice of elders and deacons and their dealings with them, and St. Peter exhorts them as shepherds. The original word for Elder in Greek is Presbyteros, which we have contracted into Priest. Therewith is used the term Episcopos, Bishop, meaning an overlooking shepherd, and it would seem as if this term had not been given exclusively to the highest order of the ministry until after the death of the Apostles, and that some of their first successors were known as angels.

The outward sign by which the gift of the Holy Spirit was transmitted is plain from the examples in the Acts, the mention to Timothy of 'the gift that was in him by the putting on of my hands,' and the counsel to him to 'lay hands suddenly on no man.' The Widows mentioned seem to have been really Deaconesses, consecrated women, of whom Phœbe, bearer of the letter to Rome, was one, also the daughters of Philip at Cæsarea.

But, as it has been pointed out, we learn all by inference and deduction as to the system of the Church.

There was evidently an unwritten rule of practice and of faith, taught orally, but fully established, and these letters assume it to be fully known, only directing themselves against aberrations, or else giving exhortations, or explanations, as for instance, the showing the Romans that heathenism and Judaism were alike ineffectual, and that the Covenant of Faith alone could stand ; also the argument to the Corinthians on the Resurrection from the dead, or the development of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration to the Colossians.

There is nothing analogous to the book of Leviticus, no hard and fast rule, except that the essentials above-mentioned are assumed as belonging to the very existence of the Church. Otherwise, unity, not uniformity, is the rule for a Church, not of one people, in a tiny strip of land, but of 'all peoples, nations, and languages,' all climates, characters, and habits.

Both the Epistle to the Hebrews and that of St. James are written in the foreboding of the fall of Jerusalem, the one to show that the Temple ritual was but shadows, passing away when the substance came, the other, a practical exhortation and warning, as much to Jews as Christians. In fact, St. James continued so devout a worshipper at the Temple, so careful an observer of the Mosaic law, that he was greatly esteemed by Jews as well as by the brethren. Hegesippus, a later writer, tells us that when beset by the Jews, on confessing his Master, there were loud shouts of 'And is the just man gone astray?' and he was dragged to a pinnacle of the Temple—probably the top of a rampart overhanging the precipice below—and cast down. He rose on his knees, and prayed for his murderers amid a shower of stones, till a Rechabite beat out his brains with a fuller's club. There may be legend mixed with these particulars, but of his high repute among the Jews and his martyrdom in the year 68, there is no doubt. His brother Simeon succeeded him, and when the sign foretold by our Blessed Lord was accomplished, and Jerusalem had been encompassed with armies on Vespasian's first attack, he, with all his flock, profited by that general's turning aside to assume the purple at Rome, and fled to the mountains, where Pella became their secure refuge during those awful months of surpassing misery, while Jerusalem was falling in famine, blood and fire. At Pella, there continued for a considerable time a Judaic race of Christians, and recent research in the Hauran has revealed that there lay between the Jordan and the Euphrates, numerous cities of high civilization, with churches, amphitheatres, and public buildings. Modern Jews tell us that the not rushing to garrison Jerusalem was viewed as want of patriotism on the part of the Christians, and thus increased the hatred towards them.

St. John was left alone, as an aged man, at Ephesus. The tales told of him do not rest on undoubted authority, but are too beautiful not to be referred to here—how he went alone into the mountains to seek and recall the youth who had become a robber, how he loved to play with his tame partridge, and how his words to the children in the street when a very old man, were 'Little children love one another.'

Another sterner anecdote, told by his pupil, Polycarp, relates to his hatred of heresy. Gnosticism still flourished, Simon Magus had long continued to use his arts. By them, Drusilla, the sister of King Agrippa, had been induced to marry Felix. When we hear that she and her son perished in their flight from Pompeii, during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, we wonder whether in that time of

horror, Paul's reasoning on 'Judgment to come,' recurred to her mind. Simon is said to have been the victim of his own profane attempt to imitate the Resurrection by being buried alive; but his errors survived. St. Paul had warned the Colossians against philosophy and vain deceit, and also in the sentence translated, 'worshipping of angels,' and had bidden Timothy to beware 'of science falsely so called,' and Titus against the endless genealogies of the *Æons*.

The foremost Gnostic was now Cerinthus, a Jew by birth, though a Christian by profession, and believing in two principles, the Good God, and the Demi-urge, or power of evil. He likewise held that our Lord was only the Man Jesus, till the Holy Spirit descended on Him at His Baptism, making Him Christ; an error called Docetism.

St. John is said, on finding that Cerinthus was in the same public bath with himself, to have fled from it, rather than remain near one who blasphemed his Master. It is certain that the opening of his gospel is directed against the Gnostics, showing that the only Word, *Logos*, or Divine Wisdom, a term used in Alexandrian philosophy, is our Blessed Lord Himself, the manifestation of the Eternal Father.

The First Epistle is evidently an introduction to the Gospel, which supplies what had been omitted by the other three, and where they give the outward command and authority for the Sacraments, brings forward those deeper explanations which had hitherto been kept back till the Church was in a state to receive them.

There is considerable controversy as to whether the Book of Revelation was the first or the last of St. John's writings. Greek scholars tell us that the language is far less correct than that of his other books, and see in it Judaic tendencies from which they are free. According to these writers, he is only foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, and Nero is one beast, Vespasian another. To my mind this is very unsatisfactory. It is far more probable that while alluding to the horrors of Jerusalem, the great visions show the Eternal Worship in Heaven in consoling glimpses, while evil and good go on to be consummated on earth, all told in figurative language that we shall not understand till all is fulfilled. As to the wording, the old man may have lapsed into his original dialect when taking up and carrying on the prophecies of old.

Ary Scheffer has a wonderful picture of the inspired old man; and Dean Stanley has given us a grand description of the view from the cave at Patmos, over the Archipelago where the seer beheld the star fall into those blue waters, and where the angel stood with one foot on the sea, the other on the rocks, and swore that Time should be no longer.

If St. John's stay at Patmos was earlier, his banishment could not have been during Domitian's persecution. Roman legend tells of an attempt to poison him, when the venom took the form of a dragon, as

in Raffaele's picture ; and the Church of St. John at the Latin gate at Rome still commemorates the belief that he was there plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil, and was preserved, after which he was sent to the island.

There is no real authority for these stories, but it is only too true that Domitian was a persecutor. Son to Vespasian and brother to Titus, he dreaded all inclination to Judaism, especially among the Romans themselves. Hearing that the two sons of St. Jude were of the race of David, he summoned them before him, but when they showed him their toil-worn hands, and made it plain that they were harmless peasants, he released them.

It was on what he termed Judaizing Romans that Domitian's chief wrath fell ; and these came very near him, for among them were Flavius Clemens, his first cousin, who was married to his niece Domitilla, and had been designated as heir to the Empire. Clemens was at once put to death, Domitilla was banished to one of the islets of the Mediterranean, and nothing is known of the fate of their two young sons.

Another martyr of rank was the ex-Consul Acilius Glabrio, a man of such strength and spirit, that he had once out of sheer daring fought with the beasts in the arena of that newly erected wonder of all times, the Colosseum. Convicted of Judaism, i.e. Christianity, he was again set to fight with the beasts. Again he conquered, but only to be put to death immediately. And an inscription in the Catacombs leads us to believe that Gaudentius, in his pagan days the architect of that wondrous structure, became a Christian, and there consecrated it with his own blood. It declares that if he first served Vespasian, and had been rewarded by death, yet Christ gave him all things and prepared for him a better theatre in heaven.

Of the witness of the Catacombs I must speak next time, but I would mention here another evidence of the mockings endured by Christians, namely, on the wall of the Prætorian guard-room, a caricature scratched in the plaster, of a soldier kneeling to a crucified figure with an ass's head, and the inscription, 'Anaxamenes adores his God.'

Before entirely passing beyond the century over which the New Testament extends, it may be well to mention that Clemens Romanus, who is almost beyond a doubt the same whom St. Paul had mentioned to the Philippians (iv. 3) as being his fellow-labourer, whose name is in the Book of Life. Clement is reckoned as third in the Episcopate of Rome, and there are two letters of his to the Corinthian Church in existence besides others of more doubtful authority. From these letters, it appears that though the Corinthians were still far too prone to divisions and party spirit, yet that in other respects they were greatly improved, and that they were free from the chief disorders for which the Apostle had rebuked them. In this Epistle, the deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul are mentioned, and moreover there are references to the Gospels of SS. Matthew and Luke, to the

Epistle of St. James and the first of St. Peter, to many of St. Paul's; there are many quotations from the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Linus, he who greets Timothy, had preceded Clement as Bishop of Rome. Linus has been supposed to be a British name, and he has been claimed by those ardent for the honour of Britain, as son of Pudens and Claudia.

That Pudens, a Roman senator, was stationed in Britain, married the daughter of King Cogidumnus, and while still a heathen dedicated a temple to Neptune, is certain, on the authority of a stone preserved at Goodwood. Moreover the epigrammatist Martial when complimenting Claudia speaks of her as a British lady. There is the further interest that probably the earliest existing building used for Christian worship is the hall or basilica at Rome that once must have belonged to Pudens—and descended to his granddaughters, from whom the church of which it forms the foundation is called St. Pudentiana.

Another companion of St. Paul, Trophimus, the Ephesian youth whose supposed admission to the Temple had raised the storm at Jerusalem, and who afterwards was left sick at Miletus, went on a mission to the south of Gaul, where a large proportion of the inhabitants were of Greek extraction. Remarkable similarities between the Celtic and Eastern Churches testified to the original connection. None are more curious than those clusters of Seven Churches in the wildest parts of Ireland, which would seem to be as much a memorial of the Seven Churches of Asia, as the seven deacons of Rome are of the original seven.

An attempt has been made to identify the Narcissus of the Greetings with the slave of Nero, but the dates will not agree. So too we fail in proving the identity of Hermas with the author of a book called the 'Shepherd,' an elaborate allegory, of very ancient date, which together with an Epistle imputed to St. Barnabas was long read to the faithful, and supposed to be inspired.

For at this time, the close of the first century, we must not suppose that the Canon of the New Testament had become fixed. Copies of one or other of the Gospels and of the Epistles were secretly handed about, and read, as St. Paul bade the Colossians do with that letter to the Laodiceans, which either was lost in their lukewarmness, or is what we call the Epistle to the Ephesians.

St. Peter, in the end of his second Epistle, one of the very last written, gives remarkable testimony to St. Paul's Epistles by evidently placing them on the same level with the Scriptures of the Old Testament which he had declared to be written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and the quotations to be found in the early Fathers, especially of the Roman Clement, prove the regard in which these books were held; but it is quite certain that converts were made not by reading, but by teaching. The MSS. were most carefully hidden and guarded, and only produced when there was perfect security.

There is no complete manuscript older than the fourth century known to exist, and that is in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. Not till the persecutions had ceased in the fifth century was there a regular critical examination by St. Jerome, and rejection of the spurious, though the guiding power, the Holy Spirit within the Church, had already led her to the acceptance of what is genuine.

Let me also mention how the word church arose. Ecclesia was what she called herself, a continuation of the Septuagint term for the chosen congregation of Israel, as she is indeed the Israel of God. It is the name still used in all the Romanesque tongues. Our word, which we have in common with the German nations, is of more doubtful origin, but on the whole it is probable that it is also Greek, and names us as Kyri-oikos, the House of the Lord. Be that as it may, the Ecclesia of the Apostles—which we translate as Church—always distinctly means that One Body in Heaven and Earth of which Christ is the Head, and which is gradually though slowly conquering the power of Satan in this world. The other two words we shall often use are Orthodox—meaning] straightforward—and Heresy—a choosing.

KAISER FREDERICK.

‘The king shall rejoice in Thy strength, O LORD, exceeding glad shall he
be of Thy salvation.’

WE asked life for him, and Thou hast given
For ever and for ever better life
Than mid earth’s noisy tumults, rage, and strife
Could ever be—the perfect life of heaven.

Through the dark valley his unflinching tread
Rang back to us—his shining armour gleamed
With light to lighten others; and there beamed
Through cloud and storm a glory round his head.

Ah! what to this had been the highest fame
Won on the battle-field? Or through long years
Of headship of a mighty realm? This bears
A brighter impress and a higher aim.

For he—that stainless knight—a victory won
O’er enemies more dread than fire and sword,
And evermore his name shall be the word
For constancy through pain, and duty done.

Faithful till death! Easy that phrase to say,
And in the rush of battle, or the flash
Of sudden danger, spirits nobly rash
Easy to *be* may find it in their day.

But his a drearier path—no glamour here,
No wild excitement or transporting rage
With light and colour gild this pilgrimage,
Or shed romance round his brave, patient cheer.

Yet is there truer glory in this end,
And truer help to this poor world. In him
We saw the type (so oft defiled and dim)
Of Christian manhood, to a height ascend

That purifies our eyes to gaze upon.
Thank God, that though we fall on evil days
Such beacon lights He doth in mercy raise,
Though, while we strive to follow, they are gone.

Uncrowned he died, but not uncrowned he lives
 In memory below or rest above,
 Such wealth of honour, reverence, and love
 This cold irreverent age but seldom gives.

Excelsior! 'Twas thus his heart's desire
 Was granted. The great throne imperial
 He mounted slow with pain—then heard the call,
 'Well done, thou good and faithful, come up higher.'

C. M. PREVOST.

June, 1888.

‘VILLAGE PAPERS.’ PARTS I. AND II.

BY MISS M. KENNION.

Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

WE have seldom read anything with more pleasure than those popular and most interesting and instructive ‘Papers.’ One cannot begin to read without finishing, and the attention is kept up to the very last page. Written in the form of a story, the essential truths of the Gospel are very clearly and simply taught, and a great deal of much-needed and useful advice is given about domestic concerns and everyday life. The books will be read with profit by any class of reader; but we think they are peculiarly suited to village people, Girls’ Friendly Societies, and for reading aloud at Mothers’ Meetings. Those in our parish who have already got them are delighted, and many have read them over twice. ‘Good Mrs. Barker,’ with her clean, tidy, helpful ways, is to them a very real personage. We should like to see the ‘Village Papers’ widely circulated, as we feel confident they will be a means of doing much good, and of bringing blessing to many a home. They are written by a gentlewoman of the Church of England, the authoress of several beautiful and powerfully-written little books.

The Manse, Dairsie, 1888.

THOUGHTS.

‘There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.’—*Proverbs xi. 24.*

No disposition is so early developed as that which concerns generosity and the reverse; one baby hand is open as day to melting charity; another is close-fisted as that of an old miser; the idea of one child is ‘give,’ of another ‘get’; one child would give its all, and say,* ‘I had the giving’; another contends for its own rights, while a third grasps the rights of others. These different natures require special guidance from the very first, and mothers and nurses cannot too early begin a wise direction. It is dreadful to hear a baby told to ‘eat this quickly or the dog will get it;’ or, still worse, when it is encouraged to eat, because some other child would wish for the food; while seeds of true benevolence may be sown in the infant heart, which keeps part of what it likes to share with the dog or cat. This sounds perhaps puerile, and unworthy of notice, but it is a very important practical truth.

The proverb in its first obvious meaning relates to money and to money’s worth; alms to the poor, and hospitality to our equals, and liberality in our dealings with all; to a liberal and generous sharing what we possess with others. To this benevolent ‘scattering’ there are only two limits; the first is honesty, the second consideration for the recipient. We must be quite sure that what we give is really our own; that we are not wronging one in what we bestow on another; incurring debt for charitable objects is only justifiable if we are both willing and able to bear the whole burden should other sources fail, and it is a sad misapplication of the words ‘faith’ and ‘trust’ otherwise to risk the property or rights of others; even our alms may be due to one rather than another, and therefore must not be ‘scattered’ heedlessly; on the other side it is dangerous to check a generous impulse; the power of giving consistently with justice may require deliberation; but there is always danger in such delay lest some self-indulgence may assume the name of necessity or duty in refusing the gift we had intended to bestow. The first question then is, Is it mine to give? and the second, Is this a case to which it should be given? To kindly natures the pleasure of giving is so great that there is danger of giving in a wrong way. Some of the greatest evils of our fairs and markets arise from the indulgence of this pleasure in a manner regardless of the injury to the recipient;

* Like little Johnny in ‘Heartsease.’

and even this is not beneath the notice of Holy Scripture :* ‘ Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him ;’ and there are many refined ways in which this evil may be done, and woe incurred by ministering to folly or vanity or idleness or deception rather than incur the pain or the blame of a refusal. But with only these two limits, blessed is he who ‘ scattereth ’ with an open hand, and a liberality ever extending with extending knowledge of the wants of our fellow creatures. ‘ God loveth a cheerful giver.’

Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, ‘ Nothing is required in the person susceptible capable of alms but that he be in misery and want and unable to relieve himself ; it matters not as to our duty how he came into it, but where he is.’ And John Wesley’s rule is a good one, ‘ Let your luxuries yield to the comforts of others ; your comforts to their necessity ; your necessity to their extremity.’

And does the blessing of increase in an earthly sense follow this open-heartedness ? Let each recollect what has come within his own knowledge, and though the instances, being true, cannot be published, many will be recalled in which small means *honestly* shared with the liberal hand expressed by scattering, have multiplied like the widow’s meal and oil ; and very many cases where the love of selfish accumulation and pride of wealth, has been followed by penury—perhaps in the next generation. Of true charitable almsgiving it is written, ‘ he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.’

But there are things better than silver or gold, that may be scattered, or may be withheld. ‘ The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel,’† and ‘ The lips of the wise disperse knowledge.’‡ Some people keep their knowledge as a miser his gold, shut up for exclusive self-sustentation ; but I believe our thoughts are clarified and enlarged by giving them utterance. It is in teaching or trying to teach that we learn our own ignorance (a grand lesson !), and also discover any confusion or haziness in our own ideas. It was well said by a wise man, ‘ Your thought is not clear in your own mind, unless you can give it expression ’ ; and by another, ‘ You learn best by teaching what you know ’ ; so that even thus ‘ there is that scattereth and yet increaseth ’ ; and so, as certainly the mind crammed with erudition which it refuses to share becomes hard and dry and so ‘ cometh to penury.’ Knowledge, like light, whether spiritual or intellectual, never is diminished by being diffused ; we take nothing from the flame at which we kindle a hundred brighter flames. And there is something more precious still which is equally effusive. Love, the best gift of heaven, increaseth by being generously bestowed.

Many young people, and some old ones, think that if we have many friends, many objects of interest, our love for each is less warm and sincere ; it is sometimes even a boast that ‘ I love a few so intensely that I am indifferent to the rest of the world ;’ and this exclusiveness

* Habbakuk ii. 15.

† Proverbs xx. 15.

‡ Proverbs xv. 7.

is often adduced as an evidence of deep affection ; but it is not so ; there are degrees and kinds of friendship, circle within circle, and the warmth of the inner circle is not diminished by the extent of the outer ; the heat of Mercury is none the less because Neptune also moves round the same luminary. There is an individual and personal preference for ever sanctified by the expression 'that disciple whom Jesus loved.' He loved them all, He called them all friends—but there was one chosen one, and this selection bestowed for ever a benediction upon friendship as distinguished from all other kindly ties ; and this deeper preference does not limit or chill the sympathies that extend beyond it ; on the contrary, one strong attachment softens and warms the heart to all ; as the awakening of the maternal instinct makes every infant an object of interest to the woman who previously disregarded them : in proportion to her love for her own child will be her interest in all children ; every true affection opens and enlarges the capacity for loving. What, then, must be the effect on the human heart if its best and closest love be given to Him who is the sole object of worship and adoration, and who so loves and pities all, that He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me?' Yes, there can be no doubt that the love, first centred in Him, that 'scattereth' far and wide its beams of light and warmth, increases its own richness and power, while the heart can narrow its sympathies until it becomes absorbed in self, and what a miserable 'penury' is that!

C. A. M. B.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VI.

1700-1800.

At the close of the seventeenth and the opening of the eighteenth century, the conditions of English literature underwent an important change; it was at that epoch that it became for the first time a party literature.

Up to the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the literary life of the nation can hardly be said to have been obviously connected with its political life, even the differences of religion exercising, with few exceptions, only an indirect influence upon what was best, both in poetry and in prose. In the seventeenth century the whole people were divided into two widely opposite and sharply-defined factions, to one or other of which each writer had necessarily to belong, and the influence of which could not but be seen and alluded to in his works; the literature thus produced was, however, representative of principles rather than of parties, and it was not until after the Revolution, that statesmen, beginning to realise the rapidly increasing power of the press, took to patronising literary men with the aim of enlisting support for their own views, and that poets and prose writers alike engaged fiercely in party warfare. It was to this party influence that the rapid multiplication of newspapers and the growth of the periodical were largely due; and this growth, together with that of the novel, is one of the most characteristic features of the age—an age of prose, as it is frequently called. The definition indeed is sometimes intended to include much of the poetry of the age, and though it is easy to under-rate the merits of Pope and his school, it is yet certain that qualities, which are not as a rule considered essentially poetic, correctness, clearness, common sense, a terse epigrammatic style, were more highly valued than other qualities which it is less possible to acquire by study and imitation, such for instance as spontaneity, imagination, and originality of thought and expression. ‘Anything but enthusiasm,’ might be not unfairly set down as the leading principle of the first half of the century, as regards politics, poetry, and theology alike; then slowly the tide turned, and a wave of enthusiasm swept over Europe; the French Revolution turned the thoughts of politicians to first principles once more—in poetry Burns in one style, Wordsworth in another, began

to write as nature and not Pope directed, whilst reaction against the cut and dried theology of the Queen Anne's divines is represented by the Wesleys and their followers.

Swift, Steele, Addison, Defoe—these are the great prose writers with whom the century opens, the great representatives of the era of political patronage, of the reign of the 'wits,' the triumph of clear common sense. Swift, in 1700, was thirty-three years old, and had just come up to London from his Irish living, to find some employment and outlet for his restless, dissatisfied, satirical spirit.

An Irishman by birth, an Englishman by descent, he had received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and when driven from Ireland by the Revolution, had obtained the post of secretary to Sir William Temple at Moor Park, at a salary of twenty pounds a year. Sir William, the chief promoter of the Triple Alliance, was at this time a testy, pompous, garrulous, old gentleman, who wrote essays, worked in his garden, and was apt to snub his clever, but morbid and touchy Irish secretary. 'Don't you remember,' Swift wrote at a later date, 'how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold or out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then; faith, he spoilt a fine gentleman.'

Hester Johnson, Sir William's ward, the 'Stella' of Swift's journal, was his chief friend at Moor Park, and she followed him to Ireland, whither he returned after Temple's death. He had taken orders in 1695, and Lord Berkeley, whose secretary he was for a short time, bestowed upon him the living of Laracor. By disposition a strong Tory, and from political rather than religious motives a High Churchman, Swift had yet acquired a tincture of Whiggism from Sir William Temple, and his first published work, a pamphlet directed against the impeachment, in 1701, of Somers, Montague, and other prominent Whigs, brought him into the favourable notice of that party. Their refusal to extend Queen Anne's bounty to the Irish clergy, deprived them of his services as a political writer, and when, on the Tory reaction of 1710, he was introduced to Harley as 'a discontented person who was ill-used for not being Whig enough,' he at once found employment on the other side. Harley told him that 'the great want of the ministry was some good pen to keep up the spirits of the party;' and thus encouraged, he took in hand a political paper, called the *Examiner*, which had been started by Prior and some others, and turned it into a powerful instrument for advocating the Tory policy of peace with France. His influence rapidly increased; he boasts in the journal which he wrote and forwarded regularly to 'Stella' in Ireland, that he was hand and glove with all the ministers, and Dr. Johnson states that he must be allowed, for a time, to have 'dictated the political opinions of the English nation.' Whether Addison, who had set up an opposition *Whig Examiner*, would have been prepared to allow this, must remain an open question, but Swift was

certainly at the height of his good fortune during the four years 1710-14.

He was amusingly and sometimes offensively puffed up by his proud position, and the patronage he was able to bestow; it made him happier than he was willing to admit. Then, too, he had a large circle of literary friends—Addison, in spite of his politics, Steele, with whom he carried out an elaborate joke at the expense of John Partridge the almanack-maker, whose death they gravely predicted and described, he being alive and well at the time, and Pope, for whose translation of the *Iliad* he got subscribers together. Pope, Arbuthnot, physician to the Queen and author of *The History of John Bull*, a clever political satire; Gay, best known for his *Fables*, and the *Beggar's Opera*; Parnell, who wrote the *Hermit* and *Hymn to Contentment*, formed with Swift the famous *Scriblerus* club in 1713.

The object of this club was the joint composition of a satire on the abuse of human learning, and though nothing of importance was accomplished, it was perhaps in this connection that the idea of *Gulliver* first suggested itself to Swift. He had already made his mark as a satirist, having in 1704, published his *Tale of a Tub* and *Battle of the Books*, written during the time of his secretaryship to Temple.

The first of these works is a satire on theological abuses in which the three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent the Romish, Anglican, and Nonconformist persuasions respectively. The Anglican position is professedly defended, but Swift dealt out his satire liberally all round, and excited such grave doubts as to his orthodoxy, that in spite of a pamphlet* directed against the freethinkers, his chances of high preferment were gone. The *Tale* is full of vigorous bitter humour, amusing enough to this day, but painful as well. Perhaps the saddest sentence it contains, and the most characteristic of Swift, is his definition of happiness as 'a perpetual possession of being well deceived.' The *Battle of the Books* is his contribution to the famous and futile controversy, begun by Boileau and Perrault in France, and continued by Temple and Wotton in England, as to the comparative merits of authors ancient and modern. Swift followed the lead of his patron, and in his pamphlet represented the ancient classics in St. James' library as taking up arms and putting to the rout their modern rivals. The *Conduct of the Allies* (1712), *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty* (1712), and *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* (1714), are Swift's most famous political pamphlets, the last named of which preceded by a very few months the fall of his patron Harley, then Lord Oxford, and his own retirement to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, which had been bestowed upon him in the previous year. The two notable works of the remaining portion of his life are the *Drapier's Letters* (1724), and *Gulliver's Travels*, (1726). The *Letters* were

* 'An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity might be attended with some Inconveniences, 1708.

published on the occasion of Sir Robert Walpole's contract with Wood to supply a copper coinage for circulation in Ireland only. Much excitement and dissatisfaction was aroused by this arrangement, and Swift helped to increase it by asserting, in his character of an anonymous draper, that the new coins were of base metal, and that the Irish people had been insulted and defrauded.

So successful were his efforts that the obnoxious halfpence were withdrawn, and he became from thenceforth the idol of the Irish. *Gulliver* was also published anonymously in the first place. It achieved an immediate success, in spite of the Irish bishop who said the book was so full of improbable lies, that for his part he hardly believed a word of it, and in spite of disparaging criticism, such as that expressed later on in Johnson's remark to the effect that 'when you have once thought of big men and little men it is easy to do the rest.'

Swift's own account of his allegory is as follows: 'I heartily hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Thomas, Peter, and so forth . . . Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, the whole building of my travels is erected.' It has since been supposed that it is his intention in the four voyages to Lilliput, Brobdignag, Laputa, and the country of the Houyhnhnms to satirize in succession English politics, European politics, the philosophers, and the whole human race. The charm of the book consists in the racy vigour of its style, and the veracious gravity and careful detail with which impossibilities are described; it is, however defaced throughout, and especially in the last part, by Swift's coarseness, his strange delight in loathsome particulars, and his bitter inhuman vein of satire. The last years of his life were full of melancholy. Stella died in 1728, and he missed her affectionate care and lively companionship, though during the period of his political prosperity he had contrived to dispense with both. She was beautiful and witty, and many of her sayings have been preserved, not the least amusing of which is her reply to some one who said the Dean must have loved her rival 'Vanessa' (Miss Van Homrigh) very much to have written upon her so beautifully. 'It is well known,' said Stella, 'that the Dean could write beautifully upon a broomstick.'

'I shall be like that tree,' said Swift one day, pointing to an elm, the upper branches of which had been blasted; I shall be like that tree, and die first at the top.' The prophecy was fulfilled. When Swift died in 1745, he had been for four years hopelessly insane. He had written poetry at different periods of his life, and among it was a piece entitled *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, in which he chose to anticipate the way in which his friends would receive the news of his decease.

'Poor Pope will grieve a month and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his tongue and drop a tear,
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
"Tis pity, but we all must die."

Among Swift's titles to respect and affection—it is to be feared he had not many—are his kindness and liberality to certain poor Irish neighbours and dependents, together with a capacity for faithful friendship, which caused Addison (and Addison was no bad judge) to inscribe the first page of the Dean's copy of his *Italian Travels* with the words: 'To the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and greatest genius of the age.' With Addison Swift never quarrelled, and Pope and he were friends as long as they lived. From Steele he was separated by political differences, and his *Public Spirit of the Whigs* had been a retort to Steele's *Crisis*, a pamphlet which appeared in 1714, and, expressing fears for the safety of the Protestant succession, resulted in Steele's expulsion from the House of Commons. There could not well be a greater contrast between two persons than between Swift and Steele, unless indeed it be that between Steele and Addison; Swift was all bitterness and sarcasm; Steele all sweetness and good-humour,—Steele, wild, reckless, headlong; Addison sober, prudent, and sensible. The two, Steele and Addison, were born in the same year, 1672, and were friends at Charterhouse where both were educated. Both went on to Oxford, but Addison distinguished himself there, became a fellow of Magdalen, addressed one set of verses to Dryden, and another to King William, then some Latin ones on the Peace of Ryswick to Montague, whereby he obtained a pension to take him abroad. Steele, on the other hand, left college without a degree and enlisted in the Coldstream Guards, where he early developed a capacity for spending money which never forsook him through life. Strangely enough his first published work was of a religious character, *The Christian Hero* (1701), written, as with native honesty, he says in his preface: 'in the design principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures.' Steele did not stay long in the army, but settled in London and began writing for the stage. His comedies *The Funeral; or Grief à la Mode* (1702) and *The Tender Husband* (1703) were full of wit, yet moral in tone, a novelty at that date. His third attempt, *The Lying Lover* (1704) proved a failure, and indeed Steele's chief success was to be in a totally different line of literature.

It was in 1707 that, being a stout Whig, he was appointed by the Whig ministry to the office of Gazetteer, an office which had been instituted in 1666 for the control of a kind of official newspaper called the *London Gazette*. This connection with the press, and perhaps also the appearance twice weekly, since 1705, of Defoe's political *Review*, suggested to Steele the idea of publishing a paper

himself, but a paper, which, not exclusively political, should, to use his own words, 'observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of the world . . . and gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions and of each sex. Its general purposes are,' he went on to say, in the first number of his *Tatler* (April 12, 1709) 'to expose the false acts of life, to pull off the disguise of cunning, vanity and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. . . . All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House, Poetry under that of Will's Coffee House, Learning under the title of Grecian, Foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James' Coffee House, and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.'

The distribution of subjects is an incidental testimony to the important part filled by coffee-houses at this epoch, in the literary and political life of the nation; 'Will's' had been the favourite meeting place of men of letters since Dryden's day, the 'Grecian' was frequented by the lawyers; 'St. James' and 'White's' by politicians. After 1712 the 'wits' (a term including all fashionable and successful members of the above-mentioned classes) found another congenial resort at 'Button's'—a coffee-house where Addison had established an old servant of Lady Warwick, and where Addison himself was wont to reign.

The *Tatler* became immediately popular, and Steele had no lack of good contributors, including Swift. He signed his own papers with the name Isaac Bickerstaff, the same under which Swift had played his practical joke on the almanack-maker, Partridge. Every kind of subject was dealt with, and Steele's genial temper and his easy graphic style made his *Tatler* very pleasant reading. When eighty numbers had appeared, Addison, who had been Chief Secretary for Ireland since 1708, became a contributor, and by this fact, says Steele: 'The paper was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it.' Addison, since the appearance of his *Campaign*, written to order in 1704, had probably been the most successful and the most popular man of his day; the *Campaign* celebrated the triumph of a Whig policy and a Whig general at Blenheim, and contained the famous comparison of that Whig general to the angel who:

'Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

In spite of this, however, Tories no less than Whigs smiled upon the author, and in 1710, amid the general rout of his party, Addison, who stood for Westminster, was returned to Parliament without a contest, and Swift wrote to Stella: "I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused." He was indeed a valuable auxiliary for Steele, and when, in 1711, the *Tatler* was given up, he became the moving spirit of its successor, the *Spectator*. The Tories

that English interests really lay in firm support of the Protestant succession, and steady resistance to the claims of Franco. For the next thirteen years he was indefatigable as a political writer, issuing pamphlet after pamphlet, with, as already said, comparatively small concern as to which party he happened to be serving. In 1715, having contrived to offend both, he retired from political warfare, with a defence of his own career entitled *An Appeal to Honour and Justice, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs*. It is of course as a writer of fiction that Defoe's merits are most generally recognised, and in this department—as possibly in others—perhaps the chief element of his success lay in the fact that he was, as Professor Minto says, 'a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived.'

He possessed to perfection the art of relating wholly imaginary incidents with an air of the most conscientious and all but tediously painstaking veracity, and his *Journal of the Plague* (1722), *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (1723) and *Life of Captain Carleton* (1728) have been taken again and again for narratives of actual fact. *Robinson Crusoe*, his most famous work, came out in 1719, and at once achieved the popularity which it has ever since retained. It was unlike anything that had as yet appeared in the realm of fiction, and the healthy manly tone, the vigour of description, and strength of imagination which it displayed, formed a striking contrast to the sentimental and somewhat unwholesome French romances which had been in vogue since the early part of the preceding century. Defoe wrote other works of fiction, but they were inferior to those already mentioned. The last few years of his life are involved in a certain obscurity; he had been twice married, and had several children, but seems to have quarrelled with his family, and to have died in comparative want in 1731.

The work of novel-writing was carried on throughout the century by Richardson (1689–1791), Fielding (1707–1754), Sterne (1713–1768), Smollett (1721–1771), and, towards its close by Oliver Goldsmith and Miss Burney. Samuel Richardson, a very different character to Defoe, was the son of a Derbyshire joiner, and, early developing a taste for letter-writing, used to make himself useful to the girls of his village by acting as their amanuensis. He came up to London as a printer's apprentice, and there, his talent becoming known, he was asked by the publishers, Osborne and Rivington, to produce a collection of 'Familiar letters' for the use of country readers. It occurred to Richardson that these would be more interesting if connected by a thread of narrative, and the result was *Pamela*, the heroine of which is a poor country girl, and the moral that virtue will meet with a reward. The fact of the heroine being an English domestic servant, and the scene laid in an English county, marks a step away from the conventionalism which would have nothing less than a princess and a palace for the heroine and

scene of a romance. *Pamela* appeared in 1740, and was followed in 1748 by *Clarissa Harlowe*, in which the hero, Lovelace, is intended as a warning to young ladies against men of fashion, and to show that nothing can degrade true nobility of character, and in 1753 by *Sir Charles Grandison*, in which Richardson describes his ideal hero and heroine. These books—stilted, pompous, full of affectation as they appear to us now, were read with the keenest delight and enthusiasm when they first appeared. Unknown ladies used to write to Richardson, and he answered them, and furnished serious advice as to the nature of their studies and their husbands. ‘I do assure you,’ writes one of these correspondents, ‘nothing can induce me to read your history through, it is too well executed for such tender and foolish hearts as mine . . . Pray, sir, make him (Lovelace) happy. You can so easily do it—pray reform him; will you not save a soul, sir?’

Fielding’s *Joseph Andrews* (1740) was written in ridicule of *Pamela*, for Fielding did not share the admiration of the ladies for Richardson’s very black and very white characters, his carefully pointed morals, and his elegant language.

Joseph was a footman, Pamela’s brother, and his whole story was a kind of parody of hers, but contained an important addition in the finely drawn character of an old English clergyman, Mr. Abraham Adams. Fielding came of a good family, and was well educated at Eton and Oxford, but being reduced to poverty by his father’s death, went to London and wrote plays, which were mostly bad,—for one reason, because he would not take the trouble to correct them. When Garrick remonstrated with him about this, he said the audience were too stupid to notice the faults, and on an outburst of hisses, he remarked: ‘They have found it out, have they?’ Fielding’s other most celebrated works are *Tom Jones* (1744) and *Amelia* (1751).

Laurence Sterne was the son of an Irish lieutenant, and spent his childhood for the most part in barracks. He was adopted by an uncle, educated, and put into the Church, but lived a wild life, always falling in and out of love, and caring more for travels in France than for work in his parish. His *Tristram Shandy*, which appeared in different instalments between the years 1761–67 is a rambling kind of work, with no fixed plot, but consisting of sketches of character and incident, supposed to be written partly by *Yorick* (Sterne’s nom de plume), a clergyman and humourist, and partly by Tristram Shandy, the imaginary hero, who never appears on the stage at all. The best known of the characters depicted are those of *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*. The *Sentimental Journey* (1768) shows traces of the influence of Rousseau, and abounds in a certain false sentimentality which characterised its author, and drew from Thackeray the remark that ‘the Rev. Mr. Sterne’s heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life.’

Smollett was a Scotchman, and at different epochs in his career, played the parts of dramatist, doctor and sailor. His best known

novels are *Roderick Random* (1748), *Peregrine Pickle* (1751) and *Humphrey Clinker* (1770.)

There can be but little doubt however that the great novel of the century was the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which was published in 1763. Goldsmith was born in 1728; the son of a poor Irish clergyman, it had been by the kindness of an uncle that he obtained a university education at Trinity College, Dublin, and was sent abroad, ostensibly for the purpose of studying medicine. He did obtain some kind of a medical degree, but spent his time for the most part in travelling about, according to Boswell, 'disputing his way' through Europe. In 1756, he came to London with but little money in his pocket; tried schoolmastering, then writing for the *Monthly Review*, then schoolmastering again.

In 1760, out of his contributions to the *Public Ledger* grew the *Citizen of the World*, a collection of papers in which he assumed the character of a Chinese, come to study the ways and manners of England; these, together with an amusing life of Beau Nash, were the means of introducing him to the literary society of the day, including Dr. Johnson, who gives the following characteristic account of the publication of the *Vicar*, in 1763: 'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira, and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

The simple natural style, the pathetic humour, the life-like descriptions of character which mark the book, at once raised Goldsmith to the first rank of English authors, while the absence of coarseness distinguished him honourably from the other novel writers of the day. The *Vicar* has been described as an 'idyll of country life,' and it delights and edifies the descendants of those who first read it with pleasure, which is more than can be said for most of the novels already mentioned. But this was not Goldsmith's solitary triumph; he was a many-sided genius, and as Dr. Johnson, his staunch supporter, remarked: 'whether, indeed, we take him as poet, as comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class.' Perhaps indeed exception may be taken to this description of him as an historian, his histories of Greece, Rome and England having been

written simply with a view to making money, and not rising above the level of school-books. His comedies, the *Goodnatured Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1774) were only rivalled by Sheridan's *Rivals* and *School for Scandal*, while of his poems, *The Traveller* (1764) and the *Deserted Village*, (1770), with their pictures of country scenes, and their pathetic, plaintive, musical lines, are surely the most poetic that have ever been written in the heroic couplet.

Garrick's mock epitaph on Goldsmith is well-known, and it provoked that notable reply known as *Retaliation*, and containing invaluable descriptions of some of the famous circle of friends which surrounded Johnson and Goldsmith—of Garrick :

'An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.'

Burke, who :

'Born for the universe, narrowed his mind
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

and Reynolds who :

'When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.'

Unfortunately success was of little benefit to Goldsmith ; directly he made some money he expended it on smart suits of clothes, bottles of Madeira and the like, so that eventually he died in want (1778), leaving, it is said, debts to the amount of £2000 behind him.

In the year of his death was published *Evelina*, the work of Miss Burney, another member of what Boswell calls the 'Johnsonian circle,' and her *Cecilia* (1782) closes the list of the important novels of the century.

In poetry, as already pointed out, Pope reigned supreme for many years. Pope was born in the year of the Revolution, and lived till the Rebellion of 1745. A delicate precocious boy, he received what education was possible at that time to the child of Roman Catholic parents, and supplemented it by such eager devouring of whatever literature came in his way, that his sister said she thought when he was young he read more books than any man in the world. While still in his teens he made himself first useful, and then disagreeable to Wycherly by correcting and criticising his poetry, and in 1709 he became known to the world as the author of some pastorals in *Tonson's Miscellany*. His first important work was the *Essay on Criticism*, favourably noticed by Addison, in the *Spectator* for May 15, 1711, and this was followed by the *Rape of the Lock* (1712) and *Windsor Forest* (1713). The great works of what may be called his second literary period (1715-28) were the translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, by which he realised over £8000, and the *Dunciad* (1728), in which he poured forth the vials of his wrath upon all who had criticised or insulted him, and in Pope's eyes the one was almost equivalent to the other. Philosophy and satire occupied him

chiefly during the latter part of his life, and are represented by the *Essay on Man* (1732), the *Moral Essays*, and the *Imitations of Horace* (1731–38.)

Pope's personality is one of the most familiar in all literary history ; every one knows the keen-eyed, eager, deformed little man, 'the wicked little wasp of Twickenham,' as he was called by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, first his friend, and then, after some insult on his part, his bitter enemy ; 'the portentous cub who never forgives,' according to the description given by Bentley, at whom he sneered in his *Dunciad*. Pope was spiteful, and he never did forgive ; moreover he was eaten up by conceit, which he did not scruple to gratify by the meanest devices. He was jealous of Addison, whom he accused of trying to injure his *Iliad*, by helping Tickell to produce and publish a simultaneous translation of the first book, and whom he punished by the bitterly clever satire on *Atticus*. He wished to publish his own letters, and to effect this without revolting the public taste, devised an elaborate scheme for their apparently unauthorized publication by the bookseller Curll. On the other hand it should be said that he was a devoted and dutiful son, and a faithful friend ; Bolingbroke said he never knew a man who had so tender a heart, and Warburton that he was as good a companion as a poet, and moreover appeared to be as good a man. Perhaps his leading principle as a poet could hardly be better illustrated than by two lines in the *Essay on Criticism*.

'But most by numbers judge a Poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong.'

To produce lines harmoniously, monotonously smooth, and to give the clearest, most epigrammatic expression attainable to his thoughts appears to have been Pope's highest aim, and no poet can claim a greater number of pithy couplets which have become the current coin of quotation, and exemplify his own assertion that—

'True wit is nature to advantage dressed ;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.'

Walsh had told him, when a boy, that the one way of excelling was to study correctness, and, following this advice, he became one of the greatest masters of the art in which he believed. That he was a great deal more than merely correct there is, of course, no doubt, and there are passages of a certain stately grandeur in his poems which are impressive enough, and almost—but surely never quite—delude the reader into a belief in the loftiness of his aspirations, the inspired nature of his genius ; such passages are counterbalanced by the weariness caused by the perpetual see-saw of the heroic couplet, with the temptation it offers to guess what the next rhyme will be, and the conventionalism, the want of originality in the ideas which are expressed. The *Essay on Criticism* is an embodiment of Boileau's art

poetique, and a treatise on epic poetry by Bossu, of which Voltaire said that any poet who followed its rules might be certain that no one would read them, but that happily it was impossible to follow them.

In his *Essay on Man*, he versified the philosophy of Bolingbroke, the leading ideas of which were that what whatever is, is right, that 'virtue alone is happiness below,' and that the existence of evil cannot be explained, but should not be cavilled at, since—

'Tis but a part we see and not the whole.'

With regard to Pope's most extensive work, the translation of Homer, it must be said in the first place that he laboured under a two-fold disadvantage—the want of an accurate knowledge of Greek, and what has been called 'his tendency to spend his solicitude upon the words he is using, and not upon the thing he is describing.' The result was what might be expected—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were turned into admirable examples of the 'correct' school, and Homer's heroes into fine gentlemen who used language and turns of expression that would not have disgraced Harley or Bolingbroke. As to descriptions of nature, says Mr. Leslie Stephen, 'Seas and mountains, being invisible from Button's, could only be described by worn phrases from the Latin grammar.' Eighteenth century readers, however, were for the most part satisfied; but though Dr. Johnson pronounced Pope's translation to be 'the noblest version of poetry the world had ever seen,' the opinion of classical scholars may be summed up in Bentley's remark, 'A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.' It is, perhaps, most easy to feel admiration for Pope as a satirist, and in the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (published as an introduction to the satires) he is at his best, and not posing as a great moralist or philosopher, so that it is possible to take his brilliant stinging couplets for what they are, and to enjoy them.

The *Dunciad* is, of course, his most elaborate satire; it is modelled on Dryden's *Macflecknoe*, the place of Shadwell being occupied first by Theobald, and then by the actor and dramatist Colley Cibber, with both of whom Pope had quarrelled.

'The proper study of mankind is man'

had been Pope's dictum, and Pope's word was law. 'Man,' however, as has truly been pointed out, meant, for Pope, his immediate contemporaries, and the proper way in which to study him was alternately to satirize him, and enunciate moral platitudes in well-turned couplets for his benefit.

The reaction in poetic taste is perhaps first to be detected in Thomson, whose *Seasons* (1726–30) show the awakening interest in nature as a subject for poetry; this interest is further displayed in the poems of Somerville, Dyer, and Akenside, in Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* (1750), in Goldsmith's descriptive poems, Beattie's

Minstrel, and much of Cowper's work; finally, in Wordsworth and its school it amounts to a passion.

A reviving study of old English literature is represented by Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* (1742), and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* (1748), both written in the Spenserian stanza, as also by Warton's *History of English Poetry* (1774-78), and Chatterton's wonderful forgeries in 1767-70.

Gray (1716-1765) and Collins (1721-59) represent, moreover, the wish for something more artistic in form than the couplet, and Cowper (1731-1800), and Crabbe (1775-1832) those theories with regard to poetry which are thus expressed by the former: 'To watch Nature at her work, to meditate, to cultivate sympathy with those creatures that are, so to speak, most fresh from Nature's hand, with animals and the poor, and the friends of your home—this is the only rational way to happiness, and to advocate this life is the poet's work.'

In Scotland Alan Ramsay (1686-1758) did much to create the taste for a simple natural style of poetry, and he was in this, and in his love for the old Scotch songs which he collected and published, a worthy precursor of Robert Burns, who, in his short life (1759-96) 'gave a new impulse and a new direction to poetry, and helped to overturn the dynasty of Pope, and to found that to which Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron belong.'

Casting a very brief glance at the philosophical and theological work of the century we find at its commencement a war raging between the Deists, represented by Collins, Tindal, Chubb, Bolingbroke, Wollaston, etc., and the Christian apologists, the most noted of whom were the Bishops Berkeley, Warburton, and Butler. The great works produced by this controversy were the *Alciphron* of Bishop Berkeley (1732); Butler's *Analogy* (1736); and Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses* (1743). Berkeley's leading theory was that we have no stronger proof of the existence of matter than of the existence of mind; Butler's that the conclusions at which we arrive by the study of Nature and the course of human events are identical with those to which we are led by Revelation, and that 'probability is the guide of life.'

The Deists were succeeded by the sceptical school, the founder of which was David Hume (1711-1776), celebrated also as an historian and political philosopher. His principal philosophical works were the *Treatise of Human Nature* (1739), the *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals* (1751), and the *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, published after his death. His *History of England* was published between the years 1754 and 1762, and his *Political Essays and Discourses* in 1742 and 1752.

The other great historians of the age were Robertson (1721-91) and Gibbon, who has been called 'the splendid bridge between the old world and the new,' and the first volumes of whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* were published in 1776.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* (1776) was the greatest work of the century on political economy, and after 1760 Burke stood pre-eminent among political writers upon current events.

His Anti-Revolution works, the *Reflections on the French Revolution* (1790), and *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1766-97), were answered by Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*, and James Mackintosh's *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. His speech on *American Conciliation* (1775) was answered in a pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*, by his friend Samuel Johnson, a still greater Conservative than himself.

Johnson, the last literary dictator, is by far the most prominent figure of the latter part of the century, while, thanks to Boswell's *Life*, his personality is as familiar to us as that of any one in our own day. The outward events of his life may soon be told. Born in 1709, the son of a Lichfield bookseller, he was educated at his native place and at Oxford. In 1735, he married a Mrs. Porter, and with the help of her money, set up a school, which did not answer well, his uncouth, ungainly person and strange nervous ways not being calculated to inspire confidence in the parents of his pupils. Coming up to London he had a hard struggle for existence, but the great success of his Dictionary, which appeared in 1755, placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties, and on the accession of George III., he received a pension of three hundred pounds a year. He had already published the *Life of Richard Savage* (1744), and two poems in Pope's style, *London* (1738) and the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), besides his tragedy *Irene*, a notable failure, and a periodical known as the *Rambler*. He did not write with pleasure, and his only remaining works are *Rasselas* (1759), a philosophical tale; the *Journey to the Hebrides* (1775), and *Lives of the Poets* (1779-1781). After his wife's death in 1752, he lived with and for his numerous circle of friends, in London, which according to his view, was the only place of residence for a rational being. He died in 1784. As to the style of his writings, he says himself that he had a tendency to 'use too big words, and too many of them, and he was moreover too much inclined to substitute abstract for concrete, Latin for English, when possible, and to employ a heavy monotonous, balanced style of sentence which exhausts the reader's breath and patience before he gets to the end of it. This style which is at its worst in the *Rambler*, represents a reaction against the simplicity aimed at by Addison and his school, and may, perhaps, have been in part the result of Johnson's study of the old ornate writers, Sir Thomas Browne, and Burton, whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* was, he said, 'the only book which ever got him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished.'

The *Lives of the Poets* is the only one of Johnson's works which gives an idea of his wonderful conversational powers, for in this alone we find his notions about men and books set down tersely, freshly, positively—just as they appeared in Boswell's notes of his conversations. It is after all, more for Johnson himself than for his

writings that we care, Johnson as we know him in Boswell's *Life* with his odd ungainly manners, his dogmatism, his Toryism, the blunt manners that amounted to rudeness, and the kindheartedness that made Goldsmith say of some man of bad character, 'he is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson.'

Boswell was a toady, and a conceited busybody, but we owe to him one of the best biographies that was ever written, of one of the best men that ever lived.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—VII.

Questions.

41. What are the leading characteristics of the style of Pope? Mention the chief writers of his school of poetry and point out its defects.

42. Sketch the life and character of Goldsmith, showing how they are reflected in his works ;

or

Give a short account of the life and writings of Dr. Johnson, noticing especially his position with regard to literary patronage.

43. What place do politics hold in eighteenth century literature? Give a brief account of the most important political works.

44. Mention the principal novel writers of the eighteenth century with their works and leading characteristics ;

or

With what purpose did the earlier novelists write? Illustrate it from the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Rasselas*.

45. How would you account for the reaction against the 'artificial school?' Trace the influence of the movement in (a) Cowper, (b) Burns.

46. Give some account of the literary forgeries of this century ;

or

Sketch the early history of Methodism, and mention the leading characteristics of its literature.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

History of Eighteenth Century Literature, Edmund Gosse (to be shortly published), price 6s.

English Men of Letters series :—Swift, Addison, Defoe, Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, Berkeley, Butler.

Macaulay's essays on Addison, Johnson, and Madame D'Arblay.

Carlyle's essays on Burns and Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (the six chief lives), edited by Matthew Arnold, price 6s.

Pope's Poetical Works, Globe edition, 3s. 6d.

Addison's papers* in the Spectator (published separately).

Lectures on the English Humourists, Thackeray, 3s. 6d.

Ward's English Poets, vol. iii.

* Addison's papers are marked in old editions with one of the initials C.L.I.O.

October Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	96	Mu Mu Kappa . . .	75	Rachel Carlisle . . .	70
Bee	95	Alice M. }	74	Cordelia	
E. M. Collum } . . .	91	Irene }		A. M. G. }	
A. C. Shipton } . . .		Fides }	73	Lark	
A. I. P.	84	Sybil }		Joiner	
Patty	78	Secnarf	72	Snapdragon	
White Hawthorn . . .	76	Greta	71	Wolferstan }	70

Second Class.

Maia }	67	Adoxa }	60	Gretchen }	50
Kleine Katze } . . .		J. C. K. }		M. A. S. }	
Hilda }	64	Cornflower	58	M. E. Ackerley . . .	47
Mühle }		Caro }	57	Senga	46
Rêve d'Or }		Sunflower }		Bunny	45
Dick	63	Ellice	52		

Third Class.

Cantia	42	Lily Noble	30	Stephanotis	23
May }	40	I. E. C.	26	Midget	19
Snail }		Asphodel	24	Gorse	16

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do the advantages of the present Sunday-school system, as usually carried out, outweigh the disadvantages?

This discussion has turned out to be applicable only to south country town schools, where the Sunday-school is no longer an extension of the day-school. Chelsea China gives *Hartsfoot's* most interesting description of a school in a northern manufacturing district. *Karis* also sends a paper from this point of view. Obviously, the conditions are totally different, and perhaps the temperaments concerned. Chelsea China will never forget seeing many hundred young women 'walk,' at the Queen's Jubilee in Yorkshire, with perfect gravity and decorum, through streets lined with men. But as they also succeeded in watching a bonfire and fireworks, nearly in silence, she is fain to conclude that they are less tempted to be 'tonguey' than their southern sisters.

No country school has put in its word. Will no one describe the dear old ideal relation of scholar and teacher, school child and lady, school and Church?—just to let the young ones know what it was like. Is it improved off the face of the earth altogether? Perhaps so, but if that strong and true tie is now rather to be found under other conditions, as of G. F. S. associate and member, in guilds or other organizations, it is the training of the old village Church school that formed the generation in which these new efforts have sprung up.

As for the modern town schools, from the feminine and south country point of view, it seems to Chelsea China that

'When they are nice, they are *tolerably* nice,
And when they are not, they are horrid.'

Want of power of teaching and managing seems at the root of all the complaints of them. *Fleur de Lys'* picture, though strong, is very far from being without warrant. *Veritas* is more favourable. X. endeavours to be impartial, and *Undine's* specimens may be suggestive. *Columba*, *Ivy leaf*, *Blackbird*, *Lamda*, *Elcaan*, have also sent interesting papers.

Unconventional, *S. A. M.*, *Silentium et Spe*, have sent interesting papers on 'Self-Sacrifice,' but this subject must close with the year, as also London Sundays, though *An Olive Branch's* paper is very good.

A LANCASHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Without attempting to balance the advantages and disadvantages of the Sunday-school system in general, I wish to point out some elements of the question, which are illustrated by experience in Lancashire. It is well known that Sunday schools in the north of England are more thriving than in the south, but I doubt whether the real state of the case is understood, except in the northern counties. The difference is not merely as to the number and age of the scholars, though as to these the contrast is remarkable. In many northern Sunday schools, the scholars who work for their living outnumber those who attend the day school. What, however, goes more to the root of the difference is the fact that northern Sunday schools have grown out of the religious needs of the people, more or less apart from the clergy. They are essentially a popular institution, not a clerical institution. While, except in rare instances, the authority of the clergyman is recognised, he is not an absolute monarch, but president of a republic, or doge. The teachers have their annual meeting, at which they elect their superintendent, or superintendents if the school is large. The superintendent keeps a register of the attendance of teachers, and arranges for the supply of vacancies from the elder scholars, many of whom are grown up, and some well on towards middle age, without including the mother's class. Young mothers who cannot attend regularly, insist on having their names kept on the books, regarding the Sunday school as a kind of club in which they wish to continue members, if it be only to appear in the Whitsuntide procession, or at the Anniversary Church Services. These are our great festivals. A little child was asked, what Whit-Sunday was? and replied promptly, 'The Sunday before Whit-Friday.'

On that Friday, the scholars, past and present, muster in full strength, and march through the village with bands and banners. It is the great event of the year, even to the outside public. Last May, a rough sporting man, on his death-bed, expressed his conviction that his end was near, by saying, 'I shan't live to see scholars walk.' The other great event, called the 'Anniversary,' is the assembling of past and present scholars in Church, when a score or so of little girls in white frocks reinforce the choir, and special hymns are sung, printed for the day on separate leaflets for morning and evening service. Old scholars come from long distances; and some, who are too far off to attend, send their contributions to the anniversary collection, which not only defrays the cost of the day and Sunday schools, but leaves a surplus for the Church expenses. The love of learning and the love of giving go hand in hand. When Miss A., the teacher of a class consisting chiefly of mill-girls, disappointed her scholars by frequent absence, they seriously proposed to induce her to attend more regularly, by foregoing their Christmas prizes in her favour. 'We want a teacher more than rewards.'

To sum up in a few words, the system appears to be a native growth in an earnest and intelligent population, scantily supplied with clergy, and it evinces a power of association which has immense possibilities according as it may be directed. HARTSFOOT.

Let me ask you to consider a town school of the worst type. A ragged mixed one, superintended by an 'incapable' (be it man or woman)—incapable, be it understood only in the sense of being possessed of no disciplinary powers—whose commands (!) are drowned by the general babel. The boyish part of the community are attending solely with a view to enjoyment; they crack nuts, whistle, spar among themselves, cast pellets at the teachers, and on a book being proffered to them, break off to bawl a most sacred hymn in the lustiest tones, perhaps pausing in the midst to utter some profane oath or coarse joke. The female side of the room is perhaps a shade less noisy and irreverent, but many shades more vulgar and trying to the delicate susceptibilities of a true lady. What wonder that the young inexperienced teacher, hoarse with shouting at her class, sickened with the foulness of the atmosphere, physically exhausted with her efforts at preserving order, asks herself bitterly as she wends her way homewards after the afternoon's conflict, whether she is not doing more harm than good. Is she not introducing the good boy to the bad, under a feint of teaching them both, and in reality leading them all to profanity and irreverence untold?

Such cases *are* to be found in England, and so long as such bear-gardens exist our question assumes a most serious aspect. But let us turn from this extreme on the one hand, and the model village school on the other, and consider the mediocre town school. Attended by many hundreds of children, supervised by a conscientious parish priest, superintended by a competent person, taught by communicants only, well supplied with books, and a reference library, what is the result? After many many years' experience in several such excellent schools, I must truthfully acknowledge the humiliating fact, that the *visible* results are very small. Consider the drawbacks under which even such a school labours. The hour (or perhaps *two*) which is all that is snatched from the secular work and in which perhaps all the religious teaching the child ever receives has to be pressed. The classification of scholars by their age rather than their attainments, so that a boy who has an outline of Bible history, and the church catechism at his finger-tips, is next to a lad whose only idea of Adam and Eve is of the 'pinch me' type, and who does not recognise any difference between his baptismal and surname. The necessity of taking any one who offers himself as a teacher (so long as he be a communicant) be he fitted for the work or no. These are but a few of the disadvantages of the so-called Sunday-school system. Are there then *any* advantages? Surely, and even with the above facts staring

me in the face, I am convinced that such advantages even outweigh the disadvantages. There is the *influence* we have over our children. It is a complete revelation to some of our neglected little waifs and strays—aye, and big ones too—that human love and sympathy exist for them; that there is any one in the wide world who takes a real interest in them, in their pursuits and surroundings. And human love, as we all know, is the greatest refiner amongst human beings. It is by its power that the child's soul is raised to the God of Love, and that the whole tone of its life is raised. Oh! that more of our Sunday schools were ruled by an overwhelming tone of love—so that discipline could be kept up with but few punishments and rewards—then indeed our question would be unnecessary and our discussion futile. But until such is the case, our powers of teaching facts being so extremely limited, the disadvantages of the system weigh terribly heavy in the scale and threaten indeed to overbalance the advantages.

FLEUR DE LYS.

So to supply what is lacking in so many homes, we have our Sunday schools; and each teacher might almost be called 'the vice god-parent' (as I heard one clergyman put it the other day) to his or her class. Putting the teaching aside, even the personal intercourse with one who takes an interest in them, and spares neither time nor trouble to help them to be good, and to fit them for the 'life of the world to come,' cannot fail to have *some* effect even on the most thoughtless boy or girl. Again many of the elder scholars look upon their teacher almost as a personal friend, and bring their joys and troubles, to receive the sympathy, which many cannot find in their homes. Truly a great responsibility is laid upon those who work in our Sunday schools. Great tact, great firmness, as well as kindness is needed, but above all love for Him, who when He was on earth said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

VERITAS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Advantages: 1. That they are a meeting ground and a common interest for all the infinite gradations of young ladyhood, since the teachers are drawn from all classes, and the scholars from a very wide range of cultivation, from that of small, but well-to-do trade and its equals, to the roughest day labourers.

2. That they provide society in the very dull lives of many little servant maids, who get a chance of meeting each other, and seeing each other's best clothes.

3. That in fairly favourable instances a great deal of friendly liking, and now and then a sincere affection, springs up between the teachers and the scholars.

4. That, when, as is usually the case, the teacher has at least a degree more refinement than the scholars, she does exercise a refining influence.

5. That a large number of children attend the services of the Church by means of the Sunday school, who would not otherwise do so.

6. That a very great many children are brought through the Sunday school to confirmation, and Holy Communion.

7. That now that children leave the day school so young, a general recollection of religious knowledge is kept up in the minds of the elder ones, and still more of religious habits.

8. That, if a teacher is capable of conveying definite religious knowledge, or of exercising a definite personal influence the present system gives her the opportunity.

Disadvantages: 1. That superintendents sometimes cannot keep order.

2. That teachers very often don't know how to teach.

3. That they are constantly changing and often absent.

4. That the children scarcely ever learn anything they did not know before.

5. That when the irregularity and unpunctuality of attendance of teachers and scholars, the shortness of the time allowed, and the want of skill of untrained amateurs is considered, it is absolutely impossible that, as a rule, they should.

6. That it is therefore a delusion to imagine that a Sunday school can be a substitute for the daily skilled teaching, given in a day school under diocesan inspection.

7. That clever well-taught children are quite capable of comparing and gauging the capacity of their teachers.

8. That if a young lady cannot keep her class quiet, nor gain their attention for ordinary historical facts, her influence is not likely to be sufficient to work a vital change in the state of their souls.

9. That an opportunity is given for a vast deal of impertinence, and general rudeness, from want of power of control.

10. That, at any rate in the case of older boys, the habit and opportunity of insulting rudeness to a young woman, whatever her rank in life, is so bad, that it does outweigh any possible good they may get from her.

These remarks may be balanced by each reader for herself. Individual experience will tip the scale. X.

SPECIMENS FROM REAL LIFE.

Scene—Outside of a large National School. Time—Sunday afternoon.

Several girls of from twelve to fifteen waiting for the school doors to open.

Maud. So you're a coming to our class, Lizzie?

Lizzie. Yes; I'm thinking of giving it a try. What's your teacher

like? We did have such a many, one after another, at St. George's that I didn't see as I got any good; and the last—she poked me in church for talking—*she* aint no better than I am—*she* aint a lady no more nor we are, and I wasn't a going to stand it.

Maud. Miss Clifford teaches us (mentioning a name of considerable local standing).

Lizzie, impressed. Oh, do she?

Agnes. Yes; she've a very nice manner with us, and we like her; but, law, she aint much to call a *teacher*, she don't put her facts clearly. Now, there was Miss Forbes as came for six Sundays, she knew how to teach, she did. She gave a good lesson as was worth hearing.

Maud. Oh, it is teachers' ways I mind more than what they've got to tell us, and Miss Clifford gave us an extra good tea last winter.

Mary. Well, I think there's a deal to learn from most ladies if you only listen to what they've got to say; but some of the girls do behave so indifferent, there's no comfort in a class with them.

Agnes (pupil teacher). Yes; it be a shame to put the teachers out. They aint accustomed to keep order like us in the week, and they downright forget themselves, and the lesson, when girls is so aggravating; it aint to be wondered at.

Alice. I like Miss Clifford, I wouldn't put her out.

Lizzie. Law! there's some of them as you can aggravate! But I don't get any fun all the week, and I want a little on Sunday. I don't see no one but missis to speak to except at school, and I must have a laugh somehow. Come on, Maud, the door's open.

Maud, with superiority. Well, you'd better look out, and do your laugh on the quiet, for we do behave *decent* in *this* school, and we aint got the name of you at St. George's, and don't mean to have neither.

UNDINE.

Chelsea China must in future *disqualify* papers written on more than one side of the sheet.

QUESTION FOR FEBRUARY.

Did the education of a hundred years ago make more valuable women than that of the present day?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, before February 1st, care of the Publishers.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

PERIOD OF ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS AND OF THE GROWTH OF THE
CREED.

Questions for January.

The Arian Heresy and the Council of Nicæa.

- 1. Give a short account of Arius and of the rise of his heresy.
 - 2. Describe the Council of Nicæa and the more famous bishops there.
 - 3. What were the Acts of the Council?
 - 4. A history of St. James of Nisibis.
- Answers to be sent to Bog Oak, care of the Publishers, by February 1st.

The same rules to be observed as were given in December, 1887.

October Class List.

First Class.

Edina } 38	Sycorax 36	Wylmcote } 33
Thistle }	Bluebell }	Verena }
Etheldreda }	Malacoda } 35	Evangeline } 32
Violets } 37	Speranza }	Erica }
Water Wagtail }	Vorwärts }	Καθολικος }
Papaver } 36	Fidelia } 33	Ierne } 31
Veritas }	Frideswide }	Countess }

Second Class.

King Cole }	Dog-violet } 28	Budgerigar } 23
Hoffnung }	Maid Marian }	Mu Sigma }
Irene } 29	Golden Saxifrage }	P. P. O. 21
Hegesippus }	Snapdragon } 27	Nero 20
Millstone }	Dorothy }	
	Union Jack }	

Third Class.

Portia 15	Hazelnut 15	Ima 15
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REMARKS.

37. Very full answers from *Edina, Thistle, Etheldreda, Violets, Water Wagtail, Speranza.*

Budgerigar: Justin's first Apology was not addressed to Hadrian, but to Antoninus Pius. No marks have been subtracted for the

common opinion that his second Apology was addressed to M. Aurelius, but Valesius, Neander, Wordsworth, and others consider that it was also addressed to Antoninus Pius and the Senate, partly because of the expression 'The pious Emperor, and the philosopher the son of the Emperor.' *Papaver*: It is Melito's, not Aristides' Apology which exists in Syriac in the British Museum. *Snapdragon*: Theophilus, Patriarch of Antioch (177 to 186), wrote an important Apology to Autolycus, which comes to us entire, though his controversial writings are lost. *Portia* confounds Hermas, author of 'The Shepherd,' a religious romance, not an apology, with Hermias the apologist, who very doubtfully belongs to the second century. *Mu Sigma*: Pliny's letter was to Trajan, not Hadrian; 19 have chosen Justin's first Apology; *Bluebell* takes the second; six give that of Athenagoras; *Veritas* alone has Melito's (will she add a note next time to say from what book she quotes?); three give Theophilus; *Speranza* takes Octavius, and four have Tertullian's.

38. Excellent answers from *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Frideswide*, *Sycorax*, and *Countess*. We can hardly agree with *King Cole* that the history of *Alexandria* was ancient when Greece was young. The siege of Troy is usually dated about eight and a half centuries before the foundation of Alexandria! *Portia*: this great school revived after the persecution under Severus, was more famous than ever, and lasted to the end of the fourth century.

39. Members can correct their lists as follows: 'No faith without knowledge, no knowledge without faith:' Clemens Alexandrinus, *Stromata*. 'Extra ecclesiam nulla salus:' St. Cyprian, *De Unitate Ecclesiae*. Origen said much the same in Greek. 'Fiunt non nascuntur Christiani': Tertullian. 'What the soul is to the body, that Christians are in the world.' To Diognetus c. 6. 'The difference of the Fast establishes the agreement of the Faith:' St. Irenæus. 'Him do I seek,' &c.: St. Ignatius, *To the Romans*, cc. vi. & vii. 'Feast' was a misprint for 'fast;' but, of course, those who disagreed about the passiontide fast also differed about the paschal feast. *Budgerigar* could have found *Extra Ecclesiam* in Smith, p. 167, and the following ones in Simcox and elsewhere.

40. It seems very likely that St. Justin was not a priest, but exactly what he is called, an 'Evangelist.' The names of the early Christian offices lingered on, and, although 'Prophets' were disappearing from the Church, here and there a converted philosopher might well be an 'evangelist,' a bearer of good tidings from land to land; and it is possible it was in this character that he was the centre of a very small congregation in Rome, during the persecution, though a few years later such a man would certainly have been a priest, yet, just now, he might or might not have been one.

Bog-Oak is sorry she has not time to look again for the member's name who objects to Neander's statement that as yet there was no

sharp line between the laity and the priesthood. We must remember the Lutheran writers have an end to gain in proving this, and spoil their learned writings by such assertions. We cannot read St. Paul, St. Clement, or St. Ignatius, and agree with Neander. If a man were a 'prophet,' an 'evangelist,' a 'teacher,' his office was defined and given him by the Church; ordinary laymen had no priestly function, but *any one* could baptise in case of need, which was the case in point.

Bog-Oak is sorry indeed that *Charissa* and *Pet Lamb* are unavoidably hindered from answering this time; also that *King Cole's* name was omitted in August: she shall have her twenty-three marks. *Fidelia* by a mistake has thirty marks in September, it should be thirty-six.

List of books recommended for 1889:—

History of the Church under the Roman Empire, Rev. A. D. Crake, (Rivington), 7s. 6d.; *Smith's Student's Ecclesiastical History* (Murray), 7s. 6d.; C. M. Yonge's *Eighteen Centuries of Church History* (Walter Smith), 5s.; *A History of the Church from the Edict of Milan to the Council of Chalcedon*, William Bright, D.D. (Parker), 10s. 6d.

If possible, some more shall be given next month.

Bog-Oak is distressed to find that some members take 'from memory' to mean they must learn their answers by heart. This is a tax she never meant to impose. It is a very bad plan. She means that after careful study of an answer, all books (except a dictionary) and notes should be laid aside, while the answer is being written. This is a usual—probably universal—rule in examinations. Young members might read up one subject a week, and then answer it, and so spread the work over the month.

Notices to Correspondents.

ERRATUM.—In the ‘Conversation on Books’ in our last number, *Divine Punch* should be *The Quiver, Punch*.

Bog-Oak thanks *Mrs. Auber* and ‘*P.*’ for books for her junior class of the Young Men’s Friendly Society. She has now enough solid books; but would be very grateful to any one who would send her one boy’s story-book, old or new. Address, *Bog-Oak*, c/o Messrs. Browne and Gradidge, Jubilee House, Andover.

Ignoramus.—A song in George Macdonald’s ‘*Phantastes*.’

Leslie would be very glad if some one would tell her the words of a poem upon true victors, which she has heard quoted, and of which she can only remember the last line, part of an inquiry which were the true victors—

‘His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?’

S. N.—Where shall I find—

‘All night they watched the ebbing life
As if its flight to stay,
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Their last hope passed away.’

Said to be Hood’s.

L. O. W.—‘Take my life,’ by F. R. Havergal. In her Poems. Also in ‘Mission Hymnal.’ E. D’A.

All or any of Mrs. Jameson’s books are useful on the subject of Christian Art. E. D’A.

The Passion-flower—*Passiflora coerulea*—is a native of South America, and was first heard of in Europe in 1609. The Indian name for it was *Maracot*, from the likeness of the fruit to that of the small pomegranate. It was also called *Granadilla*.

The Mexican Jesuits christened it *Flor de les cinco llagas*, while Parkinson, the English herbalist, named another variety (the *Passiflora incarnata*, which was first introduced into England from Virginia some ten years later) the *Virgin climber*, in memory of Queen Elizabeth; but the name by which it is universally known, *Flor de la Passione*, was first given it in Italy, where Father Bosio was then writing his great work ‘*La Trionfante e Gloriosa Croce*.’ The father was the first to call attention to the ‘stupendo e meravigliosa flore,’ though he says it is a matter almost too ‘mostruosa e straordinaria’ for belief.

His chief authority was Father Emmanuello de Villegas, an Augustinian monk, and native of Mexico, who was then staying in Rome; but his account was confirmed by many personages—‘di qualità ã gravità’—who had travelled in New Spain, and especially by certain Mexican Jesuits.

The plant itself was brought to Rome about 1611, and flowered for the first time in Cardinal Odoardo Farnese’s gardens, which were then the most famous in the world. *Aldinus*, the head gardener, published a thin folio, in 1625, with very beautiful engravings of the principal rarities. Among these is the Passion-flower, to which he gives its native name *Maracot*.

Bosio, Zalen, and Parkenson all give drawings of the flower, the latter’s illustrations being taken from nature, and consequently the most accurate. He also gives a reprint of Bosio’s original print that the errors of the superstitious ‘Jesuite’ might be apparent to all men. See ‘*Paradisvs Terrestris*,’ page 394.

Bosio describes the flowers as follows:—‘The upper petals are tawny in Peru . . . the fringe-like filaments above are blood-red;’ as though referring to the scourge with which our Lord was beaten.

In the midst of the flower rises the column to which he was bound, and above are the nails which *Aldinus* says are twisted in the open flower, and marked with black spots as if with blood. He further adds that the star form of the half-opened flower may represent the star of the Magi, the five petals when opened the five wounds. The green leaves of the plant spring from it singly, for there is one God, but are triply divided, for there are three persons.

To return to Bosio. ‘Above the column is the crown of thorns, surrounded by a veil of threads seventy-two in number (the traditional number of the thorns in the crown). In the centre are five marks, representing the five wounds Christ received on the cross. The plant is rich in leaves, which in shape resemble the iron of the lance, or pike, with which our Lord’s side was pierced. E. C. D’ARLEY.

The iron screens in Hereford and Lichfield cathedrals are passion-flowers.

S. W.—St. Andrew is evidently a popular error for St. Anthony, who is represented with a pig, in allusion to his temptations by devils in all sorts of forms. St. Oswald was a very noble and heroic King of Northumbria, remarkable for his charity and zeal in converting his people. Perhaps some correspondent can explain the emblems from his church—a girl and greyhound; a girl with a pitcher of water.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE & M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER IV.

SOUTH WARRENDON MILLS.

ON the evening before Gwendolen had made her curiously frank confession to her hostess, her father and sister had gone to dine with Mr. Despard's distant cousin, Samuel Ingleston, owner of the silk-mills of South Warrendon. Mrs. Ingleston had reasons for not approving heartily of either Lewis Despard or his daughter Maisie, and they might have waited some time for any but a purely business invitation to South Warrendon. But Samuel Ingleston thought much of ties of blood, and, happening to meet Mr. Despard at the Quarter Sessions, where for once they had both taken the same view of a debated subject, he had said, 'Really, Lewis, you haven't dined with us for an age. Come—let me see—come on Monday, and bring your little girls;' for Mr. Ingleston always had a way of forgetting that the young grew up. It was not till he was on his way home that he remembered that Mrs. Ingleston had an objection to the youngest girl—the only one for whom her father could accept the invitation—because she thought she was setting her cap at Lucas; and he was uncomfortable thenceforward until he had confessed his enormity; for Mr. Ingleston, who was the autocrat of all the country round, and whose relations with his own family were not as entirely harmonious as might have been wished, trembled before the compressed lips by which his wife expressed her disapproval.

The Inglestons at South Warrendon were quite the people of most consideration for ten miles on the south side of Paul's Warrendon. Samuel Ingleston, the father, was the son of a wealthy silk-manufacturer in the North, descended through his mother from a family of Despards who had come over and established their industry in England after the Edict of Nantes. He was left a share in the Yorkshire silk-mill with his two brothers; but they did not pull

together, and he took his portion out and started in a small way for himself on a little estate on the Thames bank that his wife had inherited from an uncle at South Warrendon. His clear business instinct grasped the advantage of the situation: the rounded knoll which jutted out into the river bed, which could, without much difficulty, be made a private wharf, the accessible river, the neighbourhood of London—all proved to be as available as he imagined; and, though he began at twenty-five in a small way, his business increased, his silk-mills prospered, until at last South Warrendon, owing to this industry, had trebled its original numbers, and all the village was owned by the owner of the mills. Mr. Ingleston was an autocrat at South Warrendon, and his rule was for the welfare of the people, though somewhat severe. His church was neat, his schools were admirable, his labourers were well housed, and there was only one public-house in the place, and that a highly moral one where no one was allowed to get drunk. All this was owing to him and his wife, who was even more dreaded by her dependents than himself.

Mrs. Ingleston had always been a woman of character: in her youth she had been regarded as a pillar of the 'religious world;' and though in the comparative seclusion of South Warrendon her influence was less spread abroad, perhaps it was all the more concentrated for that. She was not loved, but she was highly respected. She and her husband were both worldly-wise enough to refrain from any attempts to take a county position, and, therefore, were all the stronger in their own. The hands at the mill spoke of 'Mr. Ingleston,' while they named the impecunious Vicar as 'Manville' with the ascription of social rank which in those parts is given by the surname pure and simple among the lower classes; but they looked up to Mr. Ingleston as a great man and his wife as a great woman for all that. And perhaps they were right.

At the time at which this story begins, the South Warrendon silk-mills had grown and flourished, until from a small beginning they had developed into an industry supporting five hundred workpeople; and South Warrendon, originally an insignificant little village, had hopes of soon calling itself a town. The mill-house and the factory stood close by the river, on a chalk knoll that gave a small elevation from the marsh; the mill-house, a great square building with no pretence to architectural beauty, but comfortable within, stood at one corner of a walled garden, reaching down to the river, and near it to the right-hand, as you stood at the front door, stood the factory with its offices, from which a passage led to the quay and the river. The original factory was built round three sides of a square, which formed a court; but, with the increase of the business, new buildings had had to be erected, and the old ones turned to other uses; so that the mills were more irregular in shape, and therefore less hideous, than is often the case in such erections. The workmen's cottages, the church and schools, stood about a quarter of a mile off, where the marsh proper

began to give place to arable land: long, unpicturesque rows of light brick buildings, with red roofs, interspersed here and there with older plaster cottages roofed with thatch, formed the village of South Warrendon.

It happens sometimes that households which present an imposing appearance to the world are less happy in the interior than they ought to be. The Inglestons were in this case. — They had had two sons and three daughters; but at the present time the youngest son, Lucas, who lived at home and undertook the management of the mills, was the only one with whom his father and mother were on thoroughly cordial terms. The eldest son, Hal, had always been a trouble and anxiety; of the three daughters, one had died young, one had married a missionary in North America, and one had gone into a sisterhood; and the last two were as far removed from the ken of their parents as the first. The Inglestons, however, had one relative settled in the neighbourhood. The youngest sister of Samuel Ingleston, by name Laura, had married a widower with two children of the name of Maxwell, whose first wife had been a connection of the Lesters. She had again been left a widow some five or six years before this story begins, and after her husband's death she had insisted on leaving the north and bringing her step-children to her old county. As is often the case, however, distance had lent enchantment to the view of her own people; and the only one who entirely retained the favour with which she had regarded him at a distance was her nephew Henry, with whom on his marriage she started a scheme of joint housekeeping, much to his advantage, though perhaps not so much to that of her step-children. The children's guardian was Jack Lester's clergyman brother, Cheriton, who was careful to see that the boy was sent to a public school and that the girl was taught by a regular governess, but who could not easily do more for the superintendence of his wards, his time being much occupied and his health never very strong.

But Hal Ingleston was less satisfactory to his parents than to his aunt. The sisters had grieved their parents by having too much will; but Hal had always had too little. Perhaps with his nature he had needed freedom to have his will developed; whereas his father, and still more his mother, had endeavoured to bend what he had in their way until there was no spring left in him except what any stronger nature beside him could mould. As a lad, when he was sent to school, he went wrong; when he was sent to the London office under care of the head clerk, he got into dissipated ways: he ran up debts, he had to fly the country, and, when at last his father got hold of him again, he found that, not being able to support himself, he had taken the opportunity of marrying Miss Alice Brown, a pretty little penniless English governess whom he had been in the habit of meeting with her charges on the sands of Boulogne.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingleston, severe as they were upon Hal, were not

cruel, and this unwarrantable step of his made them more rather than less indulgent to him, since they could not bring themselves to let poor silly little Alice starve, as by strict logic they ought to have done. They put him into a business house in London and gave him an allowance, to cease at once on any complaint of bad behaviour; and, as he was weak rather than wicked, and really fond of his wife, he began to improve, though not without occasional downfalls. Finally, his father got Lewis Despard to take him as partner in the Paul's bank, where he could be more or less under paternal supervision. His London career had been better, but not altogether blameless; and, when Hal was set up in business as Despard's partner, it was well known that it was his last chance, and that Mr. Ingleston had made him clearly understand that, if anything blameworthy in his conduct were again brought to his notice, he should wash his hands of him altogether.

In order to express his father's approbation of the improvement in Hal's conduct, he and his wife had been asked to dine and sleep at Mill House on this especial Monday; and they and the Manvilles—the Vicar, his wife and daughter—together with Mr. Despard and Maisie, made up the party. The only young man was Lucas Ingleston; and he and his mother had had a dispute before the guests arrived whether he should take in Katie Manville or Maisie Despard; it ended by his agreeing to take in Katie entirely on condition that Maisie should sit next him. Katie Manville was the young person his mother was prepared to welcome as daughter-in-law, and Lucas was resolved not to give her the opportunity.

Maisie looked very pretty, mischievous, and bewitching that evening in her white frock and blue ribbons, and it is to be feared that Miss Manville came in for a purely perfunctory share of Lucas's attention. The fun of the evening, however, to Maisie, came after dinner—poor child, it was the last day for a long time that she had any spirits for fun!—when Mrs. Ingleston and the lady-guests sat round in a circle, and Mrs. Ingleston, who had not great social talents, addressed a remark to each in turn, frequently choosing an opportunity when they had begun to talk to each other. Katie and Maisie had just begun to discuss the late tennis tournament, when Mrs. Ingleston, bringing to bear her powerful presence and grim voice upon the latter, said—

‘So I hear your sister has gone away again, Mary? Why is that?’

Maisie looked up with a particularly innocent face, and said—

‘She has gone to Quixeter to attend a course of lectures on the Renaissance. I think it is such an admirable thing to do. Papa can't spare us both, or else I might go and improve my mind too.’

‘Hum!’ said Mrs. Ingleston, who did not like Maisie. ‘In my time girls were not always gadding about. They stayed at home quietly and did their plain-sewing till they married.’

‘And did they like it?’ said Maisie. The question was not so

artless as it looked, for Maisie knew the history of the three Miss Inglestons.

‘They never thought whether they liked it or not. Duty was duty when I was young.’

‘Isn’t it now?’ said Maisie.

‘Nowadays girls only think of their own pleasure. In my opinion, Gwendolen had much better have stayed at home with her father and you.’

‘Oh, but, Mrs. Ingleston,’ said silly but kind little Mrs. Hal, ‘if girls never went away from home they would never get married.’ Alice Ingleston always said the wrong thing if she got a chance, and giggled feebly after it.

‘If Mary wishes to tell me, Alice, that Gwendolen has gone to Quixeter to meet a young man there, I understand what she means, though I do not think it is a very nice proceeding,’ said Mrs. Ingleston, whose ears had doubtless caught a rumour of the gossip which generally arises when attention has been so markedly given and received as Humfrey Bevan’s to Gwen Despard.

‘I tell you no such thing,’ said Maisie, with some indignation.

‘But it is one of the underhand ways of the present day that people always have some story to veil what they really mean: sometimes it is charity; sometimes it is learning. Truth is a forgotten virtue.’

‘Then that just shows,’ said Maisie, with some loss of temper, ‘that you don’t know my sister Gwen, Mrs. Ingleston. I don’t profess to be better than other people about such things; but Gwen—why, she can’t tell the weakest of white lies, however much she tries! Her face betrays her at once.’

‘I never allowed the expression “white lies” in my family,’ said Mrs. Ingleston, partly to Maisie, partly to Mrs. Manville, a tender-hearted middle-aged woman with a sweet face, who answered—

‘I suppose it is often used to cover insincerity; but there are occasions when it is very difficult to see what the truth is; don’t you think so?’

‘It may be difficult to tell it, but it can never be difficult to see it,’ said Mrs. Ingleston decidedly; and at this moment the discussion was stopped by the entrance of the gentlemen.

Lucas Ingleston gravitated at once to Maisie’s side; but she sent him off to turn over Katie’s music, and herself found her way to Mrs. Manville, whom she liked. Something seemed on Maisie’s mind this evening, for after a little talk she suddenly said with a sigh—

‘I wonder why Mrs. Ingleston makes me feel so bad, and you always make me want to be good?’

Mrs. Manville stroked her hand kindly; but she was not a very clever or ready woman, and only said rather shyly—

‘I suppose you always want to be good at bottom, my dear, though perhaps you are not always conscious of it.’

‘No, I don’t. I want fun more than anything else—fun and a

nice time. Gwen always thinks about being good ; so does Lucas. Look at him now, turning over Katie's music and saying exactly the right thing after each song !'

Mrs. Manville could not help smiling, so aptly descriptive was the phrase ; but she shyly came back to the previous question, driven by duty and a real liking for this pretty young creature with her vivid personality and her elementary soul.

'Something will wake you up sooner or later, dear, to find that fun is a poor thing beside goodness. I'm sure of that.'

'And I'm sure of one thing,' said Maisie confidentially, with a wicked twinkle in her eye—'that something won't be Mrs. Ingleston, nor Lucas !'

CHAPTER V.

BOUND.

WHEN the Despards' wagonette was announced, the marshes proved to be enveloped in a thick white fog, through which the moon struggled, making the place of her appearance like a space of shining white satin. Lucas was very anxious that Maisie should not tempt the dangers of ague by a drive over Warrendon Marsh in these circumstances ; but Maisie laughed, wrapped herself up in her Scotch plaid, and seated herself on the box-seat with her father, who lighted a cigar before they started, and, in reply to Lucas's unconvinced remonstrances, said in a confidential stage aside—

'Don't tell, but I've got a cigarette for her in my pocket.'

Maisie enjoyed enhancing the young man's unwilling disapproval by saying, as they drove off, 'He gives me a special allowance for tobacco, you know'—a quite gratuitous bit of chaff.

Maisie, to tell the truth, did not like cigarettes much ; but she liked her father to take care of her in little matters of this kind, and the innocent Bohemianism of the proceeding amused her ; so she puffed away at her cigarette from time to time, until something like a nap overtook her, and she fancied that the noise of the wheels was Mrs. Ingleston's voice, rating her monotonously for smoking a cigarette after having been asked out to dinner at Mill House. Suddenly she awoke ; for her father had drawn up the horse with a jerk and an imprecation.

Something was looming before them upon the road through the fog, and the snort and clatter that accompanied it showed that it was a traction engine, dragging up two great vegetable wagons, so as to be in London for the early market. The man, who ought to have been walking in front carrying a red light, had gone to sleep on the engine, trusting to the straightness of the long stretch of road along the marsh and the lateness of the hour.

Mr. Despard shouted and tried to turn his horse, as there was no

room to pass; but the great machine came on inexorably, and, before he could get his wagonette round, the traction-engine was upon them. Maisie clutched the bar behind the driving-seat—the horse gave a frightened spring which just brought the carriage free of the engine before it turned over—there was a fall, a crash; and then for a few moments she knew no more.

Maisie's unconsciousness, however, did not last long. She came to herself while the traction-engine was still clattering away in the foggy distance, and rose, stiff and bewildered, to find that she had been thrown out clear of the carriage and the kicking horse, on whose head the groom was sitting. As she came up, the groom called to her to take his place on the horse's head.

'I'm afraid master's under the wagonette,' he said, in a trembling tone. 'He ain't spoke yet, and I daren't leave the hoss, he'd kick hisself to pieces. If you'd sit here a bit, Miss Mary, I might cut the traces and h'ist up the trap.'

Maisie was a plucky girl in general; but a nervous faintness came over her now which made her brace herself with all her might, lest her position on Ruby's head should fail; and, after a few minutes of stunned bewilderment and misery, John came back, and lifted her off her uneasy seat, and she stood by, still half stupid, while the horse with a heave and a flounder got itself upon its four legs, and John proceeded to hoist up the wagonette, underneath which lay a dark motionless mass. Maisie's bewilderment was all over the moment she could get to her father. She thought at first he was insensible; but the moment the groom took him by the shoulders to lift him up he gave a sharp groan of agony, and said, 'Leave me quiet.'

'Daddy, daddy dear, are you hurt? Oh, where is it?' said Maisie wildly. 'The lamp, John—light the lamp!'

She managed to lift his head upon her lap, and, when the lamp was lit, and the light fell upon the dark sallow skin, the black moustache and grizzled hair, both she and the groom saw that there was a strange livid look in the face which had never been there before. After a few moments he opened his eyes, and Maisie saw that he was fully conscious.

'Poor little Maisie—my poor little girl! Are you hurt, little one?'

'Not a bit, daddy—but you are.'

'I'm badly damaged. That confounded engine crushed the trap on me as it went on! I felt it doing for me. John!'

'Yes, sir.'

'See whose it is, and give evidence at the—the—inquest.'

'Daddy!' sobbed poor Maisie.

'It'll come to that. Feel for the sherry in my great-coat pocket, child; I've something to say.'

'Shall I take Ruby and ride to Paul's for Dr. Beard, Miss Mary?' said John in his usual voice, which had now recovered stolidity.

‘Oh, do, do! Tell him to send something to carry him easily—he’ll know!’ said Maisie desperately; and John, who had improvised a bridle, got upon the back of the still trembling horse.

‘Keep up your heart, Miss Mary. I won’t be not a bit longer than I can help.’ And the clattering hoofs died away in the distance.

Maisie wetted her father’s lips and forehead with the sherry, and chafed his hands, and before very long he said—

‘Maisie, I’m done for. I’ve no feeling below my waist, and it’s creeping up and up. I never thought I should be struck down all in a moment like this. Little one, don’t cry. I know you’ve got a tender heart, and we two have had a good time together, bless you! You’re worthy of a better father than me. But now, don’t cry—I’ve got something to say, while I can; about a thing which will play the deuce with Hal Ingleston’s prospects, unless you can manage to set it right. Give me some more sherry.’

Maisie gave it, and he said—

‘You’re trembling all over, child. Take some yourself—there’s plenty for us both.’

Maisie could hardly swallow, but she managed to control her trembling after this; and he said—

‘I’ve got Hal Ingleston into a fix, that would not have been a fix if I had lived. He must be got out of it—by you and Gwen—without a word to any one. Promise it! They say women can’t keep a secret; but I believe you will, little one, for love of me; and Gwen will—for love of herself, perhaps.’

‘Daddy, I promise most solemnly! Nothing shall ever, ever, ever induce me to tell it!’ said Maisie, sealing the promise, as she spoke, with a kiss on the damp brow.

‘I’ve done a thing,’ he went on after a pause, ‘I wish I’d left undone. There were some leases to fall in in February, and I had had losses and was short for the time, and Stoneham died and all his account had to be withdrawn for debts; and, if I’d been known to be borrowing to replace it just then, there might have been a run on the bank and the deuce to pay. Well, the long and the short is, I persuaded Hal Ingleston to wink at meddling with Laura Maxwell’s money; she’s a fool, and he offered her more interest than she’d been getting before. Never you or Gwen be such fools as that, Maisie—taking your money out of good securities and putting it into none at all. What was I going to say? Ah, I know! If I die now, these leases don’t fall in to me, but to Walter Despard out in Canada. Hal will be ruined, and I see no way of making it good or saving him, but for you and Gwen to do it between you. My poor little Maisie. I always thought I should leave you well off!’

‘That doesn’t matter, daddy dear. We’ll do all we can,’ said Maisie, in a firmer voice than she had spoken in before.

‘It might be done in four or five years if you live economically. You’ll have a fair fortune, both of you. There’s £8,000 to be made

up. You two must do it; and, what's more, you must do it privately. Don't let any one know but Hal. Remember, it is my blame; I take it all on myself. I made Hal Ingleston do it; and, if he gets clapped into jail as a swindler or if his father cuts him off with a shilling, as he has threatened, it will lie at my door. I could have set it right, and would, if I had had the time. Now, little one, do you quite understand? Keeping this dark will be saving me from what would be enough to make me turn in my grave. Hal is a poor weak fool; but he wouldn't have done this but for my pressing him. I never thought I should have left a burden on you.'

'Daddy dear, never mind that; it will be no burden—it will be the only pleasure I shall ever have in life to do something for you!' said Maisie, with an intensity of suppressed vehemence which made him turn his eyes—closed while he had been speaking—upon her intent and concentrated face, as the light of the lamp fell upon it.

'My little one, you are a good child, bless you! I believe you will do whatever you can.' Then, after a pause, 'It is no use rubbing my hands, Maisie—I have no feeling in them. It is creeping up higher now. I ought to be praying and all that, and I can only think about Hal Ingleston and that money. I haven't been the man I ought, Maisie, and I can't think about anything properly now. It's getting to my head. I suppose this is what they call dying by inches. Kiss me, little one.'

There was a pause; and Maisie sat there, wishing, as she had never wished before, that she, too, had been different and could have spoken words of help and comfort in those dying ears. But her lips were dumb; only once she found courage to repeat the Lord's Prayer in a low trembling voice, and as she did so the eyes opened and looked at her again lovingly. When she had finished, he said something faintly and she bent down to catch it. It was, 'There are more cigarettes in my case—keep the fog out.' Then the eyes closed, and Lewis Despard said no more.

Maisie saw that unconsciousness had come on, and she sat there through hours which seemed to her like days while her father lay slowly dying in her arms. She hardly felt conscious of her own identity. Could she be the girl who only that very evening had said that she wanted fun more than anything else in life? Now the feeling which had taken the uppermost place was the intense desire to help 'daddy' as his soul went out into the unseen, and she hardly knew how to pray, except perfunctorily.

'But I will be good now, and perhaps that will help him. God is kind. He won't let him suffer because I have not learnt to be good before. I will now—oh, I will! And, whatever it costs to set that business right—if I have to go out as a governess or a housemaid even—I will never grumble; I shall feel that I am doing it for him. O daddy, daddy!'

When the doctor came at last and relieved poor Maisie's lonely watch, he assured her that her father would never recover consciousness, and wanted her to be driven home in the special fly which had been ordered for her ; but Maisie would not be separated from him till the last breath had ceased. Then she let them do what they liked with her, and she was taken home and put to bed.

(To be continued.)

‘LOST IN THE FINDING.’

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER II.

NINE o'clock, the usual supper-hour of a Lisbon merchant, was past and gone. In the ‘terrace-room,’ as Madam Hawthorne’s sitting-room was called, several gentlemen were now assembled, listening to Margaret’s performance on the spinet, a most elaborate instrument as regards its outer appearance; this stood in a small room opening out of the other, generally known as the music-room.

To Margaret this ‘performance’ was a most trying ordeal, which nothing but a strong sense of duty could carry her through at all. Nerves were things not understood in those days, or, at all events, not referred to in polite society. Margaret had been taught to ‘perform’ ever since she could remember; and ‘perform’ she must as a duty at this hour, when her father, his day’s work over, expected to be entertained with the result of her daily practising. Nor was a piece of music then a thing to be quickly learned and lightly laid aside; that which she was at present engaged upon was by a Portuguese composer whose ideas of the dramatic powers of ‘the instrument’ were exacting. He had, however, so far condescended to the weaker-minded, or less imaginative, as to append headings of an explanatory nature to the different ‘sections’—if we may so call them—of his inspiration: these were now read aloud for the benefit of the audience by a gentleman who was turning over Margaret’s pages for her, as she laboriously worked her way onwards, with every repeat—of which there were many—conscientiously given.

‘SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.’

‘The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The English prepare.—Now the batteries begin.—Now Elliot fires his red-hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards try to save themselves by swimming.—Mr. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortress.—The English express their joy by the following country dance.—They invite the prisoners to join in the dance.—Prisoners and English embrace and dance together.—Every one departs to his home.’

Facing the music-room door, on one of the high-backed chairs, sat Mr. Thomas Hawthorne, a grave-looking man, past middle age, and even older in appearance than in reality. He beat time sedately with a pencil fixed in a silver case, politely repressed any attempt at conversation while the music was going on, and seemed to par-

ticularly appreciate the blowing up of the batteries and the red-hot cannon-balls. Close to him, on a cushion, sat a short, dark, puffy little man, whose attempt at English dress and English manners could not conceal his Portuguese origin. He was a Brazilian merchant; very useful to the members of the Factory from his knowledge of the country and its resources, and much trusted for reasons well enough understood by the community, but about which it was safer to keep silence in a country where the Inquisition was still established by law.

His appearance, as he sat cross-legged on one of the floor-cushions—a position to which he had descended with much difficulty—following the music with fervent ejaculations and gesticulations, occasioned much astonishment to a young Englishman who stood near, and who, having only reached Lisbon that day, was not yet accustomed to the manners and customs of Portuguese society: nothing else would have excused the fact that he and the gentleman with whom he was travelling wore *boots without spurs*—an unpardonable breach of etiquette had they only known it.

The elder of the two, Mr. Lester, had only lately returned to England from the East, when he not unwillingly consented to start again with his young cousin, Sir Godfrey Lester, whose father's recent death had given him a title, and made him virtually his own master at an early age. At present, however, there was sense as well as humour in the almost boyish face, which at once attracted and pleased Margaret, as, her penance over, she came in from the music-room, and took up her usual place by her mother's sofa, near which Sir Godfrey was also standing.

'I say; that must have been very tiring work,' was his unsophisticated addition to the thanks and compliments of the others; 'don't your arms ache?'

Margaret laughed.

'Yes—rather,' she said. 'Are you fond of music?'

'Well, of some sorts. You see I've only just left college, so I don't know much about it; but I heard a fellow play once in our Abbey at Westminster who *was* splendid!'

'Who was that?'

'He was a German. I think they said his name was Handel.'

'Oh—Mr. Handel! We have heard of him. The King has granted him a pension, has he not?'

'I daresay. He plays at St. Paul's too, sometimes, I believe, but I have never been there to hear him; those promenades are not much in my line.'

'*Promenades!* But I thought St. Paul's was a cathedral?'

'So it is; but people go there just to walk up and down and show off their fine clothes; I don't think they even listen much to the music, to judge from the talking and laughing.'

Madam Hawthorne sighed, while Margaret said—

'Why, I don't believe they behave as badly as that even in the Roman Catholic churches here! We Protestants are not allowed a church, you know; but we should not think of talking out loud even in the room where Dr. Allen reads the services.'

'Really! I wish they were only half so particular in England.'

'You must not give Miss Hawthorne too bad an impression of her native country, Godfrey,' said Mr. Lester, who had caught the last part of the conversation. 'There is no doubt that religious observances had fallen sadly into desuetude; but, from all I hear—for I am almost a stranger to England myself—I should say that during the last ten years there has been a decided revival of religious feeling; partly, it would seem, in consequence of the preaching of that remarkable man Mr. John Wesley.'

'I can hardly imagine that the teaching of a man of Mr. Wesley's opinions could be of much service to the Church,' said Dr. Allen, a little stiffly.

Mr. Lester saw that he had made a mistake, and adroitly turned the subject.

'At all events, our colony here can be in no need of his assistance,' he said politely. 'May I ask whether you meet with much opposition from Roman Catholic bigotry?'

Dr. Allen glanced a little uneasily at Senor Bernardo Soares Mendez da Costa, the Portuguese merchant, as he answered—

'No; the treaty of alliance made with Portugal by the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, has been since ratified, and remains in force; so that the British merchants attached to the Factory enjoy unusual liberties. We are allowed to hold our services, though in private, according to the form of Common Prayer; may enjoy English Bibles in private houses and on board vessels in port, and have even a burial-place assigned to us; though, as regards the latter, the rather curious condition is attached that it shall be called the English *hospital*—not cemetery!'

'But surely such commonplace facilities as these would be matters of course?'

'Far from it, I assure you. At Porto, for instance, the corpse of a Protestant has to be conveyed up the river at least a mile beyond the confines of the town and buried in unconsecrated ground; and the English clergyman may not even officiate at the funeral—the service being read by the consul.'

'How extraordinary! Why, I understood that the present Minister, Pombal, was a remarkably large-minded as well as able man?'

'If he were not so, we should hardly venture to hold such a conversation as this in a mixed company,' broke in a gentleman, hitherto silent, who, although wearing the uniform of a Portuguese officer, was unmistakably an Englishman.

'Captain Hamilton is right; but I doubt whether the large-

mindfulness which he is pleased to extol will long preserve British interests in this country from grave injustice.'

Mr. Thomas Hawthorne was the last speaker, and his tone betrayed some annoyance.

'Things will come right; they must, I am sure of it,' said Da Costa, speaking English slowly and with a foreign accent, but perfectly grammatically. 'Our great minister will see that our national commercial interests are bound up with those of your country. He is indeed large-hearted, but perhaps too hasty. I could give an instance of this—amusing enough—which has lately occurred. We are all among friends here, I am sure?'

'You have nothing to fear on that score, sir.'

'Well then, you are of course aware that the importation of foreign silks has been strictly prohibited for the last two years, in order to ensure a sale for those manufactured here in Lisbon? Well, I happen to know, on the *best* authority, that twice lately the looms here have been positively stopped for want of money to keep them going; the public demand continued, and there was no means of supply. So what does our Minister do but, in contravention of his own law, smuggle in bales of silks from foreign ships, and sell them here as Portuguese make! Ah, he is an undeniably able man!'—and the little Portuguese absolutely rolled about with admiring laughter.

Mr. Hawthorne shifted on his chair, and glanced uneasily at his wife and daughter.

'Such subterfuges should not be made necessary,' he said solemnly; 'but the truth is, that if the present state of things continues all trade will be paralysed. Have you heard the last decree?'

'What is that?' inquired Dr. Allen.

'Landowners are to be compelled by law to diminish their vineyards and devote a third part of them to grain,' said Mr. Hawthorne, in tones of the deepest disgust.

'Well,' said Mr. Lester, looking puzzled, 'I am a stranger here, and therefore speak with diffidence to those better acquainted with the subject under discussion; but I confess I do not understand why that should be an impolitic measure. Surely the land here is admirably adapted for cereal crops?'

'So it may be, sir,' said Mr. Hawthorne energetically; 'but what do we want with cereal crops? We get our corn from Barbary, and the supply has very well satisfied the needs of the country so far; but you will not find it easy to replace the vineyards here by vines planted in Barbary.'

'But surely the abundant supply of wine can scarcely be said to have proved a blessing to the world so far?'

'I beg to differ from you entirely, sir,' said Mr. Hawthorne warmly. 'Wine—*pure* wine—is a wholesome and invigorating beverage, intended to be one of God's best gifts to man, as I venture to think that Holy Writ itself will prove. Do what you will, the craving for it will

never cease ; and, if by our short-sightedness and folly we so misuse God's earth that her supply of God's gifts is unequal to man's needs, adulteration is the result, and men imbibe poison instead of food. Take, for instance, this nation. With all its sins, drunkenness is almost unknown, because adulteration is unknown ; how long it will remain so under the present policy is another matter.'

'Then do you seriously mean, sir, that you think wine should be cultivated rather than bread?'

'No, no! Each in its proper place. My theory is simply this: that, properly used, the earth will supply *all* man's needs; not one at the expense of another. But what is the present condition of things? Not a tenth part of the earth's surface is under cultivation at all; and we try to abstract from the remainder enough produce to meet the ever-increasing needs of an ever-increasing population.'

'Then your idea is that the whole surface of the earth should be gradually brought into cultivation, each part being used for the purpose which it can best fulfil. Should Portugal become a gigantic vineyard?'

'Not exactly. Some parts of Portugal—the northern provinces, for example—are not at all suitable for vines. The folly of this decree is that it treats all provinces alike.'

'Ah, well, Mr. Hawthorne,' said Mr. Lester, smiling, 'we must wait till the government of the world is combined under one king, and he a man of universal knowledge, foresight, and integrity, before your ideas can be carried out, I fear.'

A sudden look of mutual intelligence passed between Dr. Allen and Madam Hawthorne, and the latter murmured, almost inaudibly—

'That time will come!'

'I never saw such a number of beggars in my life as you seem to have here,' remarked Sir Godfrey, breaking into the pause which followed. 'I thought London was bad enough; but the quay seemed to be literally swarming with them when we landed to-day. I asked one great strong-looking fellow, who was whining and begging, to carry my mails for me, thinking he would be glad of the employment; but he looked ready to stab me, muttered something in Portuguese, and walked off indignantly.'

'Ah, he *was* a Portuguese probably; the Gallicians do all the work here. I made the same mistake when I first came, with a servant who had been recommended to me, and he coolly answered, "I am a Portuguese, not a beast!" and turned on his heel. I found that Portuguese servants were really no use at all; and that strong objection to lifting or carrying any burden is a great difficulty with our raw recruits, for their muscles are so feeble that even the weight of a musket is too much for them at first.'

'Ah, captain,' said Da Costa, 'you are intimate with the Minister; why not suggest to him to revive the decree of 1544 concerning beggars?'

'What was that?'

'That every man found begging must learn a trade; even the

blind and the lame were not exempt, for the former were taught tailoring and shoemaking, and the latter were employed to blow the bellows of forges.'

'Is it true that condemned criminals in this country have to make the ropes used at executions?'

'Quite true; but then they always have the satisfaction of knowing that it is more than doubtful whether they will be used on their own persons—unless they are utterly destitute.'

'Then it is not those condemned to capital punishment who are so employed?'

'Yes, it is; but you do not know our law, or shall I say *custom*? Every criminal, after sentence is passed, is allowed twenty days in which he may review his trial and protest against "irrelevant matter." I need hardly say that most avail themselves of this privilege. But the protest, when drawn up, has to be passed from hand to hand through innumerable grades of officials till it reaches the Minister, or rather his secretaries, when it takes its chance among other documents as to whether it is ever opened and read or no. In the meantime, the prison officers, like their betters, are open to bribes; and a regular system of "liberating on parole," as it is called, is practised and actually connived at by the authorities. The condemned man, by paying a certain sum, is allowed to return to his home on condition that he will surrender himself for execution should his sentence be confirmed.'

'That is something like our English custom of admitting to bail, only that it is never permitted in the case of capital offences.'

'And here it is never permitted for any others; so that the most serious crimes are the most leniently punished, nine times out of ten.'

'But do you mean that these prisoners on parole really do give themselves up when called upon?'

'As a matter of fact, not one in ten ever is called upon; consequently the majority prefer to take their chance and return home instead of running the risk of being detected in an attempt to escape, which, with our laws against leaving the country, is no easy thing to manage. I know of one case of a man who had been living for twenty years with this sword of Damocles hanging over his head, when he received a written intimation that he was to deliver himself up for execution; and he actually said good-bye to his wife and family and started off at once.'

'But how came he to be remembered after such an interval?'

'I think I am not exaggerating when I say that thousands of unopened documents were found in the offices of the late Minister when Pombal came into power. He employed a number of secretaries to look through and report upon them, and this was one result. However, interest was made in this particular case, and as it was proved that the man had been leading an exemplary life in the meantime, he was pardoned.'

Captain Hamilton did not say that it was *he* who made interest for the poor man ; having, in fact, spared neither trouble nor expense in his exertions on his behalf.

'Ah, much requires to be done before we shall be perfect!' remarked Da Costa, at the same time struggling to his feet. 'But softly—softly! Pombal is striking at the root of all mischief by discouraging the swarm of locusts which infest the land, consuming the good and fostering the evil.'

'Of *locusts*, sir?' said Mr. Lester inquiringly.

'Aye, sir—human locusts—but in black, not green coats. You will know them soon enough if you remain among us. I trust that I may have the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance; at present I am compelled to tear myself away,' he added, as, turning towards Madam Hawthorne, he bowed profoundly with his hand on his heart.

'It is still early, Senor?'

'True, dear madam; but, unhappily, I have an engagement which compels me to sleep within the walls to night; and, as you are aware, our streets are not safe for either man or horse at a late hour.'

'No, indeed; had I known that I would not have urged you to remain. I only trust that you will not be inconvenienced now.'

'I have no fears, dear lady;' and again the little man bowed profoundly, first to the ladies, then to the gentlemen present; while Mr. Thomas Hawthorne rose from his chair and *preceded* him out of the room—such being the etiquette in Portugal; though an incoming guest was always *followed* by the host, having been met, if possible, at the front door.

(*To be continued.*)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE Lyster, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DOBBS'
DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AGATHA ASKS FOR ADVICE.

Two or three weeks after her return to Sunnybank, Agatha went to the Rectory one morning, and asked if the Rector could spare a few minutes, as she wanted to speak to him. Mrs. Drayton was inclined to be vexed—not because the best and wisest of men was to be consulted, but that she, who had been the girl's friend so long, was not invited to be present. Nothing, however, could be plainer than that she was not to be present—for, when the Rector said: 'Will you come into my study?' Agatha rose and followed him without a word.

'You look very grave, Miss Seymour; I hope there is nothing amiss with you?'

'I am greatly perplexed,' she answered simply. 'Something that happened while we were at Pau has put me in a very strange position. Generally perplexities melt away when one thinks over them, but this one does not. It is not a simple question of right and wrong, or I would not trouble you. I have thought and prayed about it, and I cannot decide—so then I thought I would ask for advice.'

'And I shall be very glad to help you, if I can,' said the Rector heartily.

'I must tell you, over again, the story of our queer encounters with Mr. Horatio—Lucy was telling you last night. I know she told it fully, too—yet I must ask you to listen carefully to my version.'

She told all that I have given in my last chapter, and then added, 'I do not know whether my aunt ever told any one, except myself, that she never was quite certain that my father was dead. His Christian name was Horace.'

'Horace!—so it was! It is very curious—very perplexing. I see of course what you suspect—and I must own that it is possible.'

'When you remember the likeness, which I see myself now that Lucy has spoken of it, and his determination to find out all about me

—the name Horatio, and the odd way in which he spoke of my father—and then, too, his saying to Madame Callé that he was no Englishman, but a Jew and an American, the moment after he had asked our names—I think you will say that it is more than possible. I took the card that Madame Callé showed us—so I have his address.'

'What was his address when he first visited her? No doubt it will find him, for the post-office people are so clever.'

'Yes,' said Agatha; 'but now, the real question is, shall I write, or not?'

'And it is on this question that you wish for my opinion?'

'It is.'

'Do you not think that your solicitor, who knows everything about you and your property, and who is a very upright man, is better qualified to advise you than I am?'

'No—because he would not look at it in the light by which I wish to decide. He would say to himself, "Miss Seymour will run a certain risk of losing the small income we saved for her with so much difficulty," and he would consider it his duty to defend me from my own imprudence. I come to you, not to know what is prudent, but what is right. If I could only explain—but I am a very bad hand at doing that.'

'No—you make yourself very plain. Do not hurry yourself; tell me all that you think and feel about the whole matter.'

Agatha sat thinking for a few minutes.

'I will try,' she said, 'but it is a sad task. You probably know more about my father than I do.'

'I know enough to spare you the task of describing his career. Do you remember him?'

'I remember that I was kept in the nursery when he was at home, because he was so annoyed that I was only a girl. I was afraid of him—he had black hair and very bright, dark eyes. But now he looks very old—older far than he ought; and he seems like one who suffers much. I don't know how I saw that, for he is very upright, walks a good deal, and quickly; and the day he drove the dog away he seemed strong, yet in his face there is a look of suffering. He seems very poor, too; his dress was shabby and uncared for, and his wanting those lodgings was a sign of poverty, for they were very cheap; he stayed at a little, mean auberge in a back street, Madame Callé told me. And it may be my duty to seek him out. If he is old and poor, ill, and alone—surely his only child, well off, healthy, ought to care for him. That is one side of the question.'

'Yes—and what is the other?'

'My income may be lost—I suppose it is legally his. For that I do not care; but I don't know whether he could touch Aunt Mary's money, and you know she left that for a particular purpose. But she only told me so; in her will she left all to me unconditionally.'

'If you mean to devote Mrs. Browning's money to the purpose

my wife told me of, your own income is of great importance to you.'

'I would rather it was not squandered, of course—but you know I could live on the other. I suppose I should manage the house, or whatever we may call it, and live there. I am not a bit afraid, either, of not being able to support myself somehow; but Aunt Mary's money must be made safe.'

'I see. I am not lawyer enough to tell you how to do that, but I can find out. Miss Seymour, one question I must ask. Should you think that your father—if this really is your father—is in any way a changed character?'

Agatha looked very sad; her lip trembled as she said—

'I have no way of being sure—but I think—I fear not.'

'Well, I must find out what you can do about your aunt's money. When I have done this we will have another talk, and I will tell you what I think. It is not easy to take in all the bearings of a case like this at once.'

'But do not forget,' Agatha said earnestly, 'that I want to do the *right* thing—not the prudent thing. Also, will you find out if my father could venture to return to England; I have no idea whether he could or not.'

Mr. Drayton went up to town for a day or two, feeling that it was better to get the desired information from the Seymours' solicitor. In the evening after his return he said to his wife—

'Come up to Sunnybank with me, Barbara. I want to speak to Miss Seymour.'

'Oh! another consultation?' said Mrs. Drayton. 'It must be—George, tell me one thing—has that young Winstanley written to her?'

'Not that I know of. You will hear all about this from Miss Seymour herself, I am sure; but allow me to tell you one thing, Barbara. She actually asked me for advice!' he added mischievously.

'It must be something dreadful,' she answered solemnly. 'All the time I have known her she has never asked me for any!'

At Sunnybank all was in joyous confusion; for Willie Lisle had arrived about an hour before they appeared. Lucy, looking brilliant in her happiness, had neither eyes nor ears for any one but her husband; Miss Susie was not visible, and Agatha was in the garden. Thither the Draytons followed her; and Mrs. Drayton presently said—

'Now I shall leave you, for I know you have something important to talk about.'

Agatha looked up quickly, and coloured all over.

'You are vexed with me, Mrs. Drayton, and I see now that I have been inconsiderate. I was so full of my own concerns that I never once thought how unkind you must think me. Forgive me, dear Mrs. Drayton, and stay with me now. I have no wish to keep secrets from you, only this is painful to talk about; I must explain it all to you presently. Mr. Drayton, what did Mr. Hughes say?'

‘At first he laughed your suspicion to scorn—but afterwards he acknowledged that there was no legal proof of your father’s death; his father had often told him so. Your own money would be at his mercy; but as you are of age, he would have no power whatever over your aunt’s bequest to you. There is nothing to prevent your father’s return to England.’

Here his eyes wandered from the girl’s grave face to that of his wife, and in spite of feeling that it was not exactly the moment for a laugh, he could not help laughing.

‘Poor Barbara!’ he said, ‘you look thunder-struck; now, confess that you are rightly punished for being vexed with us.’

‘Her father!’ gasped Mrs. Drayton.

‘I will tell you all, presently,’ he said, and then they were all silent for a few minutes. Agatha did not seem to have noticed this aside in the least. She looked away absently, at the glancing waters, at the waving branches, at the blue sky over her head. At last she said quietly, ‘It has been always so peaceful. Mr. Drayton, you promised to advise me.’

‘I did, and I am fool enough to wish that I did not think as I do—a fool, because I know that we are led and cared for by a tender Father, as long as we walk in the path of duty. I think that you ought to write to him.’

‘Yes, I think so myself; I am sure of it. Did Mr. Hughes know anything of Mr. Horatio?’

‘He has heard him spoken of as a business man in Paris, a money-lender. You have his address. Hughes ascertained that for me.’

‘Ah! then, all uncertainty will soon be over. Thank you, Mr. Drayton; you have made my way clear to me. Tell Mrs. Drayton all, I know she will not talk of it unless something more comes of it.’

Agatha wrote her letter before she slept that night. It was a very difficult task, for there was always the chance that Mr. Horatio was not Horace Seymour. She sat thinking for a long time, then took her pen and wrote as follows—

‘Sunny Bank, Market-Yoredale.

‘Agatha Seymour believes, from various things which occurred at Pau this year, that Mr. Horatio once bore another name. She knows that her father, Horace Seymour, was said to have died in Paris many years ago; but Mrs. Browning never believed that he was really dead. If Mr. Horatio can tell her anything about her father, she begs him to do so. She is comfortably provided for, and cannot bear to think that he may be poor and alone, and perhaps ill, while she has a comfortable home, and is anxious to do her duty. She begs Mr. Horatio to answer this letter.’

She almost made up her mind to send her letter to Mr. Hughes and ask him to forward it by the hand of a clerk; but, after all, the post was sure to do its work well, and her father—if this were he—

might be annoyed by a visit from a clerk of Mr. Hughes. So, with a deep sigh, she addressed the letter, and next morning posted it herself.

Day followed day, and no answer came, not even a line from Mr. Horatio to assure her that he knew nothing new of Horace Seymour. She wrote again, begging for an answer, and after a while sent a third letter, in which she only asked for a few lines from Mr. Horatio to set her mind at rest. In a day or so she received an envelope containing her three letters, without one word of comment. The address was written in a cramped, legal hand, quite unlike her father's writing, with which she was familiar. She told the Draytons, and asked what they thought of it. Mrs. Drayton hastened to declare that it proved beyond a doubt that Mr. Horatio was just Mr. Horatio and nothing more, adding that 'she had always thought so.'

'Your wish was father to the thought, Barbara,' said her husband.

'Then you think as I do,' said Agatha, 'that this proves nothing. It would have been so easy and natural for him to write a line to say that I was mistaken, but then he seemed an odd-tempered man, so perhaps he is vexed. One thing is clear, he does not choose to have anything to say to me, and I do not feel bound to force myself on him.'

'In fact, you could not do so. You have done all that you could, and I think you ought now to try to forget all about it.'

'That is not so easy,' said Agatha. She did not add that the very feeling that it was a reprieve at least, if not perfect relief, made it impossible for her to dismiss it from her mind. It was so painful to feel that, about her own father.

Poor Agatha! she had vexations and anxieties enough, just then. Willie Lisle, a blundering unobservant kind of man, would insist on talking incessantly of old times; of the merry days at Crossley, just after his marriage; of Edward, and the riding lessons he had given Agatha; and, in fact, of fifty things that were torture to the sensitive, reserved girl. Lucy tried to stop him, but he assured her that Agatha did not care; she must have entirely got over her liking for Edward, for she never showed the least sign of feeling—and Lucy always believed that Willie knew best. So she too, poor little soul, laid aside the reserve she had hitherto expressed, and prattled away of bygone days very happily. Every place that the merry party had visited—the scenes of the old pleasant walks and impromptu picnics—Willie wanted to visit; and to make his bliss complete, Lucy must go with him. And as he was never tired of asserting that Lucy was as well as she could possibly be—as strong as anybody!—Agatha felt obliged to go with them, though since her engagement had come to an end, she had never visited these places. But she knew that Lucy would not be taken the same care of if she were not there. Willie laughed at her for 'coddling up that rosy, plump little party,' and

had it been anyone but Agatha, he would have rebelled. But he was sincerely grateful to her for her kindness to his wife and children, and moreover held her a little in awe. With all her quiet simplicity, Agatha could, and sometimes did, put on a look and manner that considerably toned down the vivacity of Mr. Lisle's demeanour. The weather was very lovely, and thanks to that and Agatha's care, Lucy took no harm.

At last, the day being fixed for the Lisles to leave Sunnybank, Willie bethought himself that he would like to see Crossley and all the alterations made there. He was in Market-Yoredale, making some small purchase, and he met the gentleman who now lived at Crossley; and having introduced himself as Mr. Winstanley's brother-in-law, he asked leave to have a look at the place and house, which Mr. Alcester willingly gave. Willie sped back to Sunnybank.

'Well, ladies, I have done a famous stroke of business! Wouldn't it be a shame, Lucy, to leave England without seeing Crossley—dear old place—and showing it to Sissy and Minnie?'

'Oh, Willie! I have wished so much to see it,' cried Lucy.

'It is impossible,' said Agatha; 'the place is let.'

'Now see what a scatter-brain you think me,' cried the exulting Willie; 'I met Mr. Alcester—good-natured, gentlemanlike kind of man—and he gave his permission; not only that, but invited us to lunch there!'

Agatha was silent for a moment, and then said—

'Willie, it is quite too far for Lucy to walk.'

'Well, I don't know about that, Lucy can trudge with the best of us; but the children couldn't, so I hired a waggonette, to do the thing in style. Just for once, you know, Lucy, and we shall never see the place again.'

Agatha said no more; but she felt that to go to Crossley, to walk in the well-remembered garden which had been laid out for her, and to examine the additions to the house which was to have been her home—was too much for her, even if it had been a thing possible under the circumstances. The next day was very warm, indeed sultry, and after breakfast she said to Lucy—

'When do you mean to set out, Lucy?'

'At eleven, we want to walk about before we go up to the house.'

'Will you ask Miss Susie to go with you, to take care of the children; or Nanny, if you think she will be more useful?'

'Miss Susie refused—Willie asked her; but you and I——'

'I am not going, Lucy, it would look so odd,' said poor Agatha, who generally cared very little for appearances. 'I could not do it, so don't say anything more about it. And *do* take care of yourself, Lucy dear.'

'I will indeed—oh, Agatha I didn't think you cared.'

'I shall care very much if you catch cold,' said Agatha, somewhat wilfully misunderstanding her, and she made her escape before Lucy

had quite caught her meaning. She was nowhere to be found when the waggonette came for the party, and Willie was obliged to set out without her, after searching both house and garden and declaring loudly that Lucy must have misunderstood her. At last he drove off, and Miss Susie Anderson, standing at the hall door, uttered these words in a tone of unbounded contempt—

‘ You great, big, blundering fool ! I should like to put you in the corner.’

Agatha came back from the Rectory, where she had taken refuge, about twelve o’clock.

‘ Miss Susie,’ said she, ‘ do you see how it is clouding over ? We are going to have rain. I do hope Mr. Lisle will bring Lucy home early.’

‘ Well, my dear, if you ask my opinion, I should say he won’t,’ was the reply. ‘ To be a man six feet high at least, and such a beard—Mr. Lisle is the most heedless creature I ever saw.’

Too true !—in vain did great black clouds gather and pile themselves up in masses of blue darkness, while the intense heat and deadly stillness gave warning of what was coming. Willie Lisle sent Nanny Earle and the children home in the waggonette, and set out to walk back with Lucy at about half-past three ; the storm burst on them in half an hour—a thunder-storm long to be remembered in Yoredale. Lucy, terrified out of her senses, and hot from hurrying to reach a place of comparative shelter, was shivering with cold long before the thunder had ceased to roll, and the lightning to make her scream. The rain came down in torrents before Agatha found them, she having set out in the waggonette to bring them home. And she brought them home—but the deed was done. Lucy was ill before night, rapid inflammation of the lungs set in, and in a few hours the pretty, gentle, loving creature was gone.

(To be continued.)

TWO DAYS IN 1887. A CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' 'KEEPING THE VOW,' ETC., ETC.

 PART I.

THE RIVIÈRA—FEBRUARY 23.

Two days and two nights of 1887 stand out with vivid distinctness in my memory, and will ever do so, I believe, both in this life, and in that which is to come. There was an interval of nearly three months between them. Of those that came first, the memories are of pain and solemnizing apprehension, whilst those of the latter are all of gladness, and, it may almost be said, of holy rejoicing.

'*A day taken out of time.*' That is the thought that comes to my mind in recalling the fateful Ash-Wednesday that was fraught with many painful and terrible incidents to all the dwellers in the Rivièra. Happily and thankfully I can also finish the quotation, and say emphatically that to some of us, at least, it was made 'a portion of that constant peace which is the shadow of eternity.'

I can recall vividly the extraordinary loneliness—the feeling as of being stranded on a desert island—in fact, the sense of isolation inseparable from standing, as it were, on 'a day taken out of time;' but I can recall also the peace which our very helplessness brought to us. In almost every other calamity or accident common to humanity, man can do something to help himself—can, at least, try to avert, or mitigate the evil—but in an earthquake man can indeed do nothing. Human science is unavailing, human precautions of no value. So it was that in that solemn, rather than terrible day, we felt our complete helplessness, our powerlessness to do aught beside live from moment to moment, knowing not what the next might bring to us; and 'counting our moments as a child counts the beads of a chain.'

'Another and another, yet it lasts;—'

Such became our feeling as the hours slipped by and no severe 'shock' followed those three terrible upheavals of the early morning.

In our helplessness and powerlessness there was peace, the peace of being shut in, as in some secret chamber where the world could not disturb, or even touch us. Life was not at its ordinary level. Business and amusement were alike suspended. Differing ranks were bound together in one bond—that of a common affliction and a common dread. Strangers were talked with as though they

were acquaintances, and acquaintances became as old friends. Meals were extemporised and served under unusual conditions. Entrance into the house which was our temporary home was forbidden to us. We shrank, we women did, from going into the streets, for we could not bear to see—not just then, not that first day—the full extent of the ruin of much that, but a few hours before, had been fair and prosperous, and pleasant to look upon. We spent the hours, which were strangely long and yet strangely short, in the garden and the orange grove, under God's sky; and what a sky it was!—radiantly, beautifully blue. The Mediterranean was as a sheet of glimmering gold, whilst the sun, in his rich shining, gave us as much heat on that February day as he is wont to give us in our British Islands at midsummer. Yet, with all the radiancy and the warmth, there was a strange, sad stillness in the air. Often came pauses of silence that could be felt. The very sky seemed to hold its breath, although no cloud, not the lightest or smallest, flecked that illimitable field of dazzling blue.

I have heard of shrieks and hysterics, of bitter wailings and lamentations going on through that long, long day; but, after the 'first exceeding bitter cry,' of which I shall speak presently, none such were heard in that garden where we abode. There, at least, all was peace and calm rest. We stayed very much together. No one, not even the men of the party, seemed to care to wander about alone. Only in pairs or in groups did we move about or sit under the trees; and yet, in the very companionship each of us, I believe, felt alone—each soul alone with its Maker; and, in that dread hour, its only Helper and Friend. We spoke softly, and we talked little. Now and then our words seemed to choke us, and a sob would rise in the throat, and a shudder seize the frame in recalling the awful—the unspeakably awful 'crash' of that first shock. The memory of it would recur again and again; but, even then the signs of our emotion were visible rather than audible.

Now that time has a little dimmed the sense of the painfulness of that great visitation, and yet has not been long enough to weaken the vividness of the memory of every incident connected therewith, I should like to retrace, in their due sequence, those incidents thus vividly remembered.

During the early part of February the weather was unusually cold throughout the Riviera; but specially was it so in Mentone. For several successive days there had even been a coating of thin ice in the little rivers running down the *Borrigo* and *Turin* valleys, and the patient Mentonese were grieving, in their quiet, dignified way, over the too probable ruin of the lemons—their chief source of wealth; but, just before the last days of the Carnival, the ordinary warmth of Riviera weather came back, and added greatly to our enjoyment of that picturesque and ever-charming scene, 'The Battle of Flowers.' It took place on the Saturday before Ash-

Wednesday, and was, in all respects, a brilliant success. Sunday was a quiet day, unmarked by any special festivity. This is generally the custom in Mentone, whilst in Nice, the Carnival fun and frolic were going on with great fervour. Monday, again, was our day, whilst Nice was reserving herself for the full, final outburst of festivity on the following day.

We had the 'Battle of the Confetti,' and never did Mentone look prettier than then, its streets decked with gay banners and flags, and arches of Chinese lanterns occurring at regular intervals. Vehicles were not allowed in the thoroughfares, which were thronged with people of all ages and all classes, in every imaginable variety of domino and mask.

Seven persons sallied forth from our *pension*, each laughing at the other's grotesqueness of attire. The youthful matron and the two girls of the party had made their disguises as becoming as possible; and even I, the elderly dame, had not been altogether unmindful of that part of the matter; but, throughout the day, I never got reconciled to the wire mask, or rather cage, which enveloped my face and the back of my head and throat.

The young husband of the girl-matron was resplendent in a clown's suit; the boy of the party wore the costume of a Court jester, whilst our young cleric had a cricketing-suit of college days, with the addition of a blue-frilled, black linen hood tied under his chin to keep the wire mask in its proper place.

Every one knows something of the humours of a Carnival, therefore there is little need to describe them here. There were many scenes passing with kaleidoscopic swiftness and brilliancy, that would have made charming 'bits' for an artist's note-book; but the cream of the whole was the firework exhibition at night and the burning of 'Old Carnival' himself.

We walked up and down by the Mediterranean, and enjoyed the new experience of seeing rockets, squibs, and Roman candles dropping, in myriads of coloured stars, into the bosom of that classic sea, 'richly, darkly blue,' that lovely night, which was warm and fragrant as any June night in England. The perfume of the roses and violets in the *jardin Anglais*, and in the gardens of private villas and hotels, scented all the air; and the odour of lemons, and of eucalyptus leaves was more perceptible than by day. Shouts of laughter echoed along the shore, alternating with the bursting of squibs and rockets, until at last, the culminating moment arrived, and poor Old Carnival, in his monstrous Panama hat and lengthy beard, exploded into a million fiery fragments, the crimson glow of which illumined all the placid skies (paling the calm glory of their stars) and dyed the whole sweep of sea from *Cap S. Martin* to the Point on which stands Bordighera. When the reflection was dying away, and the light of the stars beginning to re-assert itself, almost every one seemed to go home; and throughout the time of fun and merry-making there had

been no rudeness, no coarseness, nothing repulsive to eye or ear; and no drunkenness, nor even approach thereto.

The following day our young married couple, and the boy of the house, drove to Nice for that town's grand finale of the Carnival. Our invalid friend, and my daughter and I were to have gone also; but, at the last moment, the disinclination of the former to joining in the scheme, determined us not to go; but as the day went on in brilliantly beautiful weather, we all three regretted our decision.

In the vague restlessness that longed for some continuance of the previous day's pleasure and excitement, we settled to take a long drive up the Turin Valley; and we asked the young clergyman, and the mistress of the *pension* (an English lady, and a sister of a general officer in our Service) to accompany us, which they kindly consented to do. We drove a good many miles to a quaint, little village high amongst the mountains. We found there, as in all the old towns and villages of the *Riviera*, steep staircase-like streets, up which wound, as usual, the patient mules and donkeys, with their scarlet leather trappings, and their paniers laden with olive branches, or fir-cones for 'kindlings.' The brown, solemn-eyed children came round us, entreating us to buy little bouquets of violets and scarlet anemones; and their even browner-faced mothers walked about under large, flapping Mentonese hats, or sat knitting at the doors of their cottages. All was peace and sunshine—in truth, an almost lazy, sleepy contentment seemed to rest upon men and things.

We went into the little church, that had a good deal of blue paint about its outer whitewash, and was unadorned, not to say bare and shabby within. But for the two altars and the faded, tawdry-framed 'Stations,' and a couple of rickety-looking confessionals of worm-eaten wood, the place might have been a little dissenting meeting-house at home. Entering it from the outer sunshine and heat, it seemed dark and chilly. It was a second or two before we saw that there was a coffin lying in front of the high altar—a little coffin, evidently a child's, and very homely, covered with a coarse white cloth; a wooden or metal cross, painted blue, on the top of that, and a few flowers and ferns scattered here and there. Even into that peaceful village that seemed half asleep in the sunshine flooding it through and through, death had lately entered. The thought laid a tenderly solemnising touch upon our spirits that had been unusually high. Indeed, I had said more than once to our hostess that she was '*fey*,' and had explained the Scottish word to her.

We heard a quaint little story about the village Padre, a story that was quite in keeping with the general air of lazy contentment. His house was close to the church, and his bedroom so near the little steeple that he could ring the bell whilst lying in his bed, beside which was also a convenient window; and so it was his wont (we were told) to ring the bell each morning for early Mass, and look out of the window to see if any intending worshippers were to be

seen approaching the church. If, after a reasonable time of ringing the bell, no one appeared, the old man (for he *was* old) turned comfortably round in his bed, and had another sleep; but, of course, if persons came to worship, he rose, and was very speedily in front of the Altar, ready to begin the Service.

More and more beautiful grew the afternoon and evening in radiancy and glow of sunset-colouring, but there was nothing unusual in the aspect of nature, nothing phenomenal in the atmosphere. I have since frequently heard that there was. I can only unhesitatingly repeat that at Mentone, at any rate, there was nothing unusual, nothing other than the customary beauty of Riviera weather at that season of the year.

We spent the evening after our ordinary fashion, in games and music and conversation; but some of us retired somewhat earlier than usual, as we purposed rising to attend the early Celebration at S. John's Church, with which the solemn season of Lent was to begin. Some perhaps of my readers will hardly be inclined to believe what I am about to record; my own Scottish country-people, though, will do so fully.

At about a quarter to five o'clock the following morning I awoke; of course it was not yet light; but I struck a match, and looked at my watch, and then turned round, determining to sleep again for another hour or two. But I could not sleep. A strange feeling of dread came over me. A prescience as of some swift-coming misfortune took firm 'hold of all my mind.' I scolded myself; I turned impatiently on the pillow, but all to no purpose; closer and closer the dread worked itself into my very being. 'I knew something was going to happen,' and I saw myself hurriedly gathering together my valuables and special treasures. It was not that I *thought* of doing this; I *saw* myself and my daughter so occupied; and when the vision faded, as it did swiftly, I said half aloud, 'I suppose there is going to be a fire.' The next instant I laughed at my own imagination, and determined I would go to sleep. I resolved to do so, and to put away foolish fancies. I believe I did fall asleep; of that I am not sure; but, suddenly, into the perfect stillness and silence, came a most extraordinary noise; first, it was as the tramp of feet, or rather of people running up and down stairs, and I thought, 'then it is a fire;' but as I thought this, I was violently shaken from side to side of my bed; it, and the room rocked, and in the now dawning light I saw the wall sway and totter, whilst plaster came rattling down from the ceiling, the terrible crashing noise increasing, and growing in loudness and power until the sound of all the big guns I have heard on a Royal birthday or a field-day seemed as nothing to it.

Scientists say that the shock lasted thirty-five seconds and a half. It certainly seemed much longer; before it was a quarter over, in fact at its very beginning, my daughter, who was in another bed in the room with me, awoke, and said, 'It is an earthquake.' 'Yes,' I

replied, and with the acknowledgment of what the calamity was, came an instant of intense and miserable terror. It lasted but a second. I found then, as I have found all my life, a sort of exhilaration in the sense of danger; and though this experience was one more full of awe than any of the alarming episodes that had ever before come to me, I did not lose courage, nor did my daughter. One moment we knelt in prayer, then we awoke our invalid friend, sleeping soundly in the next room, and bade her put on some clothes, which we also hastened to do; and by that time the fearful crash, and the swaying and tottering of the house had ceased. I opened the door, and called aloud, 'What had we better do?' and Madame M.'s voice replied, 'Make haste to come down-stairs, and get out of doors before another shock comes.'

My daughter and I immediately busied ourselves in getting together a few of our valuable possessions, doing exactly, as an hour before, I had foreseen our doing. I have since been told that I was wrong in not at once going out of the house and leaving everything to take care of itself; but at the moment it seemed to me as if I had been especially forewarned to act as I did. Even while we were thus engaged the terrible crashing noise began again, and again the house rocked and heaved. Madame M.'s voice called loudly to us to come down, and we went, leaving everything but our despatch-box, which E. carried. The stairs were covered with fallen plaster and bits of stone, and I wonder now that we did not slip or stumble on them. The shock increased in power and violence, and when we reached the hall-door, even the solid marble stairs, which descended in two flights of curving steps to the garden, shook and swayed under our feet; so that E., in her haste to descend, lost her balance and fell. That was the worst moment of all to me; then, and then only, did I scream; but she was almost immediately again on her feet, helped by the young clergyman, who had got down an instant before us, and she called out, 'I'm not hurt, mother, I am all right.' Together we all rushed to the garden gates, and then—ah! then, came to our ears what will never whilst life lasts leave our memory—the anguished, terrified cry of a multitude of people that had hastily got themselves out into the open air. I trust I may never again hear a wail such as that—'an exceeding bitter cry.' Even in that supreme moment of personal fear and pain the cry brought to my mind a realisation of that which went up from the hosts of Egyptians on the slaying of the first-born; and then it made me, and all of us, think of all the fellow townspeople upon whom had fallen this terrible calamity. We thought of the many who might be seriously injured, and of the many who must be homeless; and in the remembrance of their intensity of loss and pain, we forgot our own comparatively lesser loss. Our nerves were fearfully shaken certainly, but we stood there, all the inmates of one house, alive and unhurt; the house, though much injured at one side, was standing, whilst all around, wherever our eyes turned,

there were signs of greater devastation than had as yet happened to us. Nearly every one of the few houses and cottages at that entrance to the Borrigio Valley was greatly injured; fallen chimneys, broken windows, verandahs and balconies hanging loose, and wide gaping walls, told a tale of almost complete destruction. The sun was rising in glorious splendour as if quite indifferent to the misery and desolation he was shining upon, and the sea was sparkling and glowing, and quivering with happy smiles under his caresses, as a maiden answers those of her lover.

We could not go out beyond the garden-gates, for most of us were not fittingly clad. All of our party 'kept their heads,' to use a common saying, during all the phases of that great visitation, and it did not occur to any of us that it would be possible to go out to the outer world in our *déshabille*, which was of every kind and description. We soon heard that the majority of our fellow-sufferers were not so careful and collected. In the extremity of their fright and anguish many (men even be it said) flew about the streets in their night-gear only, in some cases just covered with an ulster, their naked feet thrust into bedroom slippers, whilst they carried their boots and their purses, or despatch-boxes in their hands, and hurried to the railway-stations to rush into the first train that would carry them away.

Truly, as I have said, our forms of *déshabille* were various, and, under the special circumstances, some of them were ghastly; for instance, the young husband of our pretty girl-matron had thrust himself into the clown's white suit that he had thrown off on returning only a few hours before from the Carnival rejoicings at Nice. Our one boy had the jester's scarlet cloak over his night-shirt, his bare legs showing brown below the whiteness. The pretty little matron had a huge rug of Australian opossum fur rolled round her, out of the folds of which peeped the dainty frills and embroideries of her night-gown. I was singularly well got up, having my long seal-skin coat over my crimson flannel dressing-gown, and a travelling hood of quilted black satin on my head. After the first anguished minutes had passed by, and that awful wail of pain and fear had changed into the more ordinary hum and buzz of many voices, we had time and thought for looking one another over, and I received compliments on the correctness of my attire. 'Even to the spectacles, I do declare!' said some one in great amusement. 'I am too near-sighted not to have them always conveniently at hand,' I replied, half ashamed of myself for being thus carefully equipped; but when, an instant later, feeling the chill of the early morning air trying to my throat, I dived into the pocket of my seal-skin coat, and, producing my respirator, proceeded to put it on, there was, even in such a moment of dread and pain, quite a burst of laughter from my companions. 'You don't mean to say you thought of that thing in an earthquake shock?' I hastened to assure them that I certainly had

not done so, but that the pocket of the jacket was one of the ordinary abodes of the article, and that I had worn the jacket on the Monday night when we had been on the shore seeing the burning of King Carnival. The very mention of that made us all grave again, and the grim reality of the present moment reasserted itself in full force. What were we to do? We began to ask what was to be the next step? To only one of us, later in the day, did the thought of running away for safety occur.

The master of the house thought that there might not be a third shock, but feared that there would be, and in view of the probability of its coming, and of its being more violent than either of its predecessors, he advised our all hastening to dress, with as much speed in the doing thereof as could be managed; and feeling the force of his advice, we all re-entered the house, with considerable reluctance, I own; but it was one of the 'inevitable things of life' which must be met and gone through with, as bravely as may be.

We felt on entering those bedrooms, on the floors of which still lay the fallen plaster, and with the yet shuttered windows, as we feel in entering a room where lies some dead person, and that feeling we never lost during our remaining stay in the house; indeed, I do think a something of one's own self did lie dead there.

We hastened to throw back the green *jalousies*, and so let in the streaming sunshine; but this brightness of light showed all the more plainly the yawning cracks in the wall, the patches of wood-work laid bare by the fallen plaster, the overturned flower-vases, and the confused litter of things that we had been collecting together in a blanket on the middle of the floor. We bundled them up on a bed, and dressed with marvellous rapidity. No waiting for hot water that morning—indeed, I am bound to say that our ablutions were of a far scantier nature than ordinary, and the arrangement of hair far less elaborate! I think that it must have been in rather less than half-an-hour that we were all down-stairs again, and in the *salle à manger*, where we found a comfortable hot breakfast awaiting us. The kindly, sensible way in which the Mentonese servants in that house—and I am given to understand in every other—worked for the English visitors, and forgot themselves and their own fears in attention to their wants and comforts, is a thing that ought to be ever remembered with grateful feelings.

The steaming hot coffee and the crisp rolls and fresh butter looked nice and inviting, and it seemed almost as if matters were not so bad after all. But we soon found there was great difficulty in eating, and even in drinking. A very small piece of bread and butter was not easily swallowed, and most of us took to toying with the food instead of eating it; besides, the women of us had all on our hats, and some light out-of-doors wrap, in readiness for the possible stampede, and very shortly it came. 'What is that noise?' said one of the party, a little timidly and doubtfully. 'Oh, only a train passing,' replied

another with a fine show of confidence; but in a second more, the now too well-known crashing noise, and swaying motion made themselves heard and felt, and, more really terror-stricken than we had been by the previous shocks, we all rushed forth through the hall and down the marble steps to the refuge of the garden, one gentleman carrying his cup of coffee in his hand, unheeding that its contents were dropping on the floor with his every step. This third shock was, as compared with the former two, very slight in force and short in duration, but, nevertheless, I do believe that it upset us more than the others. Matters now seemed so hopeless; it seemed as if the shocks might go on indefinitely, and the prospect was indeed alarming. We did not show our agitation in any wild or vehement manner, but we were all most deeply agitated, alarmed and anxious. Nothing could exceed the kind sympathy of each one with another; we clustered together, and tried to comfort and strengthen one another, although we could not re-assure, for what was there to be sure of? All was suspense and uncertainty, except one fact, which soon most of us began to remember, that the Almighty Sender of this terrible visitation was in our midst, and that He was as really loving as He was all-powerful. Our thoughts turned to our dear absent friends. I was most anxious that my husband should not first learn of the extreme peril of his wife and daughter from public telegrams and newspapers, and also that the father and mother of our invalid should not be similarly startled. Two of the gentlemen said they would take telegrams for us; but the master of the house thought that it would be useless their going at once, as the town was still in such a state of confusion, and passers-by had just informed us that the post-office was completely wrecked.

We all went out beyond the garden gates, only to hear of distressing ruin. Close to us was a large factory for the making of the pretty Mentonese chinaware, with showrooms for the sale thereof. Alas! we soon learnt that the greater part of the goodly ware with which the shelves had been crowded, lay in atoms on the floor, a pitiful wreck. The proprietor walked about, dignified and patient even now, although he believed that his losses amounted to nearly 30,000 francs; but he took a very gloomy view of our prospects, telling us that there could be no reasonable doubt of a recurrence of far more violent shocks at twelve o'clock, and again at six in the evening; in fact, at the end of every six hours. We were all a little too inclined to believe him, and the suspense seemed terrible indeed. How should we spend the coming two hours, for it was now just ten o'clock, and when twelve o'clock did come, would it prove our last hour upon earth? And we could do nothing, absolutely nothing! Therein was our source of greatest agony, and yet, as I have said before, of our greatest peace. We were alone, away from our nearest and dearest, they knowing no more of our pain and peril than if we had had no existence. Truly that was 'a day taken out of time.' Some one suggested going to church;

but we ascertained that S. John's was so much injured that it was deemed unwise to attempt having another service that day.

Then presently some *gendarmes* arrived, with orders that none of us were to go for more than a few minutes at a time into the upper stories of the house, nor indeed to stay long in any part of it. These men told us sad tales of the destruction that the shocks had wrought in the whole of the 'West Bay,' and in the old town, and of the terrible distress amongst the homeless families, and the friends of those who had been wounded and injured. They also said that a more violent shock than those we had had was generally expected to occur at twelve o'clock. The clergyman of our party kindly said that he would hold a service. Of course, it had to be out of doors, and the tennis-court was fixed upon, because it lay on the uninjured side of the house, and was also the most private portion of the grounds. It was a little unfortunate that the court was surrounded by large aviaries containing several turkeys and other fowl, and the 'gobble, gobble' of the former was at times rather trying; yet that service was a great blessing and help, and stands out with wondrous distinctness in our memories. Never before or since did the familiar Creed and prayers appear so real as then, when we were standing, as it were, between a great danger, through which we had escaped unhurt, and the dreaded coming of another, and perhaps even greater and more appalling danger. Mr. ——— asked me to start a hymn, one in which we could all join. I chose—

'How sweet the Name of JESUS sounds;'

but how it was sung I knew not then, and certainly not now; the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I think no eyes were dry; but yet we sang bravely through to the end.

That was an experience which cannot easily be talked about, and the depth of our feelings cannot be told at all. The sun shone more and more brilliantly as he rose higher in the heavens in that gloriously, cloudlessly blue vault.

When the little service was over we sat on for a while in still quietness, and just then, even the turkeys had ceased their noise, and all was silence, the heavy silence of summer noon-tide.

Twelve o'clock came, and no shock came with it. Five minutes passed, and no shock. At the end of ten minutes there was a slight oscillation, but almost no noise, the terrible, sickening crash was absent, and we breathed more freely. The worst was over—so we could not but believe; and we tried to cheer and brighten one another as far as we could. Now that the tension was in some degree removed, we began to acknowledge to ourselves and to each other that we felt very sick—the nasty squeamishness that is the beginning of sea-sickness with those who suffer from that malady. And through the remainder of the day we all felt more or less of that unpleasant sensation. I also was exceedingly thirsty, and kept

on drinking so much water that our hostess at last insisted on my mixing red wine with it.

About one o'clock, luncheon was served to us on tables laid out in the tennis-court. There was no attempt at Ash-Wednesday fare; the shops were all closed, and we were thankful for whatever food that clever manager, the hostess, had contrived to provide for us; but I cannot say that any one made a large meal; we were not yet in the mood for eating. After luncheon, there ensued a good deal of stir and bustle. Several people came to us from wrecked and uninhabitable houses; and carriages, filled with persons, encamped in the grounds, their occupants intending to stay there for the coming night. To the honour of our landlord and landlady, let it be said, that they asked the most modest possible remuneration from all these strangers, and gained almost no pecuniary advantage from the common misfortune, in which, I am sorry to say, they were not generally imitated. Also I would mention that several poor persons, unable to pay anything, and a Roman Catholic priest, able to pay very little, were generously received and sheltered by them in the basement floor of the house; and this was so unostentatiously done that some days had passed before all of us were at all aware of these inmates being in the house.

Amongst the ladies who came for shelter was an old acquaintance of my girlhood, of whose being in Mentone I was unaware, and whom indeed I did not recognise, not having seen her for many years, until she told me who she was and recalled herself to my memory. That was a pleasant episode of that troubled day. When our gentlemen returned from sending off the telegrams, they described to us the wreck of the post-office, and how all telegraphic and postal business was being carried on in a shed that had been hastily erected in the garden of a closely neighbouring hotel. Our next occupation was the 'Biggin' o' our Bower.' We could not possibly return to our rooms on the second *étage*, and as the *salon* and *salle à manger* were likely to be well, even over-filled, during the coming night, it was necessary that we should find, or make some place in which to pass its hours, for sleep we did not anticipate. By we, I mean the original party in the *pension*, which, including host and hostess, numbered twelve; but of these, one lady, a German, went away that day—I believe to Monte Carlo.

By the way, she packed her trunks in the garden, her possessions being let down in a sheet from the windows of her much dilapidated room. And the host and one elderly gentleman declined to have quarters in the tent, therefore, we had to provide shelter for nine persons.

We chose a gravel path in the lemon grove, and on it spread boards of wood, on them nine mattresses, and supplied sufficient pillows, and one blanket apiece for upper covering. From the branches of the lemon trees closely bordering the path on either side,

we hung a thick sail-cloth, pegging it down at the bottom, and leaving one opening for entrance and exit, and so, entirely covering over the mattresses. The sail-cloth was made thicker and warmer by the addition of every available shawl, ulster, and waterproof not needed for our own wearing. It really was quite a comfortable nest, and we viewed it with considerable pride. Making it had done us all good, and by the time we had 'brewed' and partaken of our afternoon tea, we were in a more cheery frame of mind. That tea and some nice Osborne biscuits was the first food I had really enjoyed that day; but our little burst of cheeriness did not last long. The elder daughter of my old acquaintance came in with the news of a terrible report that was fast spreading through the town—that the rising of a high tidal wave was confidently expected. If it should occur, Mentone would undoubtedly be utterly destroyed. Miss W., with wise thoughtfulness, did not tell this to her mother, who was in a very delicate state of health; but drew some of us, with our host and the clergyman, aside to give us the report, and to ask anxiously whether we had not better hire carriages and drive up into the mountains. It was a grave and troubled moment, one of the many constantly recurring during that long, strange day. M. M. and two other gentlemen went out to consult the incumbent of St. John's Church, and some scientific people, amongst them the principal physician of the place. They ere long returned to us with a most decided putting down of the idea, declaring that there could be no reasonable anticipation of such an occurrence; and M. M. spoke in so authoritative a manner, that the alarm was for the time thoroughly squashed; but I have since thought, and have indeed been told, that these gentlemen, in their great desire to quiet anxiety, and prevent more agitation than already existed, were rather too positive in believing what they wished to believe, and too determined in asserting the impossibility of an event which might have occurred and which *did occur* during the great earthquake and volcanic eruption which in A.D. 79 destroyed Pompeii. Even on the occasion of which I write (the Riviera earthquakes of 1887), the Mediterranean rose at *Alassio* more than twelve feet above its ordinary level. But, be that as it may, the authoritative assertion was an unspeakable comfort, and when the next hour to be dreaded—six o'clock—came, and went without bringing a *secousse* (how we all learnt to hate that word, perpetually on the lips of the natives!)—another pause of comparative cheerfulness and hopefulness ensued.

A very large party met round the dinner-table in the *salle à manger*, and although every shop in the place was shut, Madame M. had provided most wonderfully for our wants, and though we had not as many courses as usual, we had an abundant and well-cooked meal; a strange one, of course, because every lady was in complete out-door attire. After dinner, all the strangers gathered together in the *salon*, where they were to spend the night, and we, the *habités* of

the house, joined them for a time, as the young clergyman kindly held a short service, after which, at his request, and that of several other persons, I read aloud some beautiful poetry, and sang, chiefly hymns, unaccompanied, for nearly two hours, in order to soothe and cheer those of the ladies whose nerves had been greatly shaken by the terrible events of the day. The gas had failed us, and we had only a few candles; but I think the subdued light was soothing, instead of depressing. When I judged that most of the ladies were disposed for sleep, I put on my seal-skin jacket and hood, and stole out to the tent, where I found my eight companions already in possession of their mattresses. Mine was not far from the entrance, and I managed to crawl over two intervening bodies and reach it with comparative ease.

It was not then quite nine o'clock, and we all found that to sleep was impossible, and as there was nothing else for us to do but lie there, we tried to while away the time by repeating poetry. The young clergyman chose, of all doleful things, the *Prisoner of Chillon*! and showed an amazing power of memory in reciting nearly the whole of its many stanzas. At last we heard P., the one boy of our party, snoring lustily; by degrees, silence settled down upon us, and, perhaps, we had occasional snatches of sleep; but they were fitful, and disturbed by trains, or rather engines, continually passing and repassing; they were kept running in order to have full knowledge of the state of the line. Also at midnight and about six in the morning there were decided *secousses*. Most curious indeed was the feeling of the ground trembling and rumbling under one; but the absence of any great noise made the trembling much more bearable.

At about eight o'clock, kind Madame brought us some tea, and after taking it, we went into the house and up to our rooms, to undress, wash, and redress—an unnatural sort of proceeding certainly; but we felt that we had much, very much indeed, to give thanks for; and in minor matters, too, how much better off we were than most of the ladies who had taken shelter in our *pension*! Mrs. W. had had her villa almost completely destroyed, and had been unable to bring away even the merest ordinary comforts of a lady's toilette; neither would she be able soon to procure them, for the police authorities had strictly forbidden any person attempting to go into the villa for several days to come. Her youngest daughter, a dear little girl of five, had only her night-gown and scarlet flannel dressing-gown and, unfortunately, no one in our house had any little child, and therefore could not lend any clothing. Madame M., pitying the child's enforced confinement to the house, dived into an old trunk, and produced the kilt and jacket of a Highland suit worn by her son when he was five years old, and so poor wee S. was turned into a boy for a few days, until her own clothes could be obtained.

It had been our intention, arranged a week before Ash-Wednesday, to leave Mentone on this Thursday, and go to Bordighera for a stay

of some weeks ; but now, as things had turned out, it seemed impossible to do so, for we heard that Bordighera was utterly destroyed, that the tunnels had fallen in, &c., &c. We telegraphed to the proprietor of the hotel where we had engaged rooms, begging for definite information, and we received no reply. It began to be a question where we were to go to, and what we were to do. People were still flying back to England ; that seemed out of the question for us. The doctor said I must not run the risk of returning at that season of year to a cold climate, as it was for delicacy of throat and chest that Sir Morell Mackenzie had advised my going abroad ; and also, although she had no delicacy of that kind, it was not desirable for the invalid girl under my care that she should immediately return to England. Hyères was thought of, but people who could not go to cold regions were flocking thither, and I judged—and, as the event proved, rightly—that the prices of everything there would be greatly raised. There seemed as if there was nothing to be done but wait on quietly where we were, at any rate for a week, until we could think over matters, and make all inquiries, and receive some instructions and suggestions from home. All the original set in our house, with the addition of Mrs. W. and her party, agreed to pursue the same plan of quiet waiting, to see what would ‘turn up,’ in a rather wiser spirit, I think, than that of poor *Mr. Micawber*. The weather was so beautiful that invalids could not desire anything better.

I remember well our first visit into the town ; it was very sad. We had last seen it in all the brightness and mirth and gaiety of the *Battle of the Confetti* ; now, almost every shop was closed, and many a house wore the ominous words *Défendu d'entrer*, or *Interdit*. Débris of broken bottles, and smashed china, plaster, and bricks lay about in heaps in the streets ; some houses were almost levelled with the ground, others had the fronts torn off, showing staircases broken away, and flooring destroyed ; beds, and wardrobes, and other furniture in confusion and upheaval ; and, over all, still flaunted the gay banners, and flags, and strings of Chinese lanterns of the late festival. Ambulance-carriages passed occasionally, and, oftener, litters or mattresses on which sick or wounded people were being carried. On every waste piece of ground, and in places along the shore, were encampments of tents, and hastily erected sheds for the housing of the homeless poor ; and never to be forgotten is the wondrous patience and resignation of those poor ; more than that even, their uncomplaining brightness, and gratitude to *le bon Dieu* for having spared their lives. They suffered much, not only from exposure in insufficiently covered refuges ; but also from something like temporary famine, for provisions were very scarce. Scarcely any of the bakers baked, for at least three days, and the ordinary trade traffick, by rail, and cart, and wagon communication with neighbouring villages, was greatly retarded and impeded.

We remained a full fortnight longer in Mentone, unwilling to leave

the people whom a common anxiety had made as friends; and we certainly had much pleasure and happiness, which took the edge off the discomfort inseparable from having no bedroom to sleep in. After two nights spent in the tent, which we found too trying even in that climate, we and one or two other ladies, habitually encamped in the *salon*, laying down our mattresses as soon as the general company—which grew smaller day by day—had dispersed to their basement or first story rooms. It cannot be said that we had much rest, for sleeping in day-time apparel, minus the gown, is *not* a restful kind of thing; also, we did not become used to undressing every morning, nor ever reconciled to those bedrooms in which we had, perforce, to conduct that process. This measure of discomfort, and the more serious strain on the nerves of constantly recurring small *secousses*, and of anticipating greater ones, decided us that we ought to leave the Riviera, and accordingly we arranged to go to Firenze; but, nevertheless, agreed to stay with our friends until after the 9th of March, when another violent earthquake was prophesied. We agreed ‘not to desert them’ in the event of a recurrence of the great calamity; and, as I have said, the intervening fortnight brought various real pleasures, not the least, of course, was that of seeing animation and cheerfulness gradually returning to the town. True, the wrecked houses could not be rebuilt, nor the deserted hotels refilled; but the débris was cleared from the streets, the mocking banners and lanterns taken down, and the shops—those at least that had not been too grievously injured for speedy restoration—were re-opened. The tram-cars ran again, the donkey-drivers stood once more on their stands, with their gaily-caparisoned, sleek, and serious little beasts; and, last and best sign of reviving hope and brave cheerfulness, the band recommenced its afternoon recitals in the little *Jardin Anglais*. We took various excursions, to *Roccabruna*, winding up the corkscrew road to that ancient village set on the crest of a hill, itself no mean spur of the Maritime Alps, and to *Mortola*, enjoying greatly the far-famed terraced gardens, almost tropical in the luxuriance and variety of their vegetation, and which have often won admiration from our own dear Queen.

The young people had one grand expedition to the *Berceau*, as a hollow on the top of one of the highest hills behind Mentone is called. They rode on donkeys and ponies, a merry party of eight, with our young married couple as chaperons for the girls, Mrs. W.’s daughter, and mine. I do think that we mothers left at home were very brave to let them go, and, truth to say, we had all day long our little qualms of anxiety, and heart-sickening fancies that every now and then we felt ‘a shock;’ but we reasoned away the fancies. All went well, and our party came back thoroughly ready to enjoy a good dinner.

Amongst other ways of spending our time we one day made a lengthy inspection of the wrecked china in the neighbouring factory. All that had not been ground to powder, or into pieces too small for

preservation, had now been gathered together, and arranged on large tables in the middle of the show-room, and offered for sale at exceedingly low, in fact almost nominal, prices, so we all made purchases. Amongst other articles, I possessed myself of a turquoise blue vase, wreathed with raised Marguerites and leaves; also of the cover of a box, which bears, in high relief, a lemon and its foliage, of course in the natural colour of both.

The proprietor drew our attention to a large, uncoloured wreath of roses and buds, which he told us had been modelled by our Queen and the Princess Beatrice on one of their visits to Mentone. This wreath had happily escaped with comparatively little injury. Quite a character is that proprietor. Whilst we were in the show-room, one of his sons came in. He looked at him an instant, and then sharply reproved him for appearing without a collar, and desired him to go and put one on. Kind Mrs. W. said excusingly to the old man, 'One cannot be expected to think about collars in earthquake times.'

'*Pardon, Madame,*' was the answer given in stately fashion, '*il faut mourir propre,*' and the dignified old gentleman proceeded to inform us that on the very morning of the earthquake day he had not forgotten to put on the gold and coral wristband studs that the Queen of England had given him. Those, at any rate, he was determined should be safe, whatever else might be destroyed.

One delightful day my daughter and I spent in Bordighera, going by invitation to spend it at *Casa Coraggio* with our gifted fellow-countryman, poet, moral philosopher, and novelist, and also 'preacher of righteousness,' even more by his life, than by his writings. His beautiful house had been somewhat hurt by the earthquake; but, happily, not sufficiently so to oblige him, or any one of his large family to leave it. And with his unfailing kindness he was then allowing his very spacious dining-room to be used for the holding of the week-day and Sunday services which could not be held in our pretty English church whilst it was undergoing repair from the serious effects of the earthquake upon it. In consequence of this use for their dining-room (which really looked church-like, with its many rows of chairs, American organ, prayer-desk, and extemporised Altar), the family meals were being taken in the equally large and very charming drawing-room, delightful memories of which room must live in the minds of all who have been privileged to enter it; and, thanks to the Doctor's Celtic hospitality and his own large-heartedness, many *have been* so privileged in greater, or less degree.

My daughter and I visited the hotel to which we were to have gone had matters not turned out as they did, and found that it was in such a dilapidated condition that its proprietor had no intention of trying to receive visitors during the remainder of the season.

The 9th of March came and went without the prophesied recurrence of earthquake, and the following day we left Mentone with mingled feelings of relief and of real regret at parting from

people with whom we had become intimate, and who had alike shown us kindness, and received our kindness in a time of distress and dread.

We went for two days to San Remo, *en route* for Firenze, to stay with kind connections whose house had escaped unhurt; in fact, the new town of San Remo suffered very little indeed—as nothing in comparison with Mentone. Whilst we were there, on the Eleventh, ‘the shock’ anticipated for the Ninth really came. It was not violent, but quite sufficiently alarming in its three seconds’ duration to bring almost all the inhabitants out into the streets. At the time of its occurrence my daughter and I were driving with two of our kind friends to the Church of the *Madonna della Guarda*, and we felt nothing of the shock, and only knew of its having happened by the rushing out of the people from a small hill-village which we passed: They called aloud to us, ‘*Avez-vous senti la secousse? Il y a une autre secousse!*’

Mentone suffered more in this last recurrence of the earthquake shocks than did any other place. We soon heard from our friends that the poor dear Villa B—— had been so seriously shaken that every one of the party deserted it, some going to Hyères, some to Paris, and so on, leaving only the sorely-tried owners and their son to mourn over the premature closing of their pleasant *pension*, and the permanent injury to their own prospects.

The journey of the Twelfth was a sad one. Scarcely a village or town along that thickly-populated *Corniche* road but showed marks of the late fearful visitation; and some amongst them, as Diana-Marina and Porto-Maurizio, were like bombarded towns in their ruined condition. In the latter not one house seemed habitable. The Church, which I had admired the previous year when passing along the same route, was a shapeless mass of ruins; and the entire population was living in sheds and tents close to the rail lines. A few families were inhabiting a train of old carriages shunted on to a siding. It did indeed seem as strange, as pitiable, to see articles of clothing hanging out to dry from the windows of these carriages; and to see little children clambering up the steps into so unhomelike a home. I may here add that when I again passed along the *Corniche* road, in the February of 1888, I saw, to my great regret, that these two villages seemed to be in almost as desolate and ruined a condition as they were in the March of 1887; and that the people were still using the sheds and tents for their dwelling-places.

PART II.

FIRENZE—MAY 12.

Two years ago Italy sorrowed greatly over the terrible earthquakes that desolated her portion of the Riviera; but she also rejoiced greatly (as, indeed, did all the civilised world with her) at the completion of Brunelleschi's Cathedral of *Santa Maria del Fiore*, the most beauteous ornament of the 'City of Flowers, and Flower of Cities.'

I wonder if any one who has not seen them, can realise the perfectness of the beauty, and the charm of that group of sacred buildings: the octagonal Baptistry with its round low roof, and its 'Gates of Paradise,' its thousand years of life sitting lightly on its fair brow; the majestic Church of many coloured marbles, borne aloft to Heaven by its wondrous dome; and the lofty, up-springing, four-sided Tower of the Bells, veined with costliest alabaster, and sculptured into stories that 'he who runs may read.'

The beauty of all these (I can hardly call them 'things,' for they seem living, at any rate instinct with life), they who have not seen may faintly conceive; but their subtle charm, the ever-renewed magic of their influence, they cannot know.

These buildings are not outside the city, not even set up on a hill; but on the edge of the street, in the very heart of the city's most crowded thoroughfares, in the very midst of its busiest life. There they stand—in the centre of everything: the low-roofed Baptistry nestling down amongst the houses—brooding, tenderly caressing like a mother-dove; close beside, and rising higher in its aspirations, is the storied tower of the shepherd artist, guarding in its inmost heart the bells that number the hours of the city's life, and call the faithful and the sinful, the glad and the sorrowful, into their Father's house—into the noble Church that breaks loose from all earth's trammels, just at that very point below which stands the High Altar, and from thence, soars far above the Baptistry and Bell Tower, springing heavenward by means of its eight-sided and crown-like Dome, suggesting to the tired and troubled heart the hope of the Crown that perfects the finished life, begun at the lowly Font.

For many a long century have these buildings stood thus in the centre of Florence, and, beauteous though they were, they yet, until last year, lacked the perfectness of their beauty. The Duomo, the Church named after the purest of created beings—the Virgin-Mother of the lily-heart and the stainless life—was wanting in the fair and perfect finish that belonged to it of right, and that its architect had designed it should have, and which, indeed, it had for nearly the half of its sixty decades of life, until demolished by the Medici. The Florentines have always, since that evil hour, determined that the cruel wrong should be repaired, and the Mother Church of their city

be fittingly and beautifully completed. The hope of it was ever, through the long years, living in the hearts of successive generations of citizens, nay, of Italians generally—but money and opportunity, those important factors in every good work, were lacking, and it remained for the nineteenth century to repair the wrong done in the sixteenth, and to finish, to the last point of beauty, the Cathedral begun in the thirteenth century. Every one knows—it is matter of history now—the deep interest that all Italy and other countries of Europe took in this finishing and perfecting of a great ‘embodied idea:’ a thing of beauty, belonging, not to Florence, not to Italy only, but (because of its greatness and its beauty) to the whole civilised Christian world.

Every one knows how hotly raged the controversy as to the style of the *Façade* and how, at last, the matter was decided by the voice of the Florentines, portions of the different styles suggested being shown to them on the plain, unadorned front wall, and their votes taken, then and there, in the *Piazza del Duomo*.

Naturally, as the work grew nearer and nearer completion, greater and keener interest was felt and shown. Every one was wishing to see what had been so long and carefully guarded from public gaze; and in the beginning of the May of last year, the interest rose to its height, so that all Firenze was in a fever of preparation for the event of the unveiling of the completed *Façade*, which was to be done by the King, who had contributed munificently to the noble work. An event so important, and of such world-wide interest, was to have every bright festive accompaniment that could be devised.

For nearly a fortnight, Florence was to keep holiday, and be *en fête*. There were to be fireworks, and a regatta—a tournament, a Costume Ball, and a historic procession such as had never been since the Middle Ages, the costumes of which period were to be reproduced point for point. Also, the whole city was to be illuminated on the evening of the chief day—the day of the unveiling; immediately after which central event, a solemn Te-Deum was to be sung in the *Duomo*, in presence of the King and Queen, religious dignitaries, and civic authorities. And all these items were carried out with more or less of completeness, some of them with a perfectness of beauty and enjoyment that can never be forgotten by any who participated in them. Everything seemed to lead up, and have reference to *the event*, to do honour to which, the city was *en fête*. It is often said that this is an age of light without love, and indeed, it is only too painfully true that there is much open irreligion, much covert sneering at things good and holy—and, most general, and worst of all, much careless indifference to the theory and the practice of Christianity; and this being so, I could not but think that there was much cause for rejoicing in seeing a large community of people straining every nerve and using every power to show their glad thankfulness for the completing and perfecting of a conspicuously beautiful Temple in

which God is worshipped. This is not the place to enter into the question of the mode of worship prevailing there. Much of it cannot accord with the views of those who thankfully believe that they belong to a purer and more entirely Scriptural branch of Christ's Church, and who feel that the arrogant assumption of those following the Roman Obedience of being the one and only Church, deprives that branch of some of its claim to Catholicity. Nevertheless, it is Christian and it is Catholic; and it could not but be a gladsome and comforting reflection that in these irreligious days so many people could be found willing to glory and rejoice in the finishing and perfecting of a Christian temple. The fashion of the rejoicing was different from what that of Britons would have been on a like occasion, if any such could arise in our Islands; but that does not by any means show an inferiority in the Italian mode. Happily for them, the Italians have not learnt and probably never will learn, to divorce religion and pleasure. With childlike simplicity, they combine the two, and ever bring a religious element into their secular enjoyment. That Twelfth of May, the central day of the festive time, was one of the happiest of my life, as full of gladness and gaiety as the previous Ash-Wednesday had been full of pain, and solemnity and apprehension. Only in the weather was there any similarity between the two days, and even in that the latter had the advantage, for the broadly-smiling sun and the brilliantly blue skies were in perfect keeping with the glad-heartedness of the people, and with the grand and rare event of the day, 'an event that can happen but once in the ages.' I cannot adequately tell how glad and thankful I am that I was privileged to witness the scene of the unveiling of the *Façade*, a scene that will be a matter of history for generations yet unknown; and the like of which cannot often occur again for many a long century, even should the world last many centuries longer.

In front of the Baptistry, just outside Ghiberti's *Gates of Paradise*, was erected a silk-curtained pavilion, wherein the King and Queen were to be accommodated, and the street behind the Baptistry was carefully enclosed, leaving space only for the admittance of the royal carriage. The higher end of the *Ceritani*, the whole of the *Piazza del Duomo*, and the nearer portions of the streets branching therefrom, were thronged with people of both sexes, and every age and degree; whilst the windows of every house, and the roofs and the balconies were lined and crowded with eager faces, and were so, long before the hour at which the sovereigns were expected. Although not yet eleven o'clock, the heat was great; that was, indeed, the one little drawback to most people, not to me personally, for I love natural warmth; but the sun pouring full on the face was not agreeable, and the crowd remonstrated when parasols were put up. Fortunate were the persons who, like myself, had a large fan, as it answered two purposes—that of cooling the air, and shading one a little from the sun.

The ever-charming Queen of Italy never looked more charming than on that day, arrayed in a dress of delicate blue tints, and wearing, by special request, as many of her famous pearls as could be worn with an out-door costume. She is a truly queen-like woman, and looks as good as she is beautiful. Happily, we know that she is so. It must have been a supremely glad moment for her and the King, when they jointly pulled the strings by which the yellow linen shrouding the Façade was gradually let down, and the wondrous manifold beauties of mosaic-picture, noble statues, costly marble inlaying, elaborate carving, and delicate lace-like ornamentation came slowly into view. The white marble tabernacle work gleamed out on the blue background, the mosaic lunettes, the great rose-window, came, one by one, into sight—and as yet there was silence; but when the Divine Child in the arms of His holy Mother, seated beneath a richly carved canopy, appeared—then came a great and exceeding burst of applause, and reverence and gladness, whilst every man in the vast assemblage uncovered his head before even the mere image and sign of the central fact of Christianity—‘the mystery of Godliness: God manifest in the Flesh.’ The beautiful summer air was rent with the shouts of glad worship, drowning the strain of the band playing the Italian National Anthem. It was a supreme moment; and I believe the intense joy in every heart was very nearly akin to pain—as joy so intense, so all-absorbing, must necessarily be whilst we are still living this lower mortal life.

Twice then, within a short space of time, was it my lot to hear the noise of a multitude of people under great excitement and emotion. But, oh! how different was the one from the other!—the shout of joy and praise in the Cathedral square at Firenze, and ‘the exceeding bitter cry’ on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Shortly after the deservedly popular King and Queen had revealed the Façade in all its beauty to the people, they went into the Cathedral, and being received by the Archbishop and Chapter, listened to the solemn performance of a Te-Deum; unfortunately, the music was not particularly good, but what was lacking in sound was made up in brilliancy of lighting, the vast building being luminous with many thousands of wax candles, lighted simultaneously by means of electric wires, immediately before the Te-Deum was begun. That solemn performance over, several members of the Chapter proceeded to the top of the Façade, and sent off from thence a great number of carrier pigeons, which were to convey the happy news of the completion of the glorious Cathedral to all the large towns in Italy. In these days of prosaic, postal and telegraphic despatch, that resort to the old time and most poetical mode of transmission of news was not amongst the least interesting incidents of that interest-fraught day.

In the afternoon there was a Regatta, which I must acknowledge was not a success. The Italians do not seem to be gifted oarsmen, but the crowds of happy-looking people, and the flags and decorations

of the boats, made a sufficiently gay and pretty scene, although all we Britons were much amused at the actual exhibition of boat-racing which did not vividly remind any of us, who had seen College and University races, of the sort of sport common on the Oxford or the Cambridge river; but, whatever little disappointment the regatta caused us, was completely forgotten in all the wondrous delight of the night.

When we returned to our rooms after the seven-o'clock dinner was ended, and went to the windows which looked out on the river—behold, a transformation scene! The whole lovely city was ablaze with light, glowing, lambent, many-coloured. From the edge of the river to the parapet of its guarding walls, red, green, and white lamps rose in row above row; the three stone bridges were outlined in fire, and on the central arch of the *Ponte Vecchio* glowed and sparkled the scarlet Lily of Florence. From every window of every house were suspended rows of coloured lamps, whilst fanciful devices—harps, anchors, crowns, and bouquets of flowers—shone and scintillated upon the walls of some of the larger palaces on both sides of the Arno. Looking down the river, the blaze of light was thrown up into greater brilliancy by the dark background of the trees in the Casino; and looking up the river, the glory culminated in San Miniato, towering on its cypress-bordered hill, with all its salient points brought into high relief by being outlined in fire. The beauty of every noble church dome and bell-tower of the city was shown, as never before—to my eyes at least—for every beauteous, graceful curve was traced out in lines of living, lambent light. Giotto's 'Lily-Tower' had a coronal of that translucent flame, pure and white as its own unsullied fairness; and the Duomo's glorious eight-sided crown was a crown of sparkling stars, whilst its every window turned its gorgeous colouring and its mystic story out upon the night darkness, because *within*, the vast building was illumined by myriads of wax candles and lamps.

The streets were thronged with people. Scarcely any one could, I think, have been left indoors, for the crowd was dense. Of course, no vehicles of any description were allowed in the thoroughfares, and dense though the crowd was, there was very little pushing and jostling, and, as far as I could see, no rudeness.

My daughter and I, escorted by two gentlemen, followed the example of the multitude, and went out into the city. The further we walked, the more we were impressed by the completeness of the illumination. The smallest side streets were as brilliant as the principal thoroughfares. Not a house, seemingly, had failed to add its quota of light to do honour to the wonderful event of the day.

In some of the piazzas, notably those of *San Marco*, *Santa Annunziata*, and *Santa Croce*, the devices were most beautiful and most elaborate.

We found it impossible to help walking on and on. Fatigue was

forgotten, anxieties and cares were lost sight of, swallowed up in this infectious gladness of a great multitude.

In that dense crowd, very few indeed were the persons whom we knew; and yet all seemed as friends. No face seemed strange, because each was joyous. We were all one in the bond of a common rejoicing—a common cause for thanksgiving. Once again, in that year, had come a time when life was not at its ordinary level, when one's own individuality seemed merged in that of other people.

I cannot but be thankful—spite of all the pain and fear of the earlier event—that I was allowed to share, within a short space of time, in two such wonderful experiences as those that came in the Spring of 1887—that I was permitted to go down into the depths of woe with a suffering people, and to rise high on the crested wave of the enthusiasm of a rejoicing people. That pain-filled day and night on the Mediterranean shore will never present itself to my memory without there coming there also the contrasting, joy-filled Twelfth of May, spent in almost the fairest of earth's cities, when that city looked even more radiantly fair and lovely than it is her wont to be, and when her happy citizens were making a page out of a fairy-tale, into a living reality.

G. S. M.

AGNUS DEI.

'The silent veil was o'er Thee: thirty years
 Thy work was still,
 And Thou wast learning in the vale of tears
 Thy Father's will.

Thou Who wast called to suffer and obey
 Through earthly loss,
 To bring Thy living offering, day by day,
 And bear Thy cross;

O spotless Lamb! upon the throne of God
 Thou sittest now:
 And in the lowly path which Thou hast trod,
 Our Hope art Thou.'—*E. W. Eddis.*

THE weeks between the Feast of the Circumcision and Palm Sunday represent the thirty years of the Lord's hidden life at Nazareth, and the three or three-and-a-half years of His public ministry; and the object of the season, as brought before us in the Gospels, is to commemorate the manifestation or Epiphany of Christ to the world, of which the Adoration of the Magi was a symbol.

In the West the Festival of the Three Kings—as it is often called, though there is nothing in the Gospel narrative to show their royalty, or even their number—is kept on Jan. 6, but this is not so in the East, and there are many difficulties in the way of fixing the exact date of the occurrence. S. Matthew, the only one of the evangelists who records it, seems to imply that Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt immediately on the departure of the wise men, and that he arose and departed that same night, the massacre of the innocents taking place at once. It is indeed difficult to suppose that Herod waited four weeks or more after their interview with him at Jerusalem, without taking any step to destroy his Rival, when Bethlehem was but a few miles off, and he must quickly have realised that they did not mean to return and give him the information which he desired.

Yet, on the other hand, we know from S. Luke that the Lord was presented in the Temple on the 40th day after His birth; and when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.

If Herod's decree was issued before this, the flight into Egypt must also, it would seem, have taken place before the 40th day. The explanation no doubt would be simple if we were in possession of all the facts.

Originally, the Nativity, Adoration, and Baptism of the Lord were all celebrated under the one name of Epiphany, on the 6th January,

both in the East and West; and when the date of the first-mentioned Feast was transferred to the 25th December, the Greeks transferred to it the second also, which they have always observed on the same day; and indeed, an attempt made at Constantinople by Gregory Nazianzen to introduce the observance of the two events on separate days, gave rise to popular tumults.

From the earliest times the Baptism of the Lord has been commemorated on the 6th, as it still is by the Greeks, who call it Theophany, meaning the manifestation of Christ as God, by the voice from Heaven. In the Roman Church, though the Adoration of the Magi is made the principal event on this day, yet the Baptism and first miracle are also commemorated under the name of Epiphany.

The last of the Greek anthems for the 6th is to this effect: 'To-day Thou wast manifested unto the world, and Thy light, O Lord, was signified upon us who sing Thy praises with understanding. Thou hast come, Thou hast shined forth, Thou Light unapproachable!' And this seems, at least, as appropriate to the Nativity and Adoration as to the Baptism. It seems, moreover, to contain special reference to the star which led the wise men, and it may, therefore, have been in use in the very early times, when their visit was commemorated on the same day everywhere. On what day of the year it actually took place, there seems not to be sufficient means for ascertaining; but, so far as tradition goes, it points rather to the day of the Nativity, whether in the same or the following year. If it occurred in the following year, this would perhaps account for Herod's ordering the destruction of all the infants in Bethlehem 'from *two* years old and under.' Josephus does not mention the massacre; but Herod's evil deeds and crimes were so many that the murder of a few young children might not be thought worth recording; and Bethlehem was so small a place that their number could not have been many.

The event celebrated as the Epiphany throughout the West is one of a symbolic and prophetic character.

Whoever the Magi were, and whatever the land or lands from which they came, in them the Gentile world paid its first homage to the Infant Saviour. The angels sang, rejoicing at His birth, and the shepherds glorified and praised God for all that they had heard and seen; but He had come to His own, in His own royal city, 'and His own received Him not.' There was no room for Him in the inn, and the first who worshipped Him as King, the first who brought Him any royal offering were, not His own people, but the Gentile Magi.

'Sacred gifts of mystic meaning,
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.'

Such was the symbolic signification which the ancient fathers loved to see in these gifts. Incense is a symbol of prayer and inter-

cession; of such worship, therefore, as is due to God alone. The burning of incense by the Jewish priests was a sacred rite consecrated by God Himself, concerning which He was very jealous. No incense such as that used in His service was to be made for any private use, on pain of death; and there is no example, in ancient times, of its being offered to *living men*, even among the Pagans, who are supposed to have adopted the use of it from the Jews. At a later and more corrupt period, divine honours were indeed paid to the Emperors, living and dead; but there is no trace of this degradation and falsification of the symbol among the Jews.

Even after they had become Christians, however, the Emperors continued to receive excessive honour; and on the Thursday in Easter week, the patriarch and principal clergy of Constantinople went to the palace, and there, finding the Emperor alone, and in great state, proceeded to surround him in place of his courtiers, while the patriarch censed him. This honour, being allowed first to the Emperor, was subsequently extended to patriarchs, popes and bishops, and finally to the celebrating priest and principal clergy, and to the laity. It was, of course, not considered or intended as a 'divine honour among Christians; but, since it is a symbol appointed originally by God, it cannot have lost its significance, and, if used at all, it cannot be rightly employed except in His worship, as is evident from the way in which it is mentioned in Scripture: 'Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense;' 'And in every place incense shall be offered to My Name, and a pure offering;' and the worship of the Church, headed by the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders, is symbolised in the Revelation by 'golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints.'

The offering of incense was, among the Jews, an exclusively priestly office, whether in the daily services, on the Day of Atonement, or on other special occasions of intercession, as may be seen from Ex. xxx. 8, 9; Lev. xvi. 3; Num. xvi. 1-10, 46-48; 1 Sam. ii. 28; 2 Chron. xxvi. 16-20; and the Magi brought it to Him Who was to become our High Priest, ever living 'to make intercession for us.'

'Thou standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer,
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee standing there.

Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends towards the throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.'

But the adoration and offerings of the Magi were prophetic as well as symbolio—prophetic of the time when 'the kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents, the kings of Seba and Sheba shall offer gifts' to Him Whom Solomon faintly foreshadowed. 'Because of Thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto Thee;'

'All kings shall fall down before Him ; all nations shall serve Him ;'
'And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light' of
the city which had 'no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine
in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light
thereof,' 'And the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour
into it.'

'But now we see not yet all things put under Him ;' 'it is not yet
the glory day,' far otherwise. The brief glory which shone upon
His birth has faded ; the angels who sang, rejoicing, have 'gone away
again into Heaven,' and though no doubt a charge was given them
concerning Him, and they were ever at hand to watch over Him, it
was invisibly, as they watched over other children of men ; the star
too had vanished, the Magi had departed, and the Child Whom they
had worshipped as king, the Child of Whom it was written, 'Thy
throne, O God, is for ever and ever,' must flee for His life into Egypt.
Possibly the offerings of the Magi provided the Holy Family with
the means of flight and of subsistence during their sojourn in the
land of exile.

On their return to Nazareth where He was brought up, we lose sight
of them, and are told only that 'the Child grew and waxed strong in
spirit, filled with wisdom ; and the grace of God was upon Him.'

The 'silent veil' is lifted once only for a moment, when His
Mother and Joseph, going up as was their custom to the feast of the
Passover, took Him with them at the age of twelve years. Thirteen
is said to have been the age at which Jewish boys became individually
responsible for keeping the law ; but it was enjoined upon their
parents that they should be brought to the Temple for the feast a
year or two before this. Here, in the Temple-courts, sat the doctors,
or teachers, who were learned in the law, to teach, catechise and
instruct those who desired to be taught concerning heavenly things.
The scribes sat in Moses' seat ; and to them, in spite of their many
shortcomings, He came a learner, as to teachers divinely appointed
by His Father, to receive the truth of God.

Truly He had 'emptied Himself,' when He came within the limits of
humanity ; though He was rich, He had become poor—spiritually poor
—for our sakes ; for He, by Whom and for Whom all things were made,
He who was with God from the beginning, who was the Wisdom of God,
God Himself, needed now to learn as other children learnt. It was no
make-believe, but a real fact. He had voluntarily laid aside His
omniscience as well as His omnipotence, 'and being found in fashion
as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient.'

He was 'about His Father's business in the Temple,' conscious that
He had a great work to do, eager perhaps, with the natural eagerness
and enthusiasm of youth, to begin it ; yet, at a word from His earthly
parents, 'He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was
subject unto them. . . And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
and in favour with God and man.'

This is all that we are told concerning the childhood and youth of the Lord Jesus. But, though we may not seek to lift the veil, we may, with all reverence, and within the limits set for us, seek to fill up the outline. He was subject to His parents: to Joseph, who was His father only in name; to Mary, who was His mother only as regards His earthly life. And with Joseph, as we gather, He worked in the carpenter's shop.

‘Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
And He who set the stars on high
A lowly trade pursues.’

He, who had come into the world on a mission infinitely higher than can ever belong to any other son of man, found His training for it in the quiet life of the cottage-home and the workshop.

It is hard to feel that we have powers and capabilities, which our daily life affords us no opportunity of exercising; hard to feel that we might do great things, and yet are tied down to little ones; hard to be occupied most of our time about sordid earthly matters, when we would rather be in the Temple, learning, teaching or worshipping. Did not Jesus, the Son of God, by Whom the heavens and the earth were made, feel it to the full as much as we do? Did He not feel it *much more*? But He trusted Himself in the hands of His Heavenly Father with a perfect trust; He was willing to be about His Father's business whatever it might be, and in the lowly life of submission and obedience He received the training which was to fit Him for His high calling. In this also He took part with His brethren, and learnt the meaning of the sentence pronounced upon Adam—‘In the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat bread.’ To Him, who loved God as none other ever loved Him, all things indeed worked together for good. By His example all labour, however lowly, has been sanctified.

He brought His ‘living offering day by day,’ the whole burnt offering of complete self-surrender and dedication. Brought into covenant with God by circumcision, He lived the circumcised life of renunciation, ever saying, ‘Not My will, but Thine be done.’ And so, while the Gospels at this season show Him to us speaking and acting for God, the Epistles still remind us of His circumcision, and tell us what that circumcised life is, to which we are bound by our union with Him (Col. ii. 11; Phil. iii. 3), which we are enabled to live by His life within us.

During all these thirty years He lived in the midst of sin, sorrow, suffering, sickness and death, bearing our griefs, carrying our sorrows, sympathising with all; yet He worked no miracle. He had laid aside His power as God; He had not yet been endued with the power from on high as Man, and He had come to do, not His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. He waited His Father's time, though He must have longed, as only the Heart of Jesus can long, to comfort those who mourn, ‘to bind up the broken-hearted,’

though He had come into the world for the very purpose of 'destroying the works of the devil,' which were so manifest around Him.

Waiting, especially waiting when we have the consciousness of power, is perhaps one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. The Son of God waited thirty years. Meanwhile He was keeping the law, which had been framed with a view to Him, keeping it as it had never been kept by any, in the spirit as well as in the letter.

But there is something more which we may gather concerning His early life. He 'increased in wisdom'; He was wiser than all other children, for He was without sin, but He derived His wisdom as they may derive theirs, from His delight in and study of the Holy Scriptures. He armed Himself with the 'sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.' It was said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation,' and in the 119th Psalm, written of the Lord Jesus, we read, 'I have more understanding than all My teachers, for Thy testimonies are My meditation. I understand more than the ancients, because I keep Thy precepts.'

If we would understand something of His mind during this time, we cannot do better than study the Psalms, the devotional book of the Old Testament, the Jewish Liturgy, written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit for His use, concerning which Tertullian says, 'Almost all the Psalms are spoken in the Person of Christ.'*

Thus it was that He fulfilled all righteousness, 'proving Himself to be that faultless Lamb which an acceptable sacrifice needed to be, as was typified in the Passover, wherein a lamb was to be found without blemish;' and John the Baptist could say of Him, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

* See Preface to Horne's 'Commentary on the Psalms.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLX.—(*continued.*)

THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

1688.

JAMES II., greatly encouraged by the hope that his work of restoration (as he believed it) would be permanent, and not overthrown by a Protestant heir, took a further step. The Declaration of Liberty of Conscience had been in force for a whole year, and was known to everybody, when on the 4th of May, 1688, an order was put forth calling on all parish priests to read it from their pulpits at divine service on the Sundays the 20th and 27th of that month. It was merely for the purpose of forcing the clergy to take in their own mouths that which they were known to hold as an illegality, not indeed to be met with rebellion, but not acknowledged as right because not assented to by Parliament.

Therefore there was great consternation and Archbishop Sancroft summoned a gathering at Lambeth of his suffragans and the principal clergy within reach. William Sancroft himself was son to a squire in Suffolk. He was born in 1617, was a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but had been ejected on account of his loyalty, and, during the Protectorate, travelled abroad. His learning and piety were much esteemed by Bishop Cosin, who made him his domestic chaplain, and availed himself of his assistance in the revision of the Prayer-book in 1661. The next year he was made Master of his college, then Dean of York, and immediately after Dean of St. Paul's. Even then, his gentle spirit was so weary of change that he wrote to his brother on the move: 'Only one comfort is that now I shall sit down and may justly be confident that my next remove will be to the grave.'

Little did the quiet student anticipate the shocks that awaited him. First, while trying to repair old St. Paul's, the fire of London left nothing but the walls, and these so much shattered that soon they fell; and while the grand structure of Sir Christopher Wren was rising on the ruins, and the present deanery was newly built, Archbishop Sheldon died in 1677, and the King, to Sancroft's great dismay, made him Primate, forcing on him the appointment, by telling him that his deanery was already given away to Dr. Stillingfleet.

The Earl of Thomond said that the humble and meek had been exalted, and gentleness was always Sancroft's characteristic, so that his compliance was often thought certain, though there were points beyond which he would not go. Resistance and interference cost him

far more than they did men of a sterner mould, yet he had reproved the Duke of York for absenting himself from prayers in the House of Lords; he had suspended the Bishop of Lichfield, and supported the colony of Maryland in petitions for spiritual aid. As a High Churchman and strong loyalist, he had been sometimes suspected by the violent Protestants of truckling to James, and there was some disappointment at his not having protested against the Court of High Commission, though he never sat in it, and incurred the King's displeasure on that account. Princess Mary wrote from Holland to entreat him to be firm against Papist encroachments, and he returned an answer that the present state of things was the fault of the ungodly men who had murdered the father and driven out the sons, saying as it were, 'Go and serve other gods.'

Sancroft was thus an aged man of seventy, whose resolution was so concealed by his gentleness that it was never suspected. The guiding spirit in the matter was Thomas Ken, who was full twenty years younger, having been born in 1637. Losing his mother in infancy, he was bred up like a son by his eldest sister and her husband, Izaak Walton, the author of the 'Complete Angler,' and of the 'green Retreat from the weary world,' where are recorded the lives of Donne, Wootton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson. Living on the banks of the Dove through the evil days of persecution, Walton there gave shelter to Morley, Bishop of Winchester. Thomas Ken and Francis Turner, son to the Dean of Canterbury, were both educated together at Winchester College, and became fellows of New College, where Ken became noted as a poet and musician. After the Restoration, he held for a short time a living in Essex, but was invited thence by Bishop Morley, who received the whole Walton family in his palace, and made Ken his chaplain. The needs of neglected parishes in Winchester were attended to by a beautiful devotional manual written for the Winchester scholars by Ken at this time. After holding the living of Brighthelmston, in the Isle of Wight, he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange. He had a trying life at the Hague, for William was neglectful of his young wife, and rude to the chaplain, whom he justly suspected of preventing her from deserting her own Church for Dutch Calvinism.

Ken gave up this unthankful office in broken health, and soon after was invited by Lord Dartmouth, as chaplain-general, to accompany him on a voyage to Tangier to destroy the fortifications. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, was in the same vessel, and mentions the conversation turning on ghosts, in which Ken expressed his belief, and this was confirmed by strange noises heard by those sleeping in the citadel of Tangier. Pepys also mentions the striking sermons preached in the church at Tangier against the vices of the place, which Colonel Kirke—the commandant—heard as if he heard them not.

During Ken's absence, the elder Izaak Walton died in his ninety-first year, and Bishop Morley, 'the repairer of the breach' at

Wolvesey and at Farnham, soon followed. Ken had become a royal chaplain, and a canon of Winchester, and had won the respect of Charles II. 'I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults,' he said, when about to go to church; and on the canon's refusal to allow Nell Gwynn to occupy his prebendal house, he said: 'Though I am not good myself, I can respect those who are!' and requited the denial with the Bishopric of Bath and Wells.

There Ken had continued his brave and holy life, boldly rebuking vice in high quarters, attending the King's death-bed, struggling to save the victims of Kirke and Jeffroys, strengthening the faith and resolution of those tempted by the Court religion, and withal, attending earnestly to his own diocese, where he established schools, preached sermons, confirmed and quickened the activity of the clergy, and he was regarded as quite the foremost man in the defence of the Church.

His friend, Francis Turner, was a more impetuous man, but one with him alike in principle and in poetical taste. He had been married, but had lost his wife early, and had one daughter. Charles II. had made him Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Rochester, before promoting him to the see of Ely.

John Lake had fought in the Cavalier army, before his ordination in 1647, had since held a prebendaryship at York, and for a short time was Bishop of Sodor and Man, before being presented first to Bristol, and then to Chichester, where he found the diocese in a lamentable condition of poverty and neglect, especially in the district of Rye, where no living man had seen a bishop, and many churches had neither surplice nor service book, one church, indeed, being used by the Quaker squire as his lumber-room. All this, and the laxity of the Cathedral, he was labouring to amend, and with good success.

Thomas White, a Cambridge scholar, of great personal strength and vigour, was Bishop of Peterborough, and chaplain to the Princess Anne. William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, was the same who had preached the famous funeral sermon on Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and had examined the unhappy, vacillating false witness, France, in his prison. He was, unlike the former three, somewhat of an ultra-Protestant. The Bishop of Bristol was a Cornish man, Jonathan Trelawney; and his sister, Anne, had been from infancy the companion of Princess Mary, with whom she had gone to Holland. His two elder brothers dying early, Jonathan had succeeded to his father's baronetcy, after he was in Holy Orders, but he was very ill off, and lost nothing for want of asking. He had exerted himself to put down Monmouth's rebellion, and was greatly disappointed that James gave him only the poor Bishopric of Bristol, instead of Exeter, and this threw him vehemently into opposition. Another Bishop present at this conference was Robert Frampton of Gloucester. He was son to an honest Dorsetshire farmer and from the grammar school there was assisted by a beneficent chaplain of Christ Church to be

educated at Oxford. Thence, he became a trooper in the King's army, together with his four brothers. They all bore themselves bravely in the skirmish at Hambledon Hill, on the night after which their sister Sarah went out with a lantern to seek their bodies on the field, but could not find them, for, in fact, they had been made prisoners. Robert escaped, and afterwards kept a school at Gillingham. There he was ordained by Bishop Skinner of Oxford, and became chaplain to the Earl of Elgin. From this, he was chaplain to the British factory at Aleppo, where he led a very interesting and useful life with like-minded merchants, who constantly attended his daily service. He studied Arabic, collected books in the language, and had a grand list of Arabic proverbs and their parallels in other languages. He was intimate with the clergy of the Greek Church, and made friends with several noted travellers, especially the Eastern scholar, Pocock, and the French Chevalier Chardin, whose curious book was long the only recent authority on Persia. He visited Jerusalem, Damascus, and Egypt, and penetrated into a Pyramid. Returning to England in 1670, he became chaplain to the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, and thence was promoted, successively to a canonry, the deanery, and the bishopric of Gloucester, where, like his brethren, he had to struggle hard against the evils left by the anarchy of the Commonwealth days.

When the order for reading the Declaration of Indulgence came out, he was in London, but he at once sent a servant to admonish his clergy against reading it.

The same resolution was taken by the clergy almost everywhere, and the Bishops met in earnest consultation at Lambeth, together with Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, Patrick, Dean of Peterborough, Tenison, Vicar of St. Martin's, Sherlock, Master of the Temple—all the most distinguished divines of the time. They agreed that the Declaration should not be published, and after one or two more consultations, from the last of which Bishop Frampton was absent, having gone down to secure the silence of his diocese, a petition to the King was drawn up, not objecting to the fact, but declaring the dispensing power to be illegal, according to Parliament, and therefore praying that the clergy might be excused from publishing it. It was signed thus—

W. CANTUAR.

W. ASAPH.

FRAN. ELY.

JO. CICESTER.

THO. BATH AND WELLS.

THO. PETRIBURGENS.

JON. BRISTOL.

'I am sure,' said the archbishop, 'that our brother, Robert of Gloster, with his black mare, are on the gallop.'

And on the drafts stand the further signatures after the word 'Approbo'—

H. LONDON. MAY 23RD.

WILLIAM NORWICH. MAY 23RD.

ROBERT GLOCESTER. MAY 21ST.

SETH SARUM. MAY 26TH.

P. WINCHESTER. } MAY 29TH.

THO. EXON. }

Thus full thirteen of the English prelates protested, and those the men of most worth and weight on the bench.

Sancroft had been forbidden to appear at court on account of his refusal to sit in the Court of High Commission; so that only six Bishops actually carried the petition up. They went at ten o'clock at night, and requested Lord Sunderland to procure them an interview. It was granted, James having been assured by the sycophantic Bishop Cartwright that they only intended to explain that the mandate ought to have been addressed to their chancellors. So he received them graciously, and, on Bishop Lloyd's presenting the document, observed, 'This is my Lord of Canterbury's own hand?'

'Yes, sir, it is his own hand.'

When James had glanced at the paper he exclaimed 'This is a great surprise to me. These are strange words. I did not expect this from the Church of England. This is a standard of rebellion. This is a sounding of Sheba's trumpet, and all the seditious preaching of the Puritans in the year '40 were not of so ill consequence as this.'

Bishop Trelawney fell down on his knees, beseeching the King not to use such a word as rebellion. 'It is impossible that I or any of my family should be so,' he said.

Lloyd declared they would rather shed the last drop of their blood than lift up a finger against his Majesty—Turner that they were ready to die at his feet.

Ken said, 'Sir, I hope you will give us the liberty which you allow to all mankind;' and White added, 'The reading of the Declaration is against our consciences.'

'Do you doubt my dispensing power?' exclaimed the King. 'Some of you have printed and preached for it when it was for your purpose.'

'Sir,' returned White, 'what we say of the dispensing power refers only to what was declared in Parliament.'

'The dispensing power was never questioned by men of the Church of England,' exclaimed the King.

'We are bound,' said Ken, 'to fear God and honour the King. We desire to do both. We will honour you. We must fear God.'

'Is this what I have deserved?' exclaimed James, 'who have always supported the Church of England and will support it? I will remember you, that you have signed this paper! I did not expect this from you, especially from some of you. I will be obeyed in

publishing my declaration. God hath given me this dispensing power, and I will maintain it! I will be obeyed.'

'God's will be done,' said the Bishops.

The King dismissed them, pocketing the petition, and by the next morning it was printed and hawked about the streets, to the extreme displeasure of James, and the consternation of Sancroft, who had copied it himself to prevent its getting abroad; but Lloyd or Trelawney are not unlikely to have connived at the publication. The day was the first Sunday on which the Declaration was to have been read. Only in four of the London churches was it attempted. One was Westminster Abbey, where Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, was Dean. His voice trembled and his hand shook as he began. All the congregation started up, and marched out, so that he finished it to the choir and school-boys.

Only about two hundred clergy attempted the reading all over the kingdom, and in most cases were deserted by their congregations. In one church in the diocese of Gloucester, all followed an ancient lady out of church. Bishop Frampton, who had been brought by his black mare, just half an hour too late to go to Whitehall with his brethren, wanted to go and present a petition on his own account, but was dissuaded by the Primate.

James made no further sign for a week, only taking counsel with Father Petre and Lord Sunderland, who were both adverse to driving matters to extremity, but Jeffreys was for violent measures, and declared that they could be carried out. When on the ensuing Sunday the determination not to read the Declaration was made still more evident, Sancroft and the other six prelates were summoned to appear before the council at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th of June.

The King received them graciously, and the Lord Chancellor, taking up a paper, demanded—

'Is this petition written and signed by your grace, and which these Bishops presented to his Majesty?'

The Archbishop, instead of replying, addressed himself to the King—

'Sir, I am called hither as a criminal, which I never was before in my life, and little thought I should be, especially before your Majesty; but since it is my unhappiness to be so at this time, I hope your Majesty will not be offended that I am cautious of answering questions. No man is obliged to answer questions that may tend to the accusing of himself.'

'Why!' exclaimed James, 'this is downright chicanery. I hope you do not deny your own hand?'

On his command they acknowledged their signatures, on which Jeffreys asked—

'Did you publish it?'

This, thinking he meant the printing and selling, they all denied, but they admitted the having delivered it to the King at Whitehall.

This the Lord Chancellor termed the publishing a malicious and seditious libel, and called on them to enter into recognisances to appear before the King's Bench to answer for this high misdemeanour.

As peers, they could not be lawfully committed, so they refused bail, having been specially warned to do so. Jeffreys threatened to send them at once to the Tower.

'We are ready to go whenever your Majesty pleases to send us,' said the Archbishop. 'We hope the King of kings will be our protector and our judge. We fear nought from man, and, having acted according to law and our consciences, no punishment shall ever be able to shake our resolutions.'

On this, Jeffreys with his own hand drew up a warrant committing the seven to the Tower, which he signed and handed round to receive the names of all the council, except Father Petre, who was excused by the King.

So on that summer evening, the seven venerable men were conducted out of Whitehall by a guard of soldiers, who began by kneeling to ask their blessing. The people who were swarming round, and who had for ten years past experienced the beneficence of the Archbishop, were wild with compassion and rage, and the efforts of the Bishops were directed to calming them.

It was a scene unparalleled in history, when the barge slowly dropped down the broad river, the banks on either side crowded with the population of the great city, all—as one man—falling on their knees with bared heads, like corn bowed by the wind, as the seven reverend men, in their court robes, raised their hands in blessing, and many a tear was shed, many a blessing poured forth in return. There was the feeble form of the gentle white-haired Sancroft, the beautiful aquiline face of Ken, with its heavenly expression, the stalwart figure of White, the keen, eager countenance of Turner, the strong, resolute look of Lake, the sturdy, eager Lloyd and the stout Cornishman Trelawney, all bound in one determination as they were greatly comforted.

Sir Edward Hales, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and his guards, received them with equal respect, and as it was the hour of evensong they were permitted to repair first to the old Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, and join in the devotions. The Lieutenant gave them the liberty of the Tower, and they were free to see all their friends. Bishop Frampton only left them at night. John Evelyn was one who visited them there, Lord Clarendon, the King's brother-in-law, Lord Halifax, lately turned out of the Cabinet, and even ten non-conformist ministers. These James personally chid as ungrateful, to which they replied that they could not but adhere to the Bishops as men constant to the Protestant religion.

The Princess of Orange caused her chaplain, Dr. Stanley, to write a letter expressing her sympathy, but to this the Archbishop returned no answer, being perhaps afraid that this persecution might be made

the pretext of an invasion from Holland, and indeed the Bishop of St. Asaph seems to have expected such a deliverance.

Under the Act of Habeas Corpus they were brought up on the 15th of June to Westminster Hall to plead. Sir Edward Hales demanded fees, but they refused these as illegal. He said he might have put them into fetters, but they replied, 'We lament the King's displeasure, but every other man who strives to intimidate us loses his breath.'

The Papal nuncio was astonished at the crowds kneeling for their blessing, while they laid their hands on those within reach.

The hall was thronged with noblemen offering to be their sureties, and with all that was best in England. Seats were given to them, and the Attorney-General moved that the charge against them for making and publishing a seditious libel should be read, and they should plead guilty or not guilty at once.

Their counsel made objections, but these were overruled, the indictment was read, they pleaded 'Not guilty,' and after entering into their own recognisances to appear on the 29th of June, they were set at large, and received with the same demonstrations of respectful sympathy. At night bonfires were lit in the streets, and a few Romanists were roughly treated.

It was plain that even Jeffreys was alarmed, and attempts were made to induce the Bishops to change their plea and sue for pardon; but nothing would induce them thus to give up their cause.

Still the King had no fear he should not have the law wrenched to his desire, for most of the judges were men subservient to him—one indeed, Sir Richard Allibone, was a Roman Catholic—and he believed that through Sir Samuel Astrey he had packed the jury. Yet the country was in an ominous state—the West, snarling at the cruelties of the Bloody Assize, was ready to rise again, and in Cornwall the song from 'one and all' was being shouted forth—

'And shall Trelawney die, boys?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!'

The Attorney-General charged the Bishops with censuring the Government, and giving their opinion about affairs of state; but evidence, either that the petition was a libel or that the prisoners had published it, was hard to find. Lord Sunderland, who was carried in a sedan-chair, assailed in the streets with shouts of 'Popish dog!' appeared pale and trembling, and gave evidence that the Bishops had explained to him the purport of the petition when asking for an audience.

This might be construed as publishing it, and the Bishops' counsel based his defence on the illegality of the King's dispensing power, since, that being granted, the disputing it was no libel.

Chief Justice Wright observed to his brethren on the bench, 'I must not suffer them to dispute the King's power in suspending laws.'

To which Judge Powell, though hitherto subservient, replied, 'They must touch that point, for if the King have no such power, as surely he hath not, the petition is no attack on his legal power, and therefore no libel.'

The counsel then proceeded, and the case was concluded. It all turned on whether petitioning the King against unlawful action was a libel—therefore on whether the Indulgence was legal. Then the four judges each summed up. Wright and Allibone in favour of the King's prerogative, though Wright, in full view of the peers and gentlemen anxiously looking on, spoke, it was said, like a man with a rope round his neck. Holloway and Powell spoke on the other side, and Powell plainly said that if such a dispensing power existed, it made Parliament of no effect.

The trial had begun at 9 A.M., and not till 7 P.M. did the jury retire. They were locked up with nothing to eat, not a light being admitted for a pipe; the court adjourned and the door was carefully watched, lest refreshment should be smuggled in to enable one or other side to hold out. It was a matter of endurance. Nine were for the Bishops, three for the court, among them the King's brewer, who had bemoaned himself that, whichever way the verdict went, he should lose half his custom. Austin, a country gentleman, tried to argue the case with him, but he doggedly said he would not debate, he should not acquit the Bishops. 'If you come to that,' said Austin, 'look at me; I am the biggest of you all, and before I find that petition a libel, I will stay here till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe.' At 4 A.M. a little water for washing was sent in, and every drop was lapped up. At six, the brewer gave in. At nine the court opened, many persons having walked the streets all night to secure a place at the opening. Amid deep and breathless silence, the foreman, Sir Roger Langley, pronounced 'Not guilty, my Lord.' Lord Halifax leapt up, waved his hat and shouted. Hurrahs seemed to rend the roof of old Westminster Hall. They were caught up by the throng. London rang with shouts of ecstasy.

'And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.'

Salutes were fired, horsemen sprang into the saddles already prepared. And, as it were with one mighty throb of the great heart of England, the good news had circulated throughout the kingdom, so that here, there and everywhere joyful crowds were shouting, bonfires blazing on the night of that memorable 30th of June. Only forty-three years before a primate had been led from the Tower to the block by popular ill-will. Now the whole of England was in ecstasies at the deliverance of his successor! James had gone down to inspect the camp which was to overawe the city. Suddenly frantic cheers broke out from the whole army.

‘That is a rebellion in noise,’ said he.

‘’Tis only,’ said an officer, ‘the soldiers cheering for the acquittal of the Bishops.’

‘Call you that nothing?’ said James. ‘But so much the worse for them.’

He actually dismissed Powell and Holloway from the bench, and forbade all spontaneous rejoicings in cities.

The seven Bishops meanwhile had taken refuge from the ecstatic crowd in the Chapel Royal, where morning service had just begun, and the previous day having been the Feast of St. Peter, the Epistle read at the Communion Service was, to the great delight of their thankful hearts, the history of the Apostle’s deliverance from prison by the Angel.

In spite of prohibition, London was illuminated that night, most of the windows showing seven candles, the longest in the middle for the Archbishop; and the portraits of the seven prelates were taken, and commemorated on a medal. Never had the English Church won so decisive a victory over men’s hearts as now, by her leaders showing themselves

‘Firm against kingly terrors in their free country’s cause.’

James called on the Court of High Commission to try all the parish clergy who had not read the Declaration; but as this would have been the entire body except two hundred, the command was a dead letter.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.
GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

II.

THE REIGN OF TRAJAN.

THE twelve Cæsars, for the most part deeply stained with crime, were succeeded in the Empire by men of far nobler mould.

Trajan, who became sole Emperor in 98, was almost a model Roman, a thorough soldier, who extended the bounds of his dominion to the very utmost limits that Rome ever reached, yet without ferocity or lust of conquest. He was pre-eminently just and upright, simple but dignified, and, though not a student, thoroughly intelligent and capable of the duties of a statesman.

But to what an Empire he succeeded! Even under Augustus, a century before, the Romans were degenerate. Under ferocious, insane, and sensual tyrants, they had ever since been sinking deeper. The idle luxury of the wealthy was unbroken by public business or military exploits. Their notion of manliness was to applaud the combats of the gladiators in the arena, and to watch their dying agonies with curiosity, and there were few genuine Romans in the armies with which he fought his battles. Trajan himself was more Spanish than Roman, and his best officers came from the provinces. The better sort among the Romans lived a life of literary ease in their magnificent Italian villas, ministered to by hosts of slaves of all degrees of education and intelligence, from the master's secretary, or the heir's tutor, down to the hewer of wood and drawer of water, all absolutely subject to their owner's will, for life or death, favouritism or torture. The experience of the Southern States of America has shown that such a state of things, even modified, is as demoralising to the owner as to the slave. What then must it not have been in the days of heathenism?

It was in this slave world that Christianity had made its way in Italy. A few, as we have seen, of higher rank had been won to the Church, but, for the most part, 'not many mighty, not many noble,' had been called, and little attention had been attracted to the sect still held to be Jewish. Slaves and criminals were employed in the sand-pits, whence was excavated the material used in making Roman cement, and these were connected with vast galleries cut out in the tufa, on which and in which the city was built on her seven hills. About eight feet high and five feet wide, these galleries, or catacombs, wind about for the space of eight hundred miles, taken altogether, and still remain among the most impressive wonders of Rome. They had already been employed as burial places by those

who could not afford to burn their dead, and for those slaves whose ashes found no place in the pigeon-holes of the great *Columbaria*, or tombs of their lords. The Christians, who viewed burning the corpse as a denial of the hope of resurrection, seem to have used them from the first, and, when danger threatened, to have availed themselves of them as hiding-places, and spots where the Holy Mysteries could be celebrated without disturbance. The ends of the galleries were formed into what is perhaps the origin of the apse, and beneath was the Altar, generally with the remains of some distinguished martyr buried beneath, in memory of St. John's words about the souls of the martyrs crying from beneath the Altar. Emblems of the faith and simple inscriptions marked the resting-places along the sides, and, although many of these have been removed to museums in Rome, the catacombs still remain to witness to the refuge of the Church, for full two hundred years, in the clefts of the rock.

Isaac Williams' description of these wonderful galleries is so beautiful that I must borrow his lines—

'Stay, stay awhile, for see afar
'Twilight, let in like mighty star,
Opens the shades—in calm profound
Keeping her watch on holy ground;
Cells of the dead, which on each side
Amid their scant memorials hide,
As haste and terror could entomb
In the deep cavern'd catacomb,
Where the rough mortar in the gloom
Holds some mute emblem, which might plead,
'Their hope in dying, or their need.

'The martyr's heaven-beseeching mood,
And hands in praying attitude,
Letters uncouth, or dimly rude,
In outline dimly character'd,
The Cross, the palm, the fish, the bird,
The bird which flies and finds release
Bearing the olive branch of peace,
The hart, where cooling waters flow
With antler'd forehead bending low,
The courser speeding to the goal
As to eternity the soul.
'They seem Faith's watchers at the grave
'Their hallowed resting place to save,
Whose voices in the bosom heard,
A thousand echoes there have stirr'd.

'A little onward, on each side
'The dormitory ranges wide,
In storied mansions where to view
'The subterranean avenue
Opes branching shades, and still anew
'The pale light breaks in to illumine
Some rude memorial in the gloom
And guide the footsteps to a tomb.
Now finished more, the marble stone
Hath ta'en the impress and makes known

Their story or their faith sublime,
 Memorials wrought in breathing time,
 When lingering love to them hath turn'd
 As persecution feebler burn'd,
 With more of art, of nature less,
 More beauty, less impressiveness.

'Now spreads the deep sepulchral glade
 To shrines retired in cavern'd shade;
 The Shepherd on His shoulder brings
 His long-lost sheep, a Jonah springs
 From Resurrection's ocean womb,
 Cast newborn from his watery tomb;
 Here Noah from his house of wood
 Upon the watery solitude,
 Puts forth his hand, to welcome home
 The dove that shall no longer roam,
 With olive rudely manifest
 Her welcome to that ark of rest;
 Here, Christ by the sepulchral cave
 With voice omnipotent to save;
 Here Daniel 'mid the lions prays,
 Here Princes in the unharmed blaze.

'Still on and onward, without end,
 Like the dim moonlight ways, extend
 Shrines, cells and tombs together press,
 A subterranean wilderness.
 Branching on all sides without bound,
 City of Churches underground,
 The Empire of the silent dead,
 Christ's ancient kingdom's quiet bed,
 Where every shrine is but a tomb,
 Each altar speaks of martyrdom.'

Systematic persecution began to threaten. Rome was tolerant of other deities than her own; nay, even ready to adopt those of conquered nations and assimilate them with her own, greatly to the injury of her original ideal. Her grave, dignified Father Mars was saddled with the ferocity and licentiousness of the Homeric Ares; Jupiter himself was dishonoured by fusion with Zeus; poor old Saturn, once the type of justice and agriculture, was mixed up with 'Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood;' and even the German Woden was somehow turned into Mercury, as the names of Mercredi and Wednesday still testify. Such was the confusion that Cicero himself did not know all the names or characters of the original deities of his forefathers, in belief of whom the ancient Roman character had grown up.

A philosopher might believe as much or as little of all this as he chose, or work it off into allegory. What was required was participation in the outward ritual, the sacrifices on the fixed holidays, the ceremonies, the processions, the acts of worship to one or another deity connected with all the seasons of the year and events of life, the adoration of the Imperial image and of the Eagle standard, the libations before each meal to the Lares and Penates of the household.

Let him neglect these and he was a bad citizen and an atheist. It was the persistence of the Jews in declaring that there was one God alone, and that all beside were either absolute nonentities, or delusions of demons, that infuriated the Romans. They barely endured the fact, and, finding it impossible to bend the will of a Jew, hated, acquiesced, saw no difference between him and a Christian, but, as we have seen in the last lecture, punished a Roman convicted of Judaism as Mahometans now punish a Christian convert and his teacher.

The Jews of Egypt, who had been free from the overthrow in Palestine, were dreaming of false Messiahs and deliverers, and showing a dangerous and turbulent spirit, which led to the destruction of the temple built by Onias at Heliopolis, and to the enforcement of an edict which fell with special weight on the Christians. It does not seem to have been a new one, though some allege that such an enactment had been made by Nero, but no traces of it have been found; and the old laws against members of secret societies, and those requiring compliance with the religious observances of the State, were quite sufficient for the purpose. It depended on the government of each province whether they should be put in force or not.

Trajan himself seems to have been honest and faithful to his own belief, a practical man, who had never examined it, and who did not want to persecute unless turbulence made it necessary. In the province of Bithynia there was for a time a proprætor of remarkable intelligence, Pliny the Younger. He had grown up under the care of his uncle, the greatest ancient student of geography and natural science whose works have been preserved to us, and had been with him in the dreadful flight from Pompeii, when the deadly vapours and the shower of ashes proved fatal to the elder man.

Since that time Pliny had been a literary man, paying attention to public business, holding office in due time, and writing extremely interesting letters to his friends. He was on intimate terms with the Emperor, who lived more as a chief magistrate than as a sovereign, and to him he wrote for information how to deal with the Christians in his province, having reason to think them very numerous.

Here is his letter: 'I think it my duty, my lord, to refer to you all matters whereof I am doubtful, for who can better guide me in my uncertainty or teach my ignorance?

'I never was present at trials of Christians, and I therefore do not know for what they are punished or what is required, and I am in no small doubt whether, when there is a difference in age, a distinction should not be made between children and adults; whether repentance merits pardon, or if it be of any use to cease to be a Christian after having once been one—whether the title alone be punishable without other crimes, or whether the crimes connected with the name.

However, this is the method which I have pursued with those who have been denounced to me as Christians. I interrogated them whether this were the case, and when they confessed, I examined them a second and third time with threats of execution, which I carried out if they persevered. For I had no doubt, whatever it was that they owned, that they deserved to suffer for their obstinacy and inflexible resistance. There were others equally crazed whom I have marked to be sent to Rome, being citizens. Still accusations multiply after the usual fashion, and several cases have been brought before me. An anonymous libel contains the name of several who deny that they have ever been Christians. When I saw them invoke the gods with me, and offer incense and libations to your image which I caused to be brought forward with the images of the gods, and when they even reviled the name of Christ, I thought it right to dismiss them, since it is said to be impossible to make real Christians do so. Others, named by the informer, have said they once were Christians, but were so no longer—some for three years, some for a longer time, some even for twenty years. They all adored your image and the statues of the gods, and reviled Christ.

‘This is what they say their faults and errors amounted to. On certain days’ they assemble before sunrise, and repeat in two choruses a hymn in honour of the Christ as a God, they bind themselves by an oath not to any crime, but to commit no theft, robbery nor adultery, never to break their word, nor fail in a trust; then they partake of a harmless and ordinary meal: and they have ceased to do so since my orders have been issued against their assemblies. I thought needful to ascertain the truth by putting two female slaves to the torture, but I discovered nothing but an ill-regulated and excessive superstition.

‘The subject seemed to me to be worthy of consultation, principally on account of the number of the accused. Persons of every age, sex and rank are endangered. This superstition has infected, not merely the cities, but the towns and the country, and it seems as if it might be arrested and cured. At least, it is certain that the temples, which had been long forsaken, are beginning to be again frequented; that after a long interruption, solemn sacrifices are again celebrated, and that everywhere victims are to be seen in places where hardly any one used to buy them; whence it may be inferred that a great many would correct their errors if opportunity were given them for recantation.’

I have given you this letter in full because Pliny has been called very suitably the first Christian apologist; since he thus acquitted the Church of the horrible orgies which were popularly ascribed to their assemblies. It is also the first hint of the manner of their worship: the early meeting, the choral chant, and the Holy Eucharist, followed perhaps by the Agape. It also shows the ordinary manner of the persecutions: the citation before the tribunal, and the confession or denial of the faith implied by the refusal or consent to cast incense on

the little brazen altar placed before the idols. We see too the sifting of the Church, how the faint and half-hearted fell away, and the faithful staunchly went to their death. Moreover, though Pliny was a man just and humane above the average, he has not scrupled to torture the slave girl to extort a confession.

Trajan, in reply, commended his conduct towards those denounced as Christians: 'They need not be sought out, but if they are accused and convicted, they must be punished. However, let every one who declares himself to be no Christian, and proves it by sacrifice to the gods, obtain pardon, however much he may have been previously suspected. As to the anonymous libels, they ought not to be attended to, they are a bad example, unworthy of our century.'

This is the decision of a just and merciful ruler according to his lights, and, in general, persecution does not seem to have been severe under Trajan, though every Christian's life was at the mercy of informers, and, according to Eusebius, these were often heretics.

Two noted personages, however, were put to death during this reign. The Eastern border of the Empire was in a perilous condition from the revival of the old Persian power; and there were Jews and Christians scattered throughout the intermediate country to make the Roman power dread their taking part with its enemies. This was probably the cause of the martyrdom of Simeon, the brother and successor of St. James, at 120 years of age, forty years after the death of his brother.

Trajan himself made an expedition to the East, and was at Antioch during a very terrible earthquake, in 115, when great numbers of persons were killed, among them one of the consuls for the year, and the Emperor himself was dragged out through a window; all the population had to encamp in the circus, and watched trembling lest Mount Casius should topple over and bury them.

The cry of the people on such disasters always was that the gods were offended at their altars being forsaken by the Christians, and there can be little doubt that the Church historians are right in connecting the death of St. Ignatius with this earthquake, although the dates are greatly confused, the period at which Eusebius places his examination being the year 114, when Trajan was still in the West. Still it is more likely that the Church recorder should mistake his dates than his facts.

Ignatius, according to old tradition, was the very child whom our Lord set in the midst of the Apostles as an example of humility, and had been adopted and bred up by the twelve. This, however, rests on no secure foundation, though it is certain that he had been with St. John, and that he begins the Episcopal line of Antioch, when he had watched over the Church for many years. It was further said that he had taught the Christians to sing antiphonally, as Pliny shows that they did in Bithynia, and indeed it is probable that the Apostles continued the practice of the Levites in the Temple.

He was called by the additional name Theophorus, meaning one who bears God about with him, and when summoned to the tribunal of the Emperor, this surname was given to him.

‘What is this Theophorus?’ asked Trajan.

‘It is one who bears God in his heart,’ replied the Bishop.

‘Dost thou aver,’ said the Emperor, ‘that *we* bear not in our hearts the gods who aid us to conquer our enemies?’

This was the old doctrine of Socrates, but Ignatius answered, ‘The demons whom you adore are no gods, for there is but one God, who made the heavens and the earth and all that is therein, and one Jesus Christ, His only Son, to Whose Kingdom I long to come.’

‘You mean Him who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?’

‘Even so! He it is who by His death crucified sin with the origin of sin, triumphed over the malice of demons, and cast them down beneath the feet of those who bear Him in their heart.’

‘Then you carry this Christ in your heart?’

‘Assuredly, for is it not written “I will dwell in them, and walk in them”?’

Then followed the sentence—‘We decree that Ignatius, who says he bears the Crucified within him, should be bound and carried to Rome to be thrown to the beasts, and become a spectacle to the people.’

The sending him to Rome is not easily accounted for, but it is possible that it was thought that to exhibit such a distinguished Christian in numerous places might deter others from following his example. He was chained, and committed to the charge of ten soldiers, while some of his friends accompanied him, and one of them named Agathocles is supposed to have written the account preserved in Eusebius’s history.

Ignatius during his journey wrote those epistles to different congregations, which form some of the earliest Patristic documents, but about which there has been much controversy. Seven were always believed to be his, and five more were manifestly spurious, but of these seven there were two versions, one much larger than the other, and in 1858, in a cellar of one of the most ancient monasteries of Egypt, a very old copy—or rather abridgment of three of them—was discovered, in Syriac. On the whole, I believe the general opinion of scholars is that the shorter Greek version is the most likely to be the original, and it contains most important testimony to the doctrine and practice of the Church at the end of the first century, only a few years after the death of St. John.

The first stage of the journey took him to Smyrna, where he had happy intercourse not only with the Bishop Polycarp, but with the bishops of four other places, who came to visit him while he was kept waiting for a ship. His journey was managed much as that of St. Paul had been, forty years before; his guards allowing him a good deal of freedom, and taking their passage with him in merchant

ships. The seven epistles were written at different times upon this last journey. They were to the Ephesians, the Magnesians, and the Trallians (belonging to a small town near Ephesus), to the Romans, to prepare them for his arrival, to the Philadelphians, to the Smyrniotes, and to Polycarp himself. Their great doctrinal importance may be understood when I mention that he writes in earnest maintenance of faith in the resurrection of our blessed Lord, that he intensely insists on the unity of the Church to be maintained by the frequent attendance at the Holy Eucharist. He dwells on obedience to the Bishop, distinctly mentioning the three orders of the clergy, and sending a greeting to 'the virgins who are called widows'—no doubt the deaconesses consecrated by the Church. Of Sunday, he says to the Ephesians, 'Those who were bred up in the ancient order of things have come to the possession of a new hope, no longer observing the Sabbath, but living in the observance of the Lord's day, on which also our life has sprung up by Him and by His death.' The longer and more doubtful Greek version adds to this, 'Let every friend of Christ keep the Lord's day as a festival, the Resurrection day, the queen and chief of all the days.'

There are likewise quotations whence we perceive that the authority of the sacred books in which they occur had come to be acknowledged. Such are, 'Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves;' 'What shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

The last of these letters was to Polycarp, and it has some striking sentences. 'Let your Baptism endure as your armour, your faith as your helmet, your love as your spear, your patience a complete panoply.'—'A Christian hath no power over himself, but must always be at leisure for God's service.'

The route taken by the guards was across Macedonia and Epirus, embarking at Epidamnus, and arriving at Ostia on the 20th of December, the last day of the feast of the Saturnalia. It was a day of the wildest mirth, when all slaves were permitted to disport themselves as they chose, and when the customs prevailed which the Italian carnival still keeps up—the wearing strange disguises of animal heads or comic masks in strange procession in the streets, and of carrying little lighted tapers, which every one strove and struggled to blow out. Through this wild crowd, leaping, dancing, jostling one another, mad with wine and excitement, was the venerable old man led by the soldiers, on foot, attended by a few grave, reverential men, mostly slaves or artizans, who had taken advantage of the holiday to come and meet him on, what was to him, indeed, the triumphal way. He was ardent for martyrdom, in a manner that our dull cold spirits can hardly understand, and the eighteen miles from Ostia were all joy to him, though well he knew that he was to furnish the crowning spectacle of that Roman holiday.

There stood the great Flavian Amphitheatre, called the Colosseum;

from the colossal statue of Nero in front of it. Tier upon tier of the circular seats were filled with spectators, sheltered by the purple and gold sails, or veils, drawn overhead. Perfumes filled the air, to stifle the scent of the carnage in the vast arena below, where gladiators and savage beasts took turns to fight and die to minister amusement to the jaded taste of the voluptuous people.

At the door Ignatius embraced and parted with his faithful friends. As the growls of the beasts in the adjacent dens were heard, he exclaimed, 'I am the Lord's wheat. I must be ground by the teeth of beasts to become the pure bread of JESUS CHRIST.'

He passed through the gates into the open space, surrounded with a sloping hill of eager human faces, and, as soon as he had reached the centre, where all could see, two lions were let loose, and bounded on him at once. Only the larger and harder bones remained, and these his faithful disciples gathered up, rolled in linen, and carried home to Antioch. It is a remarkable testimony to the estimation in which he was held, that the Monophysite Patriarch of Antioch always takes the name of Ignatius.

It shows, however, the difficulty and confusion of dates at this time that, while some writers think the earthquake of 115 was the cause of his being marked out to appease the wrath of the gods, there are Christian writers who point to the same catastrophe as a punishment to Antioch for his death.

That idol shrines were, however, forsaken seems certain. Ignatius's letter to the Ephesians speaks of the worship of the great goddess, Diana, as our translation calls the black image in its temple, the wonder of the world, having been almost given up. In fact, the faith of the educated in the old mythologies had been undermined. They were much in the condition of the upper classes of Hindoos at the present day—not Christians, not hearty heathens, and only continuing such observances as were connected with state or family matters, but with a higher standard of morality becoming insensibly infused among them, and which they tried to deduce from philosophy.

Polycarp wrote from Smyrna a letter to the Philippians, to ask what they knew of Ignatius. The rest is chiefly practical, beginning with wives, whom he exhorts to love their husbands, to live in amity with one another, and to bring up their children in the fear of God. The widows, namely the deaconesses, are to be 'moderate in the faith,' not seeking to inquire overmuch, but to pray without ceasing, and to avoid calumny and slander. Deacons and priests are also exhorted; indeed the whole Church is exhorted. There is a warning against the love of money, and also against false brethren, who are to be known by their denial that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. Polycarp then laments over a fallen priest, Valens, praying that both the delinquent and his wife may come to true repentance. 'Treat them not as enemies,' he says, 'but as diseased limbs. Recall them

so as to save the entire body.' Celibacy, it may be here observed, was by no means compulsory on any order of the clergy, as, indeed, it never has been in the Eastern Church, and in the Western it was only after the first thousand years that Hildebrand enforced it, as the only means of preventing benefices from passing from father to son, and the clergy from becoming a hereditary caste. Still, as St. Paul had taught, though marriage was honourable in all, the single life was esteemed the more excellent way; and when a Christian's life, especially that of a priest, was at the mercy of an informer, it was often felt to be wiser to have as few ties as possible to this life.

In the meantime Trajan had passed on eastwards, and died on his return in 117, after a career of conquest which he recorded in sculptures, ascending spirally on the magnificent column which bears his name, but is now surmounted by a statue of St. Paul—a truer conqueror, and more enduring.

Yet such was the uprightness and nobility of Trajan's character, that it is not possible to help sympathising with the legend known to later times in an apocryphal life of St. Gregory the Great, and embalmed by Dante, namely, that just as the Emperor was setting out on an expedition, with all his legions in order, a poor widow cried to him for justice. He bade her wait till his return.

'But what if thou should'st not return?' she said.

'Then my successor will do thee justice,' he answered.

'Nay, my lord,' returned the widow; 'what benefit to thee will be the good deeds of another man?'

On which Trajan turned back and attended to her cause. Pope Gregory I. was, according to the legend, so much affected by this instance of generosity, that he wept bitterly that such a soul should be lost for ever, and prayed earnestly for Trajan's salvation. Whereupon an angel appeared, forbidding him ever to make the like prayer, but telling him that it had been granted, and that Trajan's soul was in Paradise, though he himself must suffer for his presumption by either two days of purgatory or by fever and pain in the side for the rest of his life; on which he chose the latter alternative. Dante calls this Gregory's great victory, and he imagines the scene with the widow sculptured on the walls of the second circle of purgatory, as a lesson in humility, and afterwards, in *Il Paradiso*, he places Trajan between David and Hezekiah as a star in the Eagle of Justice.

The legend is of course very late, and belongs to the times when St. Paul's saying as to the heathen who was a law unto himself, namely that 'to his own master he standeth or falleth,' had been entirely put out of sight, and every non-Christian was held to be under condemnation. Even the primitive Christians of these early times seem to have had little expectation of future mercy for those who had not accepted the faith; and the severity of these opinions has led

to a reaction of even more perilous indifference to the acceptance of the truth.

On his death-bed Trajan had adopted as his successor another Spanish Roman, Publius Ælius Hadrianus, a scholar and philosopher, but also a practical man, an able general and statesman. He had an open, candid mind, with no inclination for persecution, and had even studied the Septuagint, and admired its teaching, but he entered on his reign in the midst of a great revolt of the Jews.

Those who dwelt in Babylonia and Mesopotamia had not been among the conquered in Palestine, but lived prosperously under the Parthian kings, among whom they hoped to see another Cyrus arise. They had synagogues and schools of learning throughout the country, and a ruler termed Prince of the Captivity. At Alexandria there was a council of seventy elders, and the Temple at Heliopolis, built by Onias and the fugitives of the Syrian persecution, still kept up its ritual. All the synagogues and councils were subject to a patriarch or head of the Sanhedrim in Palestine, whose headquarters were at Tiberias.

Whether this universal organisation alarmed the Romans, lest the Jews should take part with the Parthians, or whether the war were, as the Roman historians say, begun by a disturbance in Cyrene, when the Jews acted barbarously towards their prisoners, is not clear. All that is certain is, that for three years there was a tremendous struggle between the Romans and the Jews, who were led by a desperately brave man, one of their many false Messiahs, and called Barchochba, the Son of a Star, in the hope that he was the Star of Jacob. One who heartily believed in him was the Rabbi Akiba, a shepherd who had become a deeply learned man, good and devoted. The old Maccabæan spirit was roused among the Jews, they fought for their beloved and 'pleasant land' step by step. Barchochba made a stand in the ruins of Jerusalem; and then held out the fortress of Bethhoron or Bithar, full of memories of Joshua and Judas Maccabæus, till he was slain on the breach, the city was taken by assault, and Akiba, among others, cruelly put to death. There is a beautiful Talmudic story that he smiled on the executioners who were torturing him, so that one exclaimed, 'You look as if you rejoice!' 'And I do,' answered the dying man. 'Every day of my life I have repeated my formula. To-day, for the first time I *feel* what it is to love the Lord my God with all my heart, and all my soul, and all my strength. How should I not rejoice?'

The Jews, in their bitter disappointment, called their late leader Barcosba, the son of a lie, and indeed their sufferings were great. Numbers were slain, numbers sold into slavery; the Temple at Heliopolis was destroyed, and to efface the very name of Jerusalem, Hadrian founded a new city on the site, calling it Ælia, after himself, Capitolina after the Jupiter of the Capitol.

A temple to Jupiter was built upon Mount Moriah, with a hog carved over the porch, one to Venus was placed at Calvary, thus outraging alike the feelings of Jews and Christians. This shrine of Venus, however, served as a link in making the traditional spot of the crucifixion and entombment.

The Jews were forbidden on pain of death to approach their once holy city, except on one day in the year, when, as St. Jerome expressed it, they 'had the privilege of buying their own tears.' For a sum of money they were admitted for a few hours to weep and mourn before that one remaining piece of Temple wall known as the wailing place of the Jews.

In later times, as we all know, this wailing became weekly instead of yearly, and still, after 1700 years, on every Thursday do the Jews meet at that spot to chant the prophecies of desolation, and mourn and lament in chorus. Moreover, the Abbé Ratisbonne, himself a converted Jew, about forty years ago founded an order of nuns, called Filles de Sion, who live at Jerusalem, and at the very hour of the wailing of the Jews, join in prayer that the veil may be taken from the hearts of the once chosen people. I cannot quite leave the subject without mentioning that these Filles de Sion have, or had a few years ago, the indubitable Gabbatha or pavement, the tessellated flooring which constituted a Roman prætorium, and therefore the very spot where Pilate declared our Blessed Lord's innocence, and yet passed sentence on Him—and thence it is that now go forth the prayers for the final remission of the cry, 'His blood be on us and on our children.'

It was this 'war of extermination,' as the Jews call Hadrian's battles with them, that seems first to have made Rome realise a distinction between Jews and Christians, and the latter availed themselves of this by presenting to the Emperor apologies, or explanatory treatises, pleading for toleration and vindicating their religion from the popular imputations.

One Aristo, a Jewish Christian of the refuge city of Pella, wrote such a petition and presented it to Hadrian, with whom it was probably successful, since the Christians lived on with little persecution in Palestine; they have never ceased in Bethlehem, and the Maronites of the mountains still represent them. Aristo likewise wrote a dialogue between a Christian and a Jew, which was seen and admired by Origen seventy years later.

Two more apologists, Quadratus and Aristides, were permitted to address Hadrian in person at Athens, as philosophers, and to argue, as St. Paul had done before them. But still there was no real effect produced on the Emperor's mind, except curiosity, and when he visited Alexandria, he apparently fell among Gnostics, and was moreover greatly disgusted with the greed and avarice of the great merchant city. If the letter he is said to have written from Alexandria be genuine, it shows that a strange aspect of the faith must

have been presented to him. He says, 'I am now become fully acquainted with that Egypt which you rate so highly. I have found the people vain, fickle, and shifting with every breath of opinion. Those who worship Serapis are in fact Christians, and they who call themselves Christian Bishops are actually worshippers of Serapis. There is no chief of a Jewish synagogue, no Samaritan, no Christian Bishop, who is not an astrologer, a fortune-teller, and a conjurer. The Patriarch himself when he comes to Egypt is compelled by one party to worship Serapis, by the other Christ. They have but one God (namely lucre), him Christians, Jews and Gentiles worship all alike.'

Dr. Merivale questions the authenticity of this disappointing letter, because it is not given by Hadrian's contemporary biographer, but in the life of a later Emperor. Whether the name of Patriarch was yet given to the Bishop of Alexandria is also doubtful; but the concluding sentence is no doubt only too true. Alexandria had always been a demoralising place, to sensual nature by its wealth and luxury, to the intellectual by the philosophies that were always arguing in a circle, and seldom looked higher. Here was later invented that Neo-Platonism which enjoined the morals of Christianity without their motive as their supernatural aid; here most of the heresies came to light, and in the wealthy intellectual society it is quite possible that the bounds between Christianity, philosophy, and idolatry were scarcely discernible to a sovereign. Serapis was a sort of compound of the old Egyptian divinities, invented while the Greek sovereigns reigned in Egypt and had a splendid temple, the pride of Alexandria, and hosts of priests and votaries. It is not impossible that the half-hearted, especially the Gnostics, may have held themselves to propitiate the power of evil as well as to secure themselves by paying honours to Serapis.

These Egyptian Gnostics differed from those of Asia by not considering the principle of evil to be eternal, but they were most mischievous people. One of them, Carpocrates, taught that crime and licence were desirable, in order to debase the body and emancipate the soul. Basilides invented an 'endless genealogy' of angels. Valentinus, a still milder and stranger cosmogony of successive generations, good and bad, and as he held that nothing material could be good, he denied that the Son of God had taken human flesh, but declared that the Holy Spirit, the perfection of æons, had descended on the Son of Mary at His Baptism, but quitted Him before Pilate, and left Him a mere man to suffer crucifixion through the malice of the Demiurge or power of evil.

If all these varieties of opinion pleaded their cause before Hadrian, no wonder that he was bewildered. Moreover, it is never the most devout and faithful who court notice, and there was no persecution to separate the wheat from the chaff, so that men who partially

accepted Christianity mingled with the gay, luxurious and greedy crowd, and belied their profession.

In his later days Hadrian fell into ill health and great depression of spirits. The lines he wrote on his death-bed well express the dreariness of the Pagan future. Dr. Merivale thus translates them:—

‘Soul of mine, pretty one, fitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away?
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one,
Never to play again, never to play!’

Summing up this period, the first forty years of the second century, we find very little tangible evidence of the doctrine, condition or customs of the Church, but those fragments and hints collected from the two primary fathers, Ignatius and Polycarp, perfectly accord with the later testimonies when they become more full and complete. The Church was working her way, almost in silence, against heathenism, false philosophy, and disputes among her own wayward children, growing under the shelter of these moderate and beneficent Emperors, till she should be strong enough to endure the purifying fire of persecution.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VII.

CHAUCER.

LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION.

IN order to understand Chaucer's position as an English writer, it is necessary to know something about the history of the English language up to the time at which he began to write. This history may briefly be described as the gradual conversion of an inflected or synthetic to an uninflected or analytic language, that is to say, the conversion of a language which expressed differences of time and mood, of subject and object, and so forth, by means of a change in the form of words, to one which made use of auxiliary words to attain the same result.

In Greek and Latin, for instance, and to a great extent in modern German, we can, by the addition of various terminations to the stem or unchanging part of any substantive, convey the ideas of possession, of instrumentality and locality, among others, whereas in modern French and English, in default of a genitive, dative and ablative case, to convey the ideas in question we call in the aid of prepositions such as *de* and *of*, *par* and *by*, *à* and *at*. English then is at present an uninflected language, and the first question which the student of English has to ask himself is 'how did it come to be so?' It is of course impossible to assign an exact date for a change of language, as one can for a change of dynasty, but at the same time it is perhaps a good plan to take one or two representative dates which may serve as landmarks in the history of the development that gradually took place. The first of these dates would be 1066, which marks the invasion of the Teutonic English language, with its complicated grammar and its regular inflexions, by that offshoot of the Latin tongue known as Norman-French, a language with a comparatively simple syntax and but few inflexions. There had not, indeed, been anything like complete uniformity of language in England before the Norman Conquest; different tribes had conquered different parts of the country, and each had its special dialect, which naturally took root in the district where those who spoke it had settled. The Danes, too, exercised a good deal of influence upon these dialects, especially in the Northern and Eastern parts of the island, and the result of their incursions and settlements (867-1013) resembled that brought about by the Normans, in so far as it consisted

in a simplifying of grammar and introduction of the tendency to drop inflexions. Still, the Danes had never dominated the whole country, and, moreover, they came of the same Teutonic stock as did those whom they conquered; whereas the Normans, though also of Teutonic descent, were, when they came to England, to all intents and purposes French. The effect of this French invasion is thus described by the old historian Robert of Gloucester, whose rhymed Chronicle was written towards the end of the thirteenth century:—

‘Thus come lo! Engeland into Normannes honde
And the Normans ne * couthe speke tho bote her owe speche
And speke Frenche as dude atom † and here chyldren dude al so teche, ‡
So that hey men of thys lond that of her blod come
Holdeth alle thilke speche that ‡ hii of hem nome.’

The influence of the dominant French class (nobles, ecclesiastics, lawyers, schoolmasters were French) was first felt by the grammatical structure of the language; nobody cared to keep up a correct standard of English, so differences of gender and declension were neglected and suffered to fall into disuse. Then in 1221 the Friars came to England, and this is perhaps the second important date in the history of the language, as it represents the wholesale invasion of our vocabulary by the French words with which the Friars familiarised the common people among whom they chiefly worked. It has been calculated that by the end of the thirteenth century, one-seventh of the old English words had been given up, while in the course of the hundred years between 1200 and 1300, the number of French words in common use had increased from 250 to 800.

The Normans, however, had shown by their ready adoption, some centuries before, of the speech of the conquered Franks, that they were more likely to have a foreign language imposed upon themselves than to impose their own upon their subjects; moreover, one class, however powerful, can never prevail against a whole nation, and so the English language held its own. A check had been given to the apparently all-conquering French tongue by the separation of Normandy from England in the reign of John, and the wars of Edward III. did much to arouse a feeling for all that was national, including the language. The unwillingness to learn German shown by the French until recent years, and the difficulty of obtaining German books in some parts of France, testify to the influence that national sentiment may have upon language, and the effects of such influence in England are well illustrated by a law passed in 1362, and providing ‘that all pleas in the courts of the king or of any other law, shall be pleaded and judged in the English tongue.’ The preamble stated that ‘the French tongue was too much unknown.’ This date, 1362, may be taken as the third of our landmarks; twenty-

* Could not speak any but their own language.

† They did at home.

‡ They from them took.

three years later, the historian John of Trevisa was able to chronicle the fact, that 'in alle the gramer scoles of Englonde children lerneth Frensch, and construeth and lerneth in Englisch and haveth therby avauntage in oon side and desavauntage in another. . . . Also gentel men haveth now mych ylefte for to teche her children Frensch.' The fashion then had changed; English was spoken by the gentry, at the Universities, at Court; Edward III. himself bore two English mottoes upon his shield and surcoat:—

‘Hay, hay, the wythe swan
By Godes soul, I am thy man;’*

and ‘It is as it is.’ This alone would be a sufficient indication of the temper of the times, and one is reminded of the attempts made among the upper classes in modern Russia to abandon the prevailing fashion of speaking French and to adopt the national language.

Now, however, the effects of the long-standing neglect by the educated classes of the English tongue were felt; there was no prevailing standard of good sound English, and three different dialects—the Northern, the Southern, and the Midland—were contending for the mastery, a mastery which the last named was destined to obtain. It was in the Midland dialect that Robert Manning of Brunne wrote his *Handlyng Synne* in 1303, and a glance at two specimens of English at about that date, the one written as Manning would have written it, the other in Southern fashion, will show how much nearer akin to our own modern language is the first:†

A. (Midland): But she and thei are fyled with synnes, and so I have sayd to that lady ilk day; answer, men, is hyt nat so?

B. (Southern): Ac heo and hi beoth ifuled mid sunnen, and so ichabbe iseid to thilke levedy uche day; answereth, men, nis it nought so?

Obviously the great necessity of the time was some writer who should fix the standard of English by making it the vehicle for works of which his countrymen should be proud, which should serve as a model for future writers, and finally destroy the notion, that any language was more suitable than English for an Englishman to write in. Such a writer we had in Geoffery Chaucer, who, between 1362 and 1400, was hard at work doing all that man could do to bring about the results above referred to. He was not unconscious of the difficulties with which a poet, writing in so unsettled a condition of the language, had to contend; witness the pathetic address to his ‘litel boke’ in *Troilus and Cryseyde*.

‘And for ther is so grete dyversite
In Englisch, and in writynge of our tonge,
So preye I to God that non myswrite the
Ne the mys-metere, for defaute of tonge.’

* See *The New English*; Oliphant.

† Oliphant.

Some of the reasons for that 'grete dyversite' have been already pointed out, but it may be as well to repeat that the language, when Chaucer began to use it, was, as regards its foundations and framework, English, that is to say, a development of the language (commonly called Anglo-Saxon) spoken before the Norman Conquest, but as regards its vocabulary, very largely French. The foreign words had, however, on coming to England to submit to English authority, and undergo the changes demanded by the usage of the land—thus: (1) adverbs derived from French adjectives have the Saxon termination *-lich* or *-ly*, and not the French *-ment*—*rare*, *brave*, *continuel* developing into *rarely*, *bravely*, *continually*, instead of *rarement*, *bravement*, *continuellement*. Again, (2) nouns having no genitive case, acquired one in England, the French *fleur* becoming an English *flour* with genitive *flourës*. (3) French verbs were reduced to uniformity of conjugation: *accorder*, *souffrir*, *recevoir*, and *descendre* turning into *accorden*, *suffren*, *receiven*, and *descenden*. It should be noticed (and indeed most people probably learn it early from *Ivanhoe*) that that section of our vocabulary which represents luxuries and superfluities is for the most part French.

Perhaps the best way to begin a study of Chaucer's language is to read some few lines of the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, noting first of all the substantives, and the points in which they differ from corresponding words in our own language, then the verbs, and then the minor parts of speech. It needs no grammatical knowledge to teach us which words and forms we are, and which we are not, accustomed to; and the rules of syntax, which sooner or later must be learnt, if Chaucer is to be intelligently read, will be more easily acquired after such a practical investigation. Taking then the familiar opening of the *Prologue*, we find in the first few lines points noticeable enough. We are used to *showers*, but not *schowrës*; *crops*, not *croppës*, *fowls*, *strands*, *lands*, not *fowlës*, *strondës*, *londës*; and why is there an *e* at the end of *sonne*, *roote*, *breethe*, *holte*, and *heethe*? The reason for these peculiarities is to be found in the old Saxon usages of which they were the survival. Formerly there had been three declensions, and three varieties of the nouns of each gender. Now only one declension survived, and all distinctions of gender had been lost, while of the five original oblique cases only the genitive remained in ordinary use. The *-es* in *schowres*, and the other words mentioned, is the regular plural termination of all nouns in Chaucer's time, and is a corruption of *-as*—the termination of one declension of masculine nouns (the second) in Anglo-Saxon. The genitive singular of that same declension ended in *-es*, and this had, by the fourteenth century, come to serve as genitive singular and plural for nearly every noun; we have examples of it in lines 15 and 294: 'every *schirës* ende,' 'at his *beddës* heede.'

In line 87, however, we have a different form—the *y* in 'his *lady* grace' being equivalent to 'yë,' which represents an old feminine

genitive singular in *-an*. The expression 'his *fader* soulë' (781) is to be accounted for by the fact that in Anglo-Saxon neither *fader*, *brother*, nor *daughter* took any inflexion in the genitive singular. Turning to the final *e* of the substantives, we find that it represents Anglo-Saxon terminations in *a*, *e*, or *u*; thus in *sonne* (7) we have the regular nominative of feminine nouns in *-e* of the first A.-S. declension, while *cuppe* (134) represents *cuppa*, a masculine noun of the same declension. Sometimes, however, Chaucer's nouns derive their *e* from an *oblique* case of the old A.-S. equivalent, the nominative of which ended in a consonant, just as we see the Italian *radice* derived from the Latin *radix*, *animale* from *animal*, and many other instances. The singular of *croppes* is an example of this, being in Chaucer 'croppes', in A.-S. *crop*. So Chaucer has *Morwe* (334), *House* (345), *Morne* (358), *Bretherhede* (511), for A.-S. *Moru*, *House*, *Morn*, *Bretherhed*. In nouns following those prepositions which in other languages also 'govern,' as we say, the dative or ablative case, the *e* final represents that case in A.-S., and this explains its appearance in *roote*, *heethe*, and the other words mentioned above. It is, however, by no means invariably that we find such prepositions followed by an *e* final, and but a very few lines further on we have 'at *night*' (23), and 'with the *lord*' (65). It remains to notice the nouns of French extraction, and these retained their foreign *e*, as in lines 3, 44, and 45—*veyne*, *chyvalrye*, and *curteisie*. In pronunciation the accent was often laid on the second syllable of such words as *vertuë* (4), *coragès* (10), *pilgrimàges* (11), according to the French fashion.

Looking at the verbs, the first thing that strikes us is the termination *-en* in the infinitive, in the plurals of present tenses and preterites, and in the past participles of certain verbs, just, in fact, as in modern German :

- 'Redy to *wenden* on my pilgrimage.' (21)
- 'And wel we *weren* esed at the beste.' (29)
- 'Then *longen* folk to *gon* on pilgrimages.' (12)
- 'That hem hath *holpen* when that they were seeke.' (13)

En or *-an* was the regular termination of Anglo-Saxon infinitives, and it was in the verbs that the old terminations were longest retained; the tendency to drop them is, however, exemplified on the very same page as that on which most of the lines quoted occur :

'To Caunterbury they *wende*,
The holy blissful martyr for to *seeke*.'

First the *-n* was discarded, and now not even an *-e* remains, though indeed, we retain the old form in some isolated but familiar instances, such as that in the *Magnificat* :

'He remembering His mercy hath *holpen* His servant Israel.'

The other chief peculiarities with which we shall meet in Chaucer's verbs are :

I. The imperative plural in *-eth*:

“Lordynges,” quoth he, “now *herkneth* for the beste,
But *taketh* it not, I praye you, in desdeyn.”

II. The present participle in *-ynge* (A.-S. *-ende*; Old English Southern dialect, *-inde*):

‘Syngynge he was or floytynge, al the day.’ (9)

III. The past participle of strong verbs ending in *-en* or *-e*, and having the prefix *i-* or *y-*, answering to the Anglo-Saxon and German *ge-*:

‘Hath in the Ram his halfe cours *i-ronne*.’ (8)

Strong verbs are, of course, those which form their preterite by means of vowel change in the root, while weak verbs require the addition of *d* or *t*. An example of each kind occurs in the following two lines:

‘This noble ensample to his flock he *yaf* [A.-S. *pesent yeve* or *yive*]
That first he *wroughte* and afterwards he *taughte*.’ (495–6)

The use of impersonal verbs with the dative case, as in German, should be noticed: ‘him *luste* ryde soo’ (102); also the negative verbs: *nas* (= *ne* + *was*), was not (251); *noide* (*ne* + *wolde*), would not (550); *noot*, *not* (*ne* + *wot*), knows not (284).

As to adjectives, we find a great number of them ending in *e*, and these are to be accounted for in one of the three following ways:

I. They are derived from Anglo-Saxon adjectives also ending in *e*, as is the case with *grene* (103), *schene* (115), and *lene* (287); or, II. They get their termination from some oblique case of an A.-S. adjective with a nominative ending in a consonant, just as we saw happened in the case of certain nouns. Examples of this are *eche* (39, A.-S. *aelc*), and *fressche* (365, A.-S. *ferse*). III. Monosyllabic adjectives have an *e* final in the plural, as *smalē fowles* (9), and when preceded by the definite article, a demonstrative adjective, or a possessive pronoun, as ‘the *yongē sonne*’ (7), ‘this *ilke* monk’ (175), ‘his *halfe* cours’ (8). The comparative and superlative are formed by adding *-er* or *-re*, and *-est* or *-este*, respectively, to the positive, as may be seen by the three following examples:

‘Wyd was his *parische*, and houses *fer* asonder.’ (491)

‘And thereto hadde he riden, no man *ferre*.’ (47)

‘The *ferreste* in his *parische*, moche and lite.’ (494)

Adverbs are formed from adjectives by adding *-e* to the positive degree; for instance:

‘As *cleerē*
And eek as *lowdē* as doth the chapel bellē.’

Sometimes also they are found with the termination *-es* or *-en*:

‘And such he was *i-proved ofte sithēs*.’ (485)

‘*Withouten hire*.’ (538)

In the pronouns we shall find some few forms different from those to which we are accustomed, the chief of these being: (1) *hire* (or *hir*), *his*, *here*, instead of *her*, *its*, *their*:

‘*Hire* gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy.’ (120)

‘Whan that Aprille with *his* schowres swoote.’ (1)

‘So priketh *hem* nature in *here* corages.’ (11)

Hem, as in line 11, for *them*, and *hit* for *it*:

‘*Hit* snewe in his hous of mete and drynke.’ (345)

(2) *Tho* (A.-S. *tha*), instead of *those* (and sometimes instead of *the*):

‘Out of the gospel he *tho* wordes caughte.’ (497)

(3) *Thilke* (A.-S. *thyllic*), instead of *that*, *the like*:

‘But *thilke* text held he not worth an oystre.’ (182)

It remains to examine Chaucer’s versification, and here again the best thing to do is to read a few lines for ourselves, and see what we can learn from our success or failure to catch the rhythm of the verse. Very soon we shall find ourselves avoiding a hopeless want of harmony by here sounding, there passing over, a final *e*, or *n*, or *s*, now emphasising some familiar words on unfamiliar syllables, and now calmly pronouncing others as if they were modern French. The question is, what right or reason (beyond that afforded by our ear) have we to do this? and the answer may best be obtained by a glance at similar practices, as regards *e* final in particular, in modern German and French, since these languages are the ‘living representatives of the Saxon and Norman elements of which Chaucer’s poems are composed.’* Before, however, proceeding to this examination, it will be best to state that the metre in which Chaucer wrote the *Prologue*, and most of the *Canterbury Tales*, and which he possibly imitated from the Frenchman Guillaume de Machault, consists of ten-syllabled lines, arranged in rhyming couplets, the feet being as a rule iambic, that is, each consisting of a short and a long syllable, as in the following example:

‘*Ț* good | mȃn wās | thēre ȝf | rēlig|ioŋn,
And wās | *ȝ* pȝur|ē Pēr|sȝun ȝf | *ȝ* tȝwn.’

In these two lines we see at once in *poure* an *e* final, which must be sounded, if the metre is to be correct and harmonious; and by looking to the derivation of the word, from the French *pauvre*, we see a reason why sounded it should be, since in all French songs at the present day, and in most French poetry not set to music, *e* final is a separate syllable. In conversation, indeed, it has fallen into disuse, but we know that as late as the sixteenth century this was not the case, so that there is every reason to believe that in Chaucer’s day it was sounded in everyday speech and in poetry alike.

We may then begin our classification of accented *e* final in Chaucer with—

* *Early English Pronunciation.* Ellis.

I. *French e final*; other instances of which are *veyne* (3), *melodie* (9), *straunge* (13), *companye* (24).

When we turn to German, we find that *e final* is :

(1.) The natural termination of many words, such as *Ruhe*, *Weise*, *Knabe*; compare Chaucer's *sonne*, *cuppe*, *ende*.

(2.) Inflexional, representing (a) plurals—*die Winde*, *alle Menschen*; Chaucer—*smalē fowles*, *alle naciouns* (53). (b) Dative cases—*dem Winde*; Chaucer—to the *rootē*. (c) The definite adjective—*der gute Mann*; Chaucer—the *yongē sonne*. (d) Parts of the verb—*ich liebe*, *ich liebte*; Chaucer—I *begynne* (42), He *lovede* (97).

Now these are only a few instances of parallel forms in the English of Chaucer's time and the German of to-day; but since in each case the *e final* of the German is (as a rule) sounded both in ordinary speech and in poetry, there seems no reason to doubt that a similar usage prevailed in English. The classification of Chaucer's *e final* may therefore thus be continued :

II. *Essential e final*; i.e. either existing already in Anglo-Saxon, as in *sonne* and *ende*, or representing some other vowel, as in *cuppe*.

III. *Grammatical e final*, representing either some part of a verb, or an adjective, or an adverb, or oblique case of a noun. German poets, however, allow themselves great freedom with regard to this *e final*, sounding or slurring it before vowels and consonants alike, according as their metre requires. The following instances are from the first act of Goethe's *Tasso* :

(1, 2.) *e final retained before a consonant and omitted before a vowel* :

‘*Erwach*’! *Erwache*! Lass uns nicht empfinden
Dass du das Gegenwärt’ge ganz verkennst.’

(3.) *Omitted before a consonant* :

‘Und liebt er nicht—*verzeih*’ dass ich es sage.’

(4.) *Retained before a vowel* :

‘Für holde *Früchte* eine wahren Liebe.’

Here again a comparison of the ancient with the modern poet will show similarity of practice, with the exception of almost invariable elision by the former of *e final* before a vowel or silent *h*.

(1) ‘Whān Zēph|īrūs | eēk with | hīs swē|tē brēth|e.’
(2) (3). In fēl|āwschīp|e, ānd pīl|grȳms wēr|e thēy āll|e.’

With regard to the final syllables *-es* and *-en*, we find that in both languages they are slurred over with tolerable freedom. It has been calculated that *-es* is treated as simple *s* eighteen times in Chaucer's *Prologue*. Here are three instances of it :

‘Grēyhoūndes | hē hādde | ās swīte | ās fōwel | īn flight.” (190)
‘Ōf yēdd|ȳnges hē | bār ūt|tērly | thē prȳs.’ (236)
‘Hē knēw | thē tā|vērnes wēl īn ēv|ery toūn.’ (240)

As a rule, however, it was sounded in the plural and genitive singular of nouns, and in adverbs. *Fowel* and *every* are *italicised* in the above citations as affording instances of the (frequent) slurring over of the syllables *el* and *er*.

Examples of the like treatment of *-en* are quite common :

‘Änd förth | wē *rīden* | ä lit|äl möre | thän pās.’ (819)

It is generally a distinct syllable in (1) the infinitive mood :

‘Bät för | tō tell|ēn yōu | of hīs | ärrāy.’ (73)

(2) The past participles of strong verbs :

‘Thät hēm | häth *hōl*|pēn whān | thät thēy | wēre sēeke.’ (18)

(3) Adverbs originally ending in *-on* or *-an* :

‘*Withōu*|tēn hȳre | If it | lāy in | hīs mīght.’ (38)

It will have been noticed that most of the examples given above fulfil the definition of Chaucer’s lines as consisting of ten syllables, that is, of five iambic feet or measures. Chaucer, however, produced variety in his verse by means of *feminine* or disyllabic rhymes, such, for instance, as that formed by the *e* final in ‘*roote*’ and ‘*swoote*.’ This feminine rhyme always occurs at the end of the line, as in the opening couplet of the *Prologue*, or immediately after the *cesura*, a pause which is found near the middle of every line ; for example :

‘Änd wōn|dērlȳ | *dēly*|vere änd grēt | of strēngth.’ (84)

It is not, of course, always easy to say whether the extra syllable is sounded by virtue of its position, or slurred over on account of the vowel following, since in either case the verse can be scanned. Other variations are the commencement of the line with a single emphatic foot, as :

‘In | ä gōwne | of fāl|dȳng tō | thē knē.’ (391)

And the introduction, in any measure, of a trisyllabic foot :

‘Wȳd wās | hīs pār|*isch* änd hōu|sēs fār | äsōnder.’ (493)

A long list of different usages, whether of language or of metre, must at the best be a dull thing ; but the greater our knowledge of Chaucer’s language and grammatical forms, the easier we shall find it to appreciate the ‘varied harmonies,’ the spontaneous sweetness of his verse.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—VIII.

Questions.

47. In what dialect did Chaucer write? Note and account for any general differences between the language of Chaucer and that of Langlande and Wiclif.

48. What does final *e* represent in Chaucer?

Scan the following lines and mark the accents :

‘Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted flessch, or mylk and wastel breed.
But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wympel i-pynched was ;
Hire nose tretys ; hire eyen greye as glas.’

49. What is meant by the Gerundial Infinitive? Explain and give examples of Chaucer’s construction with impersonal verbs, and his use of double negatives.

50. Parse, *i-schrive, ferre, ner, nere, ben, beth, not, nat, han, nouthe, thilke, aller, tho, atte, byt*.

51. Explain and give the derivation of the following words : *bede, chapman, shirreve, wantown, yeman, vavasour, throp, somdel, streen, yeddyng, tabard, covyne, undern, fele, tabard, gest, herbergh, nowchee, ferne halwes, for the nones*.

52. Give the Chaucerian English for : *unless, remedy, looked for, he would rather have, he employed his knowledge well, dwelling far to the west, he was adviser to them all, there was not a door but he could heare it off its hinges*.

53. Explain the following lines, noting any difficulties and peculiarities of language or grammar :

- (a) ‘Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne.
- (b) ‘His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.’
- (c) ‘An anlas and a gipser al of silk.’
- (d) ‘He was not pale as a forpyned goost.’
- (e) ‘In hope to stonden in his lady grace.’
- (f) ‘He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste han a good pitaunce.’
- (g) ‘Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollen thries ;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold pardé.’
- (h) ‘And God they thanke and herie.’

54. Translate into modern English, with explanatory notes, the following passages :

- (a) ‘A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take exemple
For to be wyse in beyying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by taille,
Algate he waytede so in his achate,
That he was ay biforn and in good state.’
- (b) ‘God lovede he best with al his hoole herte
At alle tymes, though him gamede or smerte.’
- (c) ‘With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyere, and a lusty bachelere,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.’

(d) ‘His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge alway thencres of his wynnynge.
He wolde the see were kept for eny thinge
Betwixe Middleburgh and Orewelle.
Wel couthe he in eschaunge scheeldes selle.’

Account for the modern spelling could.

(e) ‘And they were clothed alle in oo lyveré,
Of a solempne and a gret fraternité.
Ful fressh and newe here gere apiked was;
Here knyfes were i-chaped nat with bras,
But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Here gurdles and here pouches every del.’

(f) ‘This sodeyn cas this man astonied so,
That reed he wex, abayst, and al quaking
He stood; unnethes seyde he wordes mo,
But only thus: “lord,” quod he, “my willing
Is as ye wole, ne ayeins youre lyking
I wol no-thing; ye be my lord so dere;
Ryght as yow lust governeth this matere.”’

(g) ‘Allas! hir daughter that she louede so
She wende he wolde han slawen it ryght tho.
But natheless she neither weep ne syked,
Consenting hir to that the markis lyked.’

(h) ‘But vp-on peyne hi; heed of for to swappe,
That no man sholde knowe of his entente,
Ne whenne he cam, ne whider that he wente.’

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Chaucer, *Prologue*, edited by Morris; Clarendon Press Series.

Chaucer, *Clerk's Tale*, edited by Skeat; Clarendon Press Series.

Marsh's *Student's English Language*.

Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*.

Noremburgh Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	95	Irene	84	Cordelia }	78
Bee		Patty	83	Dick }	
A. C. Shipton }	93	Joiner }		Rachel Carlisle . . .	76
E. M. Collum }		Sybil }	81	White Hawthorn . . .	74
Greta }	90	Snapdragon	79	A. M. G.	72
A. I. P.	89	Alice M.	78	Fides	70
Dewitte	87				

Second Class.

Mu Mu Kappa }	68	Ellice }	64	Mühle	57
Kleine Katze }		Maia }		Sunflower	56
Adoxa }		Cornflower	63	M. A. S.	52
Bunny }		Breidden }		M. E. Ackerley }	50
Rêve d'Or }	66	J. C. K. }	62	Caro }	
Seccnarf }		Hilda }		Senga	45
		Eugenie }	60		

Third Class.

May	44	Stephanotis	34	I. E. C.	20
Asphodel	43	Gorae	22		

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is anything gained by the discussion of the occurrences commonly known as Ghost Stories?

Chelsea China is almost crushed by the fury of her opposing correspondents. Such topics as 'Verbal Truth,' 'Woman's Work,' 'Sunday Observance,' etc., have been approached with calmness; but 'Ghost Stories' appear to be so very exciting, that she thinks it might be a gain if a little toleration for the opposing view could be acquired by the discussion of them.

She would wish to begin by pointing out that the question is carefully worded so as not to commit the questioner or the correspondents to anything: 'The occurrences *commonly known* as Ghost Stories.' But a great many have at once identified *all* 'ghosts' with 'departed spirits,' forgetting that all 'occurrences' are not gifted with such a clear flow of language as Hamlet's father, so as to explain their identity and condition, and entirely leaving out of sight all the subtle and ingenious theories or observations of the Psychical Research Society, and other writers of the present day; so that the discussion is hardly up to date. You have to establish that an inexplicable 'occurrence' must be a departed spirit before you argue whether it is irreligious to believe or disbelieve in its possibility; and the origin of such experiences, and whether they all have the same or come under different categories, is one of the most interesting forms that such a discussion would take.

Some correspondents state, with warmth, that people in the present day believe in ghosts, because they *don't* believe the Bible, and so fall into superstition; therefore the discussion is mischievous, not to say wicked. Others with equal ardour say that this is a materialistic age, and people disbelieve in ghosts, because they don't believe the Bible, and have no faith in the Unseen. One correspondent says they should not be discussed except with fellow-believers, which seems rather a curious way of getting at the truth of a disputed point; for had the point in question been an article of faith, it need hardly be said that it would not have been debated on this ground. Discussing probabilities and possibilities is not the same thing as relating a personal experience, which you might regard as sacred. Some say that we ought to discuss 'ghosts,' but not 'spiritualism and kindred subjects.' Chelsea China takes the matter thus—

'Telling Ghost Stories' is a time-honoured amusement, which has very little to do with science or religion, and which it seems a pity to look at in too serious a point of view. We have all enjoyed ourselves over it, and enjoyed our night's rest perhaps a little less after it, as our fathers and mothers did before us. But there is no doubt that, whether we have more or less faith in the Unseen than our immediate predecessors, we do consider more things in Heaven and earth subjects for rational investigation than their philosophy discussed, whatever it may have dreamed of.

The powers of our bodies, certainly—of our souls possibly—seem to stretch out into space hitherto unexplored. The 'occurrences' commonly known as 'Ghost Stories' seem to stand upon this strange border land, which so many are trying to tread. Their careful *discussion*, therefore, with a strict regard to truth of word and thought, and of course among fit people, cannot surely be other than right. But Chelsea China does not think that any given explanation of them should be regarded as a matter of religious faith, any more than it can as yet be laid down as a matter of scientific fact. It would be very dangerous to make our belief in the *existence* of a spiritual world depend on our belief in sensible communications from it.

Elcaan.—But what *are* the evils of a belief in Ghost Stories? These, viz:—

Firstly, Dishonour to God, either as allowing to departed spirits a power apart from Him, or as believing the Eternal Godhead to permit and sanction such a mode of proceeding.

Secondly, Disbelief in God's Word. *Was* Lazarus permitted to revisit this earth?

Thirdly—Falsehood.

Fourthly—Cowardice.

And surely these evils are increased rather than lessened by the discussion and repetition of such occurrences as named above, since discussion and repetition add fuel to the flame, and keep the idea of such supernaturalism alive; while, where one man may be satisfied of the error, many more will be but strengthened in their fear and belief by having the persuasion again and again brought before them by its advocates as well as antagonists—at the same time that many will refuse and argue but to refuse the possibility of being convinced. It should be remembered that superstitious persons regard their superstition with a kind of vulgar reverential awe; it is to them a sort of religion, and unless we can *cultivate* them *above* it, they will cling to it as a savage to his idol, or a Pagan to the myths of his country.

Ignorance lies at the root of credulity, but it is not by such 'discussion' that ignorance will become knowledge, or credulity wisdom; rather it is by the advancement of a wisely-taught, cultivated intellect—aye, and of a pure reverential faith.

A searching after the Unknown, a longing for what lies beyond our ken, is a part of our human nature: but let it lead us on to a reality, and not turn us aside into the paths of superstition, where, like the Athenians of old, *we shall be ever telling and hearing some new thing.*

Wizard.—Allow me to ask of those who seek to doubt and cast discredit upon others who believe in such things—‘Cannot you conceive it possible that there exist in nature certain forces and occult laws that are as yet not made manifest to our outer grosser physical senses?—forces that possibly are working on another plane of matter, doubtless very far removed from our physical plane, yet on some solitary occasions, when the suitable opportunity occurs, become manifest—hence the appearance of the phenomenon of a ghost.’ What would our great-grandparents have said were they told that it were possible to hold communication with another who is many miles away? What did they know of the telephone, phonograph, or radiometer? We may justly argue by analogy, and it is crediting us with a vast amount of conceit if we say to the contrary, that what the most learned of us know is nothing at all compared with what he does not know. Therefore, in my humble opinion, I should say that the discussion of ghostly appearances should yield valuable results to anyone who would take the trouble to study the question calmly and dispassionately and to accept *bonâ fide* evidence on the subject, and should arrive, as I have done, at the stage where you change doubt into belief, the uncertainty into certainty of the truths that nature reveals. For to him who asks shall it be given, and to quote the words of our Immortal Bard, ‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.’

This question does not deal with the possible existence or non-existence of ghostly apparitions. That would require different treatment, and would rest upon evidence, for or against. I am not asked to produce any evidence, but to say if I think such a discussion would be of definite gain? I think it would, for this reason. Those who discuss it do so on the common axiom that there is an Unseen World—intangible, but real. Apparitions—if genuine—are considered to be owing to an impression made upon our senses out of that Unseen World. It is a fair subject for discussion, whether such suspensions of the ordinary law, that the eye cannot see into the invisible world, ever do take place. The belief in this possibility is fairly wide-spread, and has engaged the attention of very deep thinkers. Any subject of discussion is valuable which requires acknowledgment of the existence of an Unseen Universe. The prevailing spirit of our time is an increasing care for visible things. This is shown by kind provision for bodily wants, for health,

recreation, removal of various evils which formerly were left to take their course. All this is well; the attendant danger is the dropping out of sight, even unintentionally, the facts which surround the equally real, though intangible, world of things unseen. Keeping strictly to the limits allowed me by the question, I think there is good to be gained by reverent and thoughtful discussion of Ghost Stories.

LUCCIOLA.

Chelsea China gives parts of *Wizard's* and *Elcaan's* papers, as for and against, with *Lucciola's* as being the most impartial. *Dragon-Fly* also discusses the question from all sides.

Against.—*Ivy Leaf*, because they frighten people. She gives an instance.

Matilda.—Because she thinks it is not meant that the Unseen World should be revealed in this, and that the discussion is therefore presumptuous.

Corisande.—*For*, with believers; *against*, with non-believers.

Myra.—*For*, because it brings the Unseen World before us.

Un-conventional.—Within limits, as confirming belief in the supernatural.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SYSTEM.

As one who has been a Sunday school teacher for more than half a century, let me say that the system should not be judged a failure without considering what our poor were, and would be without it, and what some of them actually are. Is it not the experience of those who have to deal with persons in stress of feeling, with soldiers, with sick in hospitals and the like, that they go back to what they have been taught in Sunday schools? Are not the best parishioners the trained in Sunday schools?

Of course the work is very imperfect, and it once had more enthusiastic workers than now—once it was the chief variety a young lady enjoyed on a Sunday, and she believed her own class the prettiest the most intelligent, the best taught in the country. Now, it is too often a necessary burthen, and enthusiasm goes to newer inventions.

Yet there are advantages over the old times; there is a much greater level of intelligence and knowledge among the children than when the regular week-day scholar was side by side with the grenadier as we used to call her—the big awkward girl who had never done anything but lug the baby about, and knew nothing but what she learnt or did not learn on Sunday.

I am quite ready to allow that children do not actually always learn more than they knew of facts, etc.; but where there is a school that—as all week-day schools should do—teaches them Bible history

and catechism, surely the mission of the Sunday school is to impress the thought of the Christian Seasons on them, and give ideas connected with the services that may be stirred up by their recurrence in after years?

Perhaps the chief difficulty, in village as in town schools, is the paucity of teachers. The children, boys especially, will not be amenable to a person whom they do not consider a gentleman or lady, excepting their own master or mistress, and these generally ought to have the day free from drudgery. Their labours are so much more severe than in former times that Sunday school work, except on an emergency, can hardly be expected of them, and this throws the principal share in discipline and teaching generally on 'the lady of all work.' But the children are generally amenable, the spirit of respect still survives, the parents regard the sending to school as meritorious, even if they go no higher, and after long years of experience, the writer has seen quiet advance enough in each generation, and has had quite enough of blessed acknowledgments of gratitude, to convince her that, in spite of imperfections, failures and disappointments, the benefit is well worth the toil.

SPERMIOLOGOS.

Chelsea China has altered the wordings of *Corisande's* question, so as to keep it away, if possible, from the region lately covered by 'Verbal Truth.' Other interesting suggestions will be put forward in turn. Several papers received too late for this month.

SUBJECT FOR MARCH.

Are Tact and Worldly Wisdom compatible with 'Ideal Perfection of Character?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China before March 1st, care of the Publishers.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

FROM NICEÆA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Questions for February.

5. Recite the Creed of Nicæa.
6. Illustrate shortly the saying *Athanasius contra mundum*.
7. Give some account of the Councils of Ariminum, Seleucia, and Alexandria.
8. A life of St. Hilary of Arles.

Answers to be sent to Bog Oak, care of the Publishers, by March 1st.

N.B.—Pins are illegal and dangerous by book-post, metal clips or a thread of silk are safest.

*November Class List.**First Class.*

Etheldreda	}	. . . 39	Bluebell	}	. . . 36	De Maura	}	. . . 34
Pet Lamb			Vorwärts			Sycorax		
Charissa			Thistle			Irene		
Edina	}	. . . 37	Water Wagtail	}	. . . 35	Hegesippus	}	. . . 31
Papaver			Erica			Verena		
Speranza								

Second Class.

Holland	}	. . . 29	Cecilia	}	. . . 27	King Cole	}	. . . 25
Budgerigar			Fidelia			Evangeline		
Violets			Veritas			Mu Sigma		
Frideswide	}	. . . 28	Dog-violet	}	. . . 26	Countess	}	. . . 24
Malacoda			Portia			Snapdragon		
Ierne						Wylmcote		

Third Class.

Καθαλίκος	19	Hoffnung	16	P. P. C.	14
Hazelnut	18	Dormouse	15	Ima	11

REMARKS.

41. Best answered by *Edina*, *Etheldreda*, *Erica*, *Pet Lamb*, and *Charissa*. Bog Oak suggests some capital Sunday tasks. Compare in parallel columns the Liturgies of St. Mark, St. James, St. Clement (never actually used), St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, Malabar, Modern Rome, 1st and 2nd of Edward VI. Or, again, compare with the Scotch office, St. Chrysostom's, our own and the Roman, noting the kinship

of the two first and two last. The Scotch office bears off the palm of modern Liturgies; but the Roman is poor beside our own form. With what overwhelming reverence and deep humility the early Church approached these Divine Mysteries! *Edina* and others mistake Dr. Neale's words. All had varying *Gospels* (the Sundays were often named from them). It was the *Collects* which varied only in Ephesine and Western Forms. *Kαθολικος* and others: *Sancta Sanctis* is not a place, but the exclamation of the priest as—the Holy Doors being now open—he raises the Chalice for adoration; the usual translation, 'Holy things for holy persons,' is often quoted by the Fathers, but the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia has, 'Unto the Holiness of the Holy.' *Hoffnung* and others: Antidoron is the bread offered for the altar, but not consecrated, which is afterwards distributed to non-communicants. *Veritas*: This is in Crake. *Frideswide*: Diptychs were not anybody's names, but the two-leaved book in which were inscribed the names of the living and departed who were to be prayed for. *De Maura*: The *Gloria in excelsis* does not occur in most forms, and never at the end; that so-called of the Holy Apostles has it at the beginning. *Speranza*: It is the position of the Intercession for the Living and Departed that distinguishes the families of Liturgies.

42. Best done by *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Pet Lamb*, *Charissa*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Vorwärts*. Many give neat plans, but *Papaver's* is the very neatest Bog Oak ever saw. *Dog-violet*: We cannot talk of the top or bottom of a circle. *Cecilia* is so taken up with orders of Penitents she banishes the Faithful altogether. *Fidelia*: It was behind the choir, not in the Bema that Roman senators and matrons had places. *Malacoda*: The plural of Ambo is Ambones.

43. *Thistle* and others: Ecclesiastical Provinces followed the civil divisions. Constantine re-organised the Empire in four Pretorian Prefectures, divided into thirteen Provinces, soon made fourteen by the severance of Western Illyria (see Gibbon, chapter xvii.). The one hundred and sixteen Provinces, so needlessly given by *Bluebell*, were subdivisions. The following list is the best, as most had fully organised churches now—the rest very soon—and the head of each, whether *called* Patriarch or not, performed patriarchal functions and exercised patriarchal rights in his Diocese (as the Province was then called). The councils of Carthage, Antioch, Eliberis, Arles, Ephesus, Alexandria, &c., are evidence of this—

(a) PREFECTURE OF ITALY.

PROVINCE.	HEAD.
1. Rome (Central and Southern Italy) }	Under the Pope or Bishop of Rome.
2. Italy (Northern).	„ „ Archbishop of Milan.
3. Western Illyria	„ „ „ Sirmium.
4. Africa (Proconsular, from borders of Egypt to Gibraltar . . }	„ „ „ Carthage.

(b) PREFECTURE OF THE GAULS.	
PROVINCE.	HEAD.
5. Gaul	{ Under the Archbishop of Lyons, Arles, or Treves.
6. Spain (and Portugal)	
7. Britain	{ " " " York or Caerleon on Usk.

(c) PREFECTURE OF ILLYRIA.	
PROVINCE.	HEAD.
8. Macedonia	Under the Exarch of Thessalonica.
9. Dacia	" " " Sardica.

(d) PREFECTURE OF THE EAST.	
PROVINCE.	HEAD.
10. The East.	{ Under the Patriarch of Antioch (afterwards Chaldæa, Persia, &c., split off under a Catholicos of Seleucia, Mosul, or Bagdad. afterwards Nestorian. Jerusalem at this time was not even a metropolitical church, and only became a small Patriarchate at Chalcedon (451).
11. Asia (meaning Western Asia Minor)	
12. Pontus (Armenia is an offshoot)	" " " Cæsarea.
13. Thrace	{ At first under Exarch of Heraclea, afterwards Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.
14. Egypt	

Budgerigar : It is most important to remember Nicæa did *not* give Rome any power over other Churches ; it said, ‘Let the ancient customs prevail,’ meaning that, as there was anciently *one* Bishop for the Suburbicarian Churches, and another for Egypt, the Bishops of Rome and Alexandria were supreme in their Provinces. The primacy of the Bishop of Rome, was as *Primus inter pares*, not as *Summus super inferiores*. Capittally done by *Bluebell*.

44. St. Anthony is best written by *Edina*, *Etheldreda*, *Pet Lamb*, *Charissa*, *Veritas*, *De Maura*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Vorwärts*, *Sycorax*. Recollect in dealing with such men, that many vocations were given in a different order of things, which are not given now. Hermits were needed then. Dr. Neale’s lovely hymn, ‘Thy servants militant below,’ shows this. One could no more call St. Anthony’s life ‘a mistake’ than Elijah’s. *Countess* : The ‘Rich Young Ruler’ is not a parable, but a fact. *Evangeline* : St. Anthony could read Coptic, but not Greek.

Bog Oak is much pleased by two things : 1st, the great improvement in the papers latterly ; 2nd, the wonderful perseverance of many who (from no fault but a limited library) have constantly gained low marks, and yet go on with no hope of a prize. If those whose papers have in any month gained highest or second highest marks will send their addresses, *those* papers shall be returned. There was one unsigned paper in October.

SECOND-HAND.

‘PLEASE, Sister, have you an old dress?’ This is a question often asked of us, and which we are so glad to be able to answer in the affirmative. It may mean the smoothing away for some poor girl of the chief obstacle to taking a good place—an obstacle that ladies little dream of. Many a girl is recommended, and all but engaged, in writing; and, when the lady wishes to arrange an interview, she draws back, and nothing more is heard of her. The lady is naturally annoyed, and the friend who recommended the girl indignant, and we hear of the ‘ingratitude of the poor,’ ‘the airs girls give themselves nowadays,’ and more to the same effect. But the Mission Sister could tell more. The poor girl has, perhaps through illness or some other cause, been at home for some time, her clothes are quite worn out, a new dress is far beyond her means, and the Mission-room cupboard cannot supply the neat, half-worn dress, which, for two or three shillings, would enable her to appear before a lady to be engaged, and might do duty for afternoon and Sunday dress, till her wages give her the means of buying a new one.

But surely there are second-hand shops in every town where she could easily find what she wants? No; those shops do not, as a rule, sell the sort of dress our girls and women want. What they usually get there is tawdry, cast-off finery. What we want for them are the plain, moderately-fashionable dresses that ladies wear every day in the country, and which, when to their eyes worn out, are as good as new in the eyes of our poor women, and treasures of priceless value, because, being made of good material and well made, they far outlast the dresses of poor cheap stuff which is all they can afford to buy.

But people sometimes say, ‘What do they want with fashionable dresses? They cannot be very poor if they must needs have their dresses made according to the fashion.’

Well, we once unpacked a parcel of clothes, sent to a poor parish in the East of London, by a most kind-hearted lady, who, unfortunately, shared the opinion that poor girls, unlike their richer sisters, must be superior to fashion. First came a number of delightful warm petticoats, made of those nice Welsh materials that are so cheap and so warm; and then, oh joy! at the bottom of the box we beheld a pile of beautiful warm dresses, made of the same materials, and good useful print. But what was our sorrow, and I may almost say indignation, when we found they were all made with large, loose, shapeless jacket bodies, and scanty, utterly plain skirts. No girl could have walked in such a dress through the quietest street without being stared at by every person she met, and probably hooted at by

a mob of street boys. Those poor dresses! How long they crowded our shelves, and how often they were turned over, and discussed, with longing eyes, by Sisters and the poor girls who sorely needed them, and laid by, again and again, as utterly impracticable! I believe they were at length cut up into frocks for children, but the same quantity of material, made up with some regard to custom, would have been such a mine of wealth. Dear lady, *you* would not like to walk through any town in a dress that would make every one you met laugh, and your poor sister would not like it a bit better than you.

But it is not only dresses we want. Old cloth jackets, ulsters, petticoats, boots and shoes, and old stockings, particularly warm ones, are all, in their different ways, equally valuable. Those who do not know the secret would hardly believe what a nice little warm vest may be made out of a pair of old merino stockings. Old under-linen is of the greatest use for lending to the sick, and often serves as the last clothing for some poor, worn-out body that has laid itself down for its last sleep in such utter destitution that, like our dear Lord, it must depend on the cares of the faithful for its clothing for the grave. Every one knows what a treasure old rag is, particularly linen rag of any sort, and the older and softer the better it is.

There is one more use in these old garments for which we plead, and it is far from being the least. Sometimes a shabby ulster or cloth jacket will enable some poor mother to go to church, who, without it, would not venture inside the door.

‘What!’ I hear some neatly-dressed girl exclaim, ‘you ask for our old jackets to cover dirty rags? Tell them it is their duty to go to church, however shabby their clothes may be. God does not look to see how they are dressed.’

Have patience, and hear me for a moment. It is not a question of shabbiness. In these hard times many a poor woman parts with garments, one after another, which in her better days she considered necessities; and you, child of comfort, if not of luxury, would open your eyes very wide at the idea of any woman living without them. But, when the family treasures begin to find their way to the pawn-shop, mother’s things always go first; and we have seen such a mother—ah, how many times!—with nothing, absolutely *nothing* under her thin ragged dress, far too rotten to mend, but perhaps an equally ragged petticoat, which, if she went out, would be taken off, and used to wrap round the baby. It is a pathetic answer we often receive, when we suggest to such women that they would find comfort in the church—‘I have nothing on but this, Sister.’

But leaving such deep sad poverty out of the question, there is still something to be said on the subject of shabbiness. Not what a lady calls shabbiness, which means only that her dress is slightly worn, and perhaps shows a mend here and there; but the shabbiness of the poor, which is a different thing altogether. And yet, how

many ladies would like to go to church in what *they* would call a shabby dress? And when a poor woman or girl knows that her dress is not only shabby, but such a hopeless mass of rags and patches that her tidier neighbours will consider it disreputable, and comment on it not too kindly, is it so very easy, do you think, for her to venture among them in the brightly-lighted church, and would it be no pleasure to you to give her your old ulster to cover her deficiencies?

But many people, when we ask for old clothes for the poor, answer, 'I have always given mine to my maid, or my valet,' (for gentlemen's things are just as much wanted as ladies) 'and I should not like to change.' So now we must add a word for this maid and this valet, for some of the kindest-hearted and most charitable people we meet with are gentlemen's servants, *gentlemen's* servants only because the poorer class have not the same means of doing good, for the kind heart and unselfish hand run short in no class. I think, dear friends, you will not enjoy your own warm clothing and cosy fireside the less for giving to the poor a share of what God gives to you. No doubt you have parents and friends at home who look for help from you, and perhaps you have nothing more to spare; but think it over, for there is a beautiful blessing for those who clothe the naked, promised by the great Master of all, Who deigns to look on all such service as done to Himself.

Any kind contributions should be addressed to the Sisters, St. Saviour's Mission, Folkestone; or the Sisters, Christ Church, Oxford, Mission, St. Leonard's Road, Poplar, E.

Notices to Correspondents.

A charming play for little children by Aimée, 'Little Bluebell and Will-o'-the-Wisp,' pretty and easy, published by Dean and Son, 160, Fleet Street, price 6d. VERENA.

Meta.—The author of No. 435, in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' is Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

A German Cobweb.—There are excellent and crushing reviews of 'Robert Elsmere' in the 'Quarterly' and 'Nineteenth Century.' The latter, by Mr. Gladstone, has attracted much attention.

The Legend Beautiful is in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' not in the 'Golden Legend.' G. C. G.

Cf. No. 97, Jan. 1889, p. 100, S. Oswald the King. Before the battle with Cadwallon at Denis-burn (see Bede, l. 3, c. 2), Oswald set up a wooden cross, around which he and his troops knelt in prayer.

Afterwards chips of this were thought to be a remedy in sickness. Sometimes the chips were steeped in water, which was drunk by the sick person, or the water was sprinkled upon them. Might this account for the figure bearing a pitcher? Bede (Eccl. Hist. iii. 9) tells of a girl near Maserfield being cured of the palsy by sleeping on the ground where S. Oswald was slain. On awaking, cured, she called for water and washed her face, and returned home.

See 'Alban Butler,' on August 5. The dog is a symbol common on monuments. E. S. B.

'Monthly Packet,' Jan. 1889, p. 99, the Passion Flower. The Calvinists declaring it to be a fictitious flower, Gretser published a treatise with the title 'The Granadilla, a True and not a False Flower.'

'Why does the Lord recall His Passion hour
In the sweet image of a glorious flower?
Why instruments of agony express
In brightest hues and perfect loveliness?
That thou might'st learn to follow Christ in pain:
Thy pangs shall pass—their deathless flow'r remain.'

[Quoted by Dr. Neale, 'Unseen World,' p. 17.]

E. S. B.

The quotation asked for in September's number by A. M. B., beginning—

'The wealthy cit, grown old in trade,' etc.,

is the opening of a humorous poem called 'The Country Box,' 1757, by Robert Lloyd, M.A. G. C. G.

Bog-Oak is very grateful to the kind donors of 'Count Funnibos' and 'Chatterbox' for the Y. M. Z. S. Library.

The quotation wanted by General X. in the December 'Monthly Packet' beginning—

'Rise up, rise up, oh dreamer,'

is by Mrs. Hamilton King, and is taken from 'A Book of Dreams.' ALICE.

The Muffin-Man will be grateful if any one can supply the other verses and Publisher of the song beginning—

'The auld wife sits by the fire,
When winter evenings are lang,
And, aye, as she turns her wheel,
She croons some old Scotch sang;
And she talks and she sings of old times,
When nobody's by to hear,
And sometimes the old body laughs,
And sometimes she drops a tear.'

The song was sung about forty years ago.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. B. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER VI.

DISCORDANT.

SOME small amount of information about the accident was extracted by Mr. Lester from the flyman at Paul's Warrendon station; but not enough to give much to Gwendolen, who sat back, pale and nervous, feeling herself in a dream, and absolutely dreading to stop at the well-known door of the private house attached to the Bank. The wheels stopped at last, the parlour-maid opened the door, there were confused questions and answers, and, in reply to Gwendolen's 'Where is Miss Mary?' she answered—

'Miss Mary's in bed, miss, and Dr. Beard said I was to tell you that she ought not to be disturbed or excited; but that you might just go in and see her if you didn't let her talk, as she wants to see you.'

And a little more questioning elicited that Maisie had got up about twelve o'clock that morning, though, as Maria described it, 'looking like a ghost,' and had forced herself to sit down and write letters to the people that she thought ought to be told about the accident; but the bent bow had snapped, a sudden fainting fit had come on and made the servants send for the doctor, who at once declared that there had been a serious shock to the system, and that, if Maisie were to escape a severe illness, she must go to bed and stay there for the present. Dr. Beard had not wanted her to talk to any one; but she was in such a state of anxiety about Gwendolen's return that he thought the fretting would do more harm than the excitement.

Maisie was sitting up in bed, with feverish cheeks and bright eyes, when Gwendolen came in and clasped her in a close, terrified embrace.

'Gwen, why didn't you come before? Nurse, I must see her alone.'

Yes, you must let me—Dr. Beard said I might. Oh, it will be all right. Shut the door, please. Lock it, Gwen; I can't tell you while we might be interrupted, and I must——'

'Maisie, you are not the least fit to talk,' said Gwen authoritatively, touching the hot, trembling hands. I shall not listen to you till you are better.'

'Gwen, you must,' said the quivering voice, 'or I shall get out of bed and bolt the door myself;' and Maisie made a movement as if to do so, which resulted in Gwen's obedience.

Afterwards she was silent for a minute; it was not easy to know how to begin, and Gwen said—

'Oh, you poor Maisie! I don't wonder at your being upset like this—I can't realise it all, I don't seem to understand—but you know you had much better not talk till you are better.'

'Nonsense. You don't know what I want to say,' said Maisie, frowning as if it was difficult to think, 'and I can't tell you properly. I can't remember. Oh, why didn't you come before—when I first telegraphed? That would have been some good; I could have told you then. It is something we have got to do—you and I. I promised for you as well as for myself—we have to do it for daddy. You don't care about him as I do, but you must join in it too; it is the only thing we can ever do for him, and I promised it when he was dying——'

'Maisie, don't get so excited; it is very bad for you. Papa—I—I—I do care,' said Gwen, who thought Maisie was slightly delirious.

'The only thing I care about is to do this that I promised him, otherwise I wish I was dead too. It's some money, and Hal Ingleston, and Mrs. Maxwell; and we are not to let any one know about it for the world, except Hal Ingleston; but we are to pay it, and it will make us very poor.'

'Maisie, I don't understand,' said Gwen, feeling doubtful whether there was method in this madness, or whether it was pure delirium.

And then Maisie, conscious of nothing but her own helplessness to explain, burst into a fit of bitter, miserable crying. Gwen, who had been rather the authoritative and repressive elder sister before this, now tried to soothe and fondle her, but Maisie shook her off.

'I'm not gone off my head—I'm not making it up—but I can't make you understand.'

'Then don't try till you are better,' said Gwen, herself too much scared to understand anything. 'I don't suppose it need be attended to to-day, and, if you will only let yourself be properly nursed for a day or two, you will be able to tell me all you want. Don't you see, Maisie? The sooner you get well, the sooner you will be able to set it all right.'

This was the most soothing thing she had said, and Maisie left off crying.

'And you won't say anything about it till you know?'

‘Nothing, till you can tell me.’

With which Maisie was pacified for the time; but it was a whole fortnight before she was in a state for conversation. The shock and strain of that terrible night was not quickly shaken off; and, during the sad days of the inquest, the funeral, and the settling of business matters which followed it, she lay with clouded brain, unable to think, and apparently satisfied, for the present, to put off the attempt till she was more capable of it. It was a blessing for her that thus the sense of her personal loss came upon her gently, and that, when she was at last able to go about the house, her sorrow had become so familiar to her that there were no lapses into forgetfulness from which to wake to crushing reality.

Gwen had everything to manage. Maisie's Aunt Susy was in Algeria, nursing a hypochondriac husband, who exacted all her time and attention, and scarcely allowed her even to write a letter; Gwen's mother had been an only child, and the trustees of both her mother and Maisie's stood in purely business relations to them. It was found that part of Mr. Despard's property, and his interest in the bank, descended to his Capadian cousin, Walter Despard; but the girls were well provided for by their mother's marriage settlements, so much so, that they were talked of as semi-heiresses in the small world of Paul's Warrendon. Everything seemed to go easily and prosperously, and Gwen chid herself for thinking of Humfrey, and the comfort of going to him well provided. She had quite come to believe, as the business matters seemed plain and above-board, that Maisie's attempted story was a delirious dream.

At last Maisie was capable of sitting in the easy-chair, beside the fire which perhaps helped to cheer the wet and rainy afternoon—a poor, white-faced, sad-eyed Maisie, with an intensity of expression in her face which had not been there before her great trouble. Gwen naturally had never tried to begin upon the subject of Mrs. Maxwell and Hal Ingleston. She chatted persistently and cheerfully for Maisie's sake; perhaps it was not so great an effort to her as it might have been, for, though she felt sad at times to think how little personal loss her father's death brought to her, there was a current of happiness welling through her mind whenever she thought of Quixeter and Humfrey Bevan, which she tried to repress as selfish and improper, but which would have its way none the less.

At last, however, Maisie finished her tea, and lay back in the chair, and Gwen's flow of talk ceased.

‘I think we have got a little peace from the shoals of kind inquiries,’ said Gwendolen, at last, in a different tone. ‘Mrs. Ingleston, yesterday, was so persistent, it was all I could do to keep her out of your room. She was almost rude when I said I really could not tell her about the—the accident, because you had not been fit to talk about it. There never was such a woman, Maisie. I really thought she would have made her way in.’

‘What did she particularly want to know?’ said Maisie.

‘Everything!’ and as Maisie’s great eyes seemed to insist on an answer: ‘Whether he was conscious? whether he knew his condition? what his last words were? I could only say you had not been able to talk; but if you could tell me, Maisie, I think I might spare you having to talk about it to people like her. What *were* his last words?’

Gwen spoke in the softened, reverent tone suitable to the question, and was somewhat startled when Maisie answered with a hysterical laugh, accompanied by a rush of tears.

‘He told me to smoke another cigarette to keep the fog out! Don’t look taken aback, Gwen,’ she added more quietly; ‘it was not such a bad thing to say—it was his care for me, and whatever Mrs. Ingleston may say,’ she added defiantly, ‘I shall always be glad, he said it!’

‘But,’ said Gwen, ‘he did say more than that, didn’t he?’

‘Yes,’ said Maisie gravely. ‘I couldn’t explain, and you wouldn’t believe me. Now, Gwen, do you think I am in my right mind?’

‘Yes, I think you are,’ said Gwen, unsentimentally enough.

There was a long pause, and then at last Maisie said hurriedly—

‘It’s hard to tell, even as far as I know. You’ll blame him, and you’ll never remember that he might have kept it to himself if he hadn’t been afraid of bringing trouble on Hal Ingleston.’

‘Well, go on,’ said Gwen.

‘He did something—I couldn’t quite gather what—about Mrs. Maxwell’s money. I think it was that he persuaded Hal to take it out of securities that it was in, and let him have it till February, when he would have been able to put it back, because there was some money coming in to him; but now the money won’t come to us, but to Walter Despard in Canada, and unless we make it up, Gwen, you and I, out of our income, some of it every year, Hal may be taken up and put in prison; and, even if not, his father will never speak to him again. And I promised for you, and for me, Gwen, that we would do it, and that we would never tell any one. Hal Ingleston must be consulted, of course, but no one else. No one is ever to find it out.’

‘And what is there to make up?’ said Gwendolen, not sure yet that all this was not a recurring delusion, or that Maisie was exaggerating some trifle.

‘He said something about £8000.’

Gwen got up and walked about the room, and said nothing for some time, as the conviction reached her that Maisie was not under a delusion.

‘He was delirious—or you. I can’t believe anything so disgraceful,’ she said at last.

‘He was not delirious, nor I either. He was only afraid that others should suffer through him’—Maisie’s voice quivered; ‘he was always generous.’

‘He had better have been just first,’ said Gwen bitterly, ‘than leave us a legacy of disgrace to smother up, perhaps at the cost of the whole happiness of our lives!’

‘I don’t feel that the whole happiness of my life should be better spent, anyhow,’ said Maisie indignantly, ‘than by doing anything for him that will make him happier where he is gone!’

The colour had flushed into her pale face, and the light of hurt love into her eyes. There was a pause, which neither sister found it easy to break. At last Gwendolen said, ‘It’s no use to discuss the question till we have talked to Hal Ingleston.’

‘Perhaps not,’ said Maisie; ‘but you understand, Gwen, I promised secrecy for you as well as for myself.’

‘Worse than promising the money,’ said Gwen, with a shiver.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Why, the money only means poverty, but the secrecy means—it must mean—deceit. There will be no pleasure in either of our lives henceforward!’ and Gwendolen, suddenly overcome by a thought of Humfrey, and the complications this would introduce into her happy prospects, sat down on the sofa, laid down her head, and burst into tears.

She roused herself after a minute or two to see Maisie leaning back in the chair with closed eyes and white lips, apparently on the point of fainting, and the spirit of the nurse awoke within her. She shook off her own miseries, gave Maisie sal-volatile, and took her back to bed, convinced, at least, that whatever happened no more conversation on the subject must be held that day. And a return of feverishness and headache made it plain to both of them that the interview with Hal Ingleston must be delayed for a day or two longer, till Maisie was more positively convalescent. By mutual consent, they dropped the subject till then.

Gwendolen, meanwhile, had had several loving letters from Gipsy, and a warm invitation to herself and Maisie to come to Quixeter, as soon as they felt ready for a move, to stay till the end of the term. ‘Humfrey comes for all the news of you—and he waits,’ Gipsy had written, and Gwendolen had been content that so it should be. She had known that the slightest indication on her side of willingness to listen would bring Humfrey Bevan to speak, and, having fully made up her mind to accept him, she meant the crisis to come before it was necessary to settle her own and her sister’s plans for the future.

But now! If the telegram had been delivered rightly, that binding confidence to Gipsy, that answering look and word to Humfrey would never have been given; and, had it been delayed a few hours longer, that would have been said which would have changed the proportion of her duties, and given her lover the first claim on her confidence. Gwen’s whole soul revolted against the obligation to which she was bound by another’s promise, her conscience declared the secrecy, so far as she understood it, to be most doubtfully right, to

her feelings it was absolutely wrong. And yet all her instincts made her feel that she was bound by Maisie's promise. She did not sympathise in the least with Maisie's loving determination to right the wrong for her father, or her expressed readiness to bear whatever might be the personal consequences, so long as she was expiating his error. Here, of course, the difference in their circumstances accentuated the difference in their feelings. Gwendolen felt that the course which Maisie seemed to take for granted would be more or less continuing a fraud, and though she did not see that they, as daughters, could do anything else, she knew that it was an arrangement to which no son-in-law could be a party. It was impossible that Humfrey Bevan could agree to conceal the appropriation of Mrs. Maxwell's money and replace it by degrees. Nor could she possibly marry him and conceal from him what she did with her income. Unmarried, the concealment would be so difficult as to be nearly impossible. It was true that they had few near relations, and that they were both of age; but they had trustees, in whose power was all the capital of their fortunes, settled on their children, or on surviving relations. They were too young not to have to give an account of their plans, so young that they would only be allowed with difficulty, if at all, to live alone. And Gwendolen, though independent in mind, had not the least desire to be eccentric in practice. 'Nothing can be done,' she always closed the inner debate in this way, 'till Maisie is up to talking to Hal without getting over-excited, or turning faint over it.'

She thought that the £8000 must be nearly all Mrs. Maxwell's fortune. She shuddered to think of the connection with the Lesters, and of the fact that the guardian cousin was coming to 'look after' his wards.

Mrs. Maxwell might be silly and unsuspicious, but the boy was getting big, and the girl, Marcia, was the sharpest and most managing damsel with whom Gwendolen was acquainted, the leading spirit indeed of the untidy, scrambling Hal Ingleston household, and a great favourite with her Aunt and Uncle Ingleston. Gwen avoided seeing any one.

And when Lucas Ingleston came over to inquire he had to go to his brother's house for information. It was certainly a very different kind of household from the Despard's. There were children all over the place. There were two boys on a rocking-horse, whipping each other instead of the horse. There was Mrs. Hal walking up and down the hall with a baby roaring at the full pitch of its lusty lungs, and two little ones whining about her skirts, both wanting the same doll. As he entered the untidy, children-worn house, Marcia Maxwell came down out of the schoolroom for the break in her lessons which always came in the middle of the morning. She was a tall, slim, upright girl, with marked eyebrows, dark eyes, and black hair: she had the angularity of a girl of sixteen who has done

growing, but she looked as if she might turn out very handsome in four or five years. Her expression was remarkable for force, but more for earnestness than for humour. As Lucas, after shaking hands with his sister-in-law, found that the baby drowned his voice, he opened the dining-room door, and signed to Marcia to step in. She did so, and shut the door on the turmoil outside.

'Baby is cutting her teeth,' she said, 'and Alice would try some new infants' food that Mrs. Dodd recommended, though I told her not; and it has not agreed with her.'

'Oh,' said Lucas, with a slight twinkle in his eye at Marcia's universal capability, 'I hope they may soon be cut for your sake if that noise goes on often like that. But, Marcia, what I really came for was to know if you could tell me anything about the Despards. Have you heard how Maisie is?'

'She is better,' said Marcia, 'and they have asked Hal to go there this afternoon to talk about business. But we haven't seen her. Gwen has kept everybody out of the way. It is very stupid, I think. I like Maisie, and I would have gone there and nursed her if Gwen would have let me; and you know I can nurse splendidly—I nursed Tommy when he had the measles, and his temperature was very nearly 103!'

'I expect she had to be kept very quiet, and Gwendolen was probably right,' said Lucas. 'But she is getting better now, you are sure?'

'Oh, yes. Gwen came in this morning to ask Hal to come over to-day, and she said Maisie was getting better fast. They are both going soon to Quixeter. But you know she had much better have let me help to nurse. She looks dreadfully white herself, and such black lines under her eyes! It must be because she has knocked herself up with nursing, for she never cared for her father as Maisie did.'

'Poor Maisie! I think she did care for him very much. She always had a way of beaming and looking so happy when he looked at her,' said Lucas, walking to the window and looking out. Perhaps he would not have said so much if Marcia had been grown up, or anything but the unsuspecting and managing damsel she was; as things were, he found some satisfaction in talking of her, even to a not wholly satisfactory auditor.'

'Maisie always looks jolly,' said Marcia; and this remark made Lucas think her a far nicer girl than he had ever thought her before. 'I don't know why it is that I like her so much better than Gwen, for Gwen is very superior and very handsome, and a great deal less frivolous. Which do you like the best, Lucas?'

'I—I,' he said, reddening under the awful directness of Marcia's charge, 'I like them both. Is it true that the master at Quixeter she stays with is your guardian's brother?'

'Yes; isn't it funny? He is coming there this summer. I want to see him awfully.'

‘Don’t talk slang to him,’ said Lucas, thankful to have got the conversation off its former ticklish ground. Marcia was just preparing an indignant defence of slang, when Mrs. Hal Ingleston, having succeeded in quieting her infant, came in without him.

‘What have you done with baby?’ said Marcia.

‘Ralph is taking care of her.’

‘Oh, Alice, Ralph will certainly put her on the rocking-horse or kill her some other way! How could you? I’ll go and look after her, while you talk to Lucas.’

‘Thank you, Marcia dear,’ said Alice submissively; and the manager of the house departed, leaving Lucas and Alice together.

‘I wanted to see you, Lucas,’ said the gentle, little blue-eyed woman, who had a confiding expression like a tame canary which generally attracted stronger natures. ‘I can’t think what is the matter with Hal.’

‘In what way?’

‘Why, it is some business affair that is on his mind, but I can’t get him to tell me. He eats nothing, and he doesn’t sleep, and he is always walking up and down the room. Ever since Mr. Despard died it has been like this. I thought perhaps,’ said the poor little woman with tears in her eyes, ‘it was his soul he was unhappy about, because of Mr. Despard dying so suddenly, and I begged him to see a clergyman if it would make him any happier, and he swore—he scarcely ever swears, you know, and only when something very bad is the matter, only I saw it wasn’t that. I was glad aunt Maxwell was up in her room. And he won’t tell me a word; he says I should tell Marcia; and perhaps I should. But I can’t help being afraid it is something about his father. Lucas, you have always stood his friend; is there anything wrong between him and his father?’

‘Not that I know of,’ said Lucas, ‘and I am sure I should know of it if there was.’

‘I have always been so afraid of that,’ said Mrs. Hal, ‘ever since we came here. I heard what Mr. Ingleston said, you know, and if I am not well, or fretted with the children, I always seem somehow to hear his voice again, he frightened me so.’

‘What did he say?’ said Lucas.

‘He said, “Now, Henry, I’ve given you one last chance; but mind, it is the last you’ll have from me. If there is one word of blame brought against you in any business matter—debt or drink or slippery dealing—not one penny shall you see of mine.” And the share in the bank is Mr. Ingleston’s, you know—it’s called Henry’s, but it’s no more his than baby’s coral necklace is hers. He can take it away any moment.’

‘And has Hal alluded to that of late?’

‘Not in so many words, but I’m sure that’s on his mind. And oh, Lucas, if he has been doing anything that will make Mr. Ingleston angry, you’ll speak up for him, won’t you?’

‘Indeed you may trust me to do that, Alice. But you know my father is not a very easy person to tackle when he makes up his mind. However, what I can do I will if there is need: tell Hal so if you think it will.’

‘I shouldn’t dare tell him I’d said a word to you,’ said the poor little wife; and then a fresh roar from the baby in Marcia’s arms made her rush out to the rescue, and ended the conversation.

CHAPTER VII.

A BROKEN REED.

‘I AM much better to-day, Gwen,’ said Maisie, on the third morning after their previous conversation; ‘and, if you will ask Hal Ingleston to come to tea, we will have it out.’

‘If you insist upon it,’ said Gwen, ‘though I don’t profess to understand exactly what you think has happened, and what we are supposed to want to do.’

‘Nor I till Hal Ingleston explains to us,’ said Maisie. ‘That is the very reason why I want to see him.’

Gwen was still hoping against hope that Hal might prove Maisie’s conviction an exaggerated delusion.

‘Well, I’ll ask him if you wish it so much,’ she said; ‘but as to paying our income away in bits, and nobody finding it out, I don’t believe for one moment it’s possible. If we find there are—well, liabilities we have got to pay, we must just borrow the whole sum openly and get it set right at once.’

‘Openly?’ said Maisie. ‘But the promise I made was that we would *not* tell, and I promised for you as well as for myself. Father said it would ruin Hal, and the ruin would lie at his door.’

‘But if the promise was wrong I am not bound by it,’ said Gwendolen. ‘I believe it is wrong—it’s sharing the wickedness—’

‘It must be ten thousand times more wrong to betray a secret. Gwen, how can you question it at all? It’s not a question of right and wrong to be argued—it’s just whether you feel you can be such a brute. I can’t. It’s come upon us to do, and we must just do it. You don’t feel as I do’—Maisie’s voice faltered—‘but you are his child too, and you *must* take your share in carrying out his last wish.’

‘But it’s impossible; we can’t screw and live on nothing without every one asking why. We should have to tell lies every day of our lives to keep it secret.’

‘I don’t see why, if we are sensible and have our wits about us; and if we were driven into a corner, well, then I suppose we must. It’s a thing we’ve got to do, Gwen, whether or not.’

‘How do you propose to set about it, then?’ said Gwendolen.

‘Shut up the house, all except the rooms we actually want, and keep one servant to do for us,’ said Maisie promptly.

'Nonsense! The whole place would be talking at once. We should have to pretend to be ill, or something, and let the house and go away for change of air. And how can we have a friend with such a disgraceful secret? It cuts us off from everything—it's shameful, cruel!' and Gwendolen broke into desperate sobbing—the terrible weeping of anger rather than sorrow.

For once Maisie looked sad rather than indignant; she understood that the 'everything' meant Quixeter, and perhaps the unknown Quixeter master whose name her sister had never mentioned, and was really sorry for Gwendolen.

'We might go and look after an orphanage, or that kind of thing,' she said, 'till the five years were up.'

'What—for a blind?' said Gwendolen contemptuously.

'And perhaps—if there was any one—he would wait five years. We're young, even you. You wouldn't be thirty.'

Gwen gave a deep sigh.

'People may think papa spent our money instead of Mrs. Maxwell's,' she said. 'Well, Maisie, I suppose you must have your way. I haven't the courage to refuse to be bound by your promise. But pretending and making believe is very difficult, besides being disgusting. I don't know how; perhaps Hal Ingleston can teach us. Maisie, suppose he were to confess? If he told his father——'

'He'll never, never do that. He's too poor a creature,' said Maisie. 'You know he is, Gwen.'

'Well, I must talk to him myself and judge. The more I think of it the less right I'm sure it is. I believe it's what is called compounding a felony.'

'What, arranging to make up a loss so that nobody shall suffer but ourselves? Nonsense, Gwen.'

'Suppose we die first?'

'Then we should be sorry not to have done it.'

'And then the trustees will know we have our income, and what on earth will they suppose we have done with it?'

'We must let them suppose. But even you need not mind saying that we had less money than people thought from father; because it won't be ours, you see.'

'The will can be looked at any day in Doctors' Commons,' said Gwen.

'Well, we must do the best we can,' said Maisie.

Gwendolen determined to say no more till after the interview with Hal. She felt as if she had neither love nor conscience to help her. She hated the secrecy, but she yielded, partly to Maisie's determination, partly because she distrusted her own want of love for her father's memory, which, indeed, showed out the more plainly to herself beside Maisie's vivid, unquestioning resolution. She was less strong in will than decided in opinion. She knew that for Humfrey Bevan's sake and her own, as well as for the guarding of the secret, she ought not to go to Quixeter now. But her longing for her friend—

and, alas! poor girl, her longing for her lover—was too much for her conscience, and she persuaded herself that when she saw Humfrey she could show him that it could not be, without betraying herself, that it would be better to get used to a new relation to him; and all the time the love, which had been hardly more than a delighted consciousness of his, was gaining with her trouble strength and power. Oh, why had he not come before she knew? She wanted him so dreadfully—she longed so for his comfort. How could she forgive the coil that held her back from him, and how could he love a wicked girl who, within a fortnight of her father's death, was so unforgiving?

Hal Ingleston found himself that afternoon in the lately unused drawing-room at the Despards' house. He had to wait for his two young hostesses, and he waited with some impatience. He was not unlike Lucas in the compact, well-knit build of his frame, and in the shape of his forehead and cast of features; but there the resemblance ended. Lucas was clear-eyed and direct in his glance, and the lines of his mouth showed both sense and worthiness: Hal's glance was restless and uncertain, and his weak mouth, even half hidden as it was by a handsome silky beard, showed that his life had not been one to correct his naturally unsteady tendencies. His waiting, however, came to an end at last, when the door opened, and Maisie and Gwendolen came in together.

Maisie was white to the lips; her face had grown thinner during her illness, and she looked all eyes; but after all it was she, and not her strong elder sister, who began the subject. Gwen had never before heard her voice so composed and decided as when she began, 'Hal, you must wonder what we wanted to see you for. It was because he—my father—told me about some business trouble he and you had got into together, and I promised to talk to you about it and see if we could help to set it right.'

If Gwen had till now cherished that lurking hope that the whole matter had been a figment of delirium, the sight of Hal's face as Maisie spoke was enough to dispel the illusion. A sort of spasm passed over it and all vestige of colour went away for a moment, while his mouth opened helplessly.

'About Mrs. Maxwell's money,' Gwen said, putting in her word, and feeling that her voice sounded louder but far more uneven than Maisie's, in the strained tension of the nerves of all the three.

'How could you help to set it right then?' said Hal.

'Father thought we could,' said Maisie. 'He was so awfully anxious about you—for fear he should have brought trouble upon you by his fault.'

'Have you told any one?' said Hal, with dry throat.

'No. I promised I never would. I promised for myself and for Gwendolen. He told me how bad it might be for you, and he blamed himself terribly for having led you into it.'

'Then, when the leases fall in, you will hold yourselves bound to replace the money?' said Hal, with a look of hope and relief on his face.

'I don't understand quite about the leases,' said Maisie, 'but he said that now they would not go to him but to Walter Despard, out in Canada.'

'Yes,' said Gwendolen, 'that was explained in the will. If my father had lived till February, they would have come to him; but they were left in the male line only.'

'But we *do* hold ourselves bound to replace the money all the same,' said Maisie, 'only we can't do it at once; we have not got enough.'

'I don't think,' said Gwendolen, 'we know all the facts about what we have to replace. My father could not explain with any fulness—could he, Maisie? If you would not mind telling us exactly how matters stand, I think it would be better.'

'Well,' said Hal, rising and standing against the chimney-piece, and fidgeting as he did so with his waistcoat buttons, 'this was how it was. Mr. Despard had been speculating in American railways, and had had to pay up a large sum, and then on the top of it came Stoneham's bankruptcy. He did not know where to turn for it; the money settled on both of you was invested so that the capital could not be got at, and he was anxious for the credit of the bank not to borrow elsewhere. You see my father has all sorts of relations with men on 'Change, and it would be more likely than not that he might hear Despard's bank had been borrowing, and come down on me.'

'Had you been speculating too?' said Gwendolen.

Hal looked uneasy. 'I had had a small share,' he said, 'and a small share of loss too—not very much, but more than was convenient. However, Mr. Despard said he would settle all that when these leases fell in in February if I would join him in tiding over till then. So, as Mrs. Maxwell's money was waiting for re-investment, it seemed safe to use it for a year or two, and we did. And now there is nothing but ruin for me, unless you will consider the thing as your debt and keep it a dead secret, as you say.'

'We mean to,' said Maisie.

'I don't feel at all sure that we ought,' said Gwendolen, who was not by any means moved to pity, but rather to contempt, by Hal's manner and voice. 'I don't mean that we ought not to pay the money, as we can spare it; but I don't myself see why we should keep it such a secret. It would be easy enough to say that there was £8000 to be paid out of our income on account of some liabilities of father's, and that until that was paid we should have very little to live upon.'

'If you do,' said Hal, 'it means ruin to me.'

'Why?' said Gwendolen.

'Because, in a bank like this, the idea of your father having

liabilities that could not be settled would rouse suspicion at once. My father would come down and ferret out the whole matter, and he would cut me off with a shilling. He has told me again and again this was to be my last chance, and he means it.'

'We must keep the secret,' said Maisie. 'I promised for myself; and, Gwen, I promised for you.'

'How were you thinking of repaying the money?' said Hal.

'Father said we could pay it out of our income,' said Maisie, 'and that is what I want to do, only Gwen thinks we can't.'

'There would be five years to do it in,' said Hal. 'The thing has to be all rearranged when Marcia Maxwell comes of age in five years' time, as some of Aunt Laura's money was allowed specially for her education. How much have you got a year?'

'Between £950 and £1000 each,' said Gwen.

'And there is £8000 to be repaid,' said Hal. 'If you could each save £800 a year out of your income, it would do it—there would be enough for you to live upon.'

'We could do that,' said Maisie in a more natural tone. 'Then that will set it all right in five years?'

'All right as regards the principal,' said Hal; 'but how about the interest? I shall have to account for that too, you know.'

'You must manage the interest,' said Gwendolen impatiently. 'You see we can't do any more than we propose, and that will be difficult enough. Besides, I don't consider that you were free from blame, so I think it is only right that you should have to pinch a little too.'

'I should never have dreamed of doing it if I had not been over-persuaded,' said the dejected Hal.

'Hal, you are a poor creature!' said Gwendolen, rising. 'Now, is there anything else you want to say to us: for Maisie must come away and rest, or she will be quite ill. (And indeed the pallor of fatigue and exhaustion was very evident.) We are doing everything we possibly can for you, and you seem to me to be only dissatisfied because we can't do more.'

'No,' said Hal, 'I suppose you are doing all you can, but it is hard to know how I am to screw out £400 a year interest, without my father's knowing.'

'Well,' said Gwendolen, 'I am not a banker; but I should have thought, as we are going to replace the capital, the interest that would come upon you would hardly be £400 a year.'

'You little know what my difficulties are,' sighed this most unhelpable and trying person, and Gwendolen got thoroughly indignant.

'No, I don't, and, as I can help them no farther, I am going to take Maisie away. Good afternoon, Hal. I recommend you another time, when people try to help you, not to throw cold water on them all the while. Come, Maisie. Hal is a craven coward,' she said

when the door was shut behind her. 'I have no patience with him.'

'If he had not been like that,' said Maisie wearily, 'I suppose the thing would never have happened at all. We must just do the best we can with him.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRICE OF THE PROMISE.

GWENDOLEN was thoroughly dissatisfied with this interview, which seemed to her to have led to no result. Embarrassment, shame, the awkwardness of cross-questioning a man much older than herself, and whom she looked on both in the cousinly and neighbourly light in which he had been one of the distasteful elements of Paul's Warrendon, and also with the vague contempt with which an upright young girl regards a 'black sheep,' had confused her and made her at once abrupt and uncomprehending.

She had a sense of being driven on by Maisie, and, though she was now convinced that the thing itself was too true, she did not feel that she thoroughly understood it, and at the same time, while she shrank from understanding, she felt she must know exactly what it was that her father had done. She wished to ask questions apart from Maisie and with no fear of rousing her sister's filial indignation, and so one afternoon, when Maisie had been carried off for a drive by a friend, she wrote a note to Hal Ingleston and told him curtly that she wished to see him alone.

He did not relish the prospect of this second interview, but he knew that Maisie's condition had cut the discussion too short for a conclusion, and so at the time she named he presented himself in the Bank House drawing-room, where Gwendolen, with the strong sunny light falling upon her clear severe face, and heavy black gown, sat by the window waiting for him.

'Of course, Gwendolen,' said Hal, after the first greetings had passed, and he had sat down opposite to her, 'I know very well what a shock this must be to you. It's a miserable stroke of ill-luck!'

'I want first of all,' said Gwen, in her young out-speaking voice, 'to know exactly what happened.'

Upon this Hal proceeded to explain, at greater length than is needful here, the following facts of family history.

Mrs. Maxwell's money, with that settled upon her by her husband at her marriage, had been in safe securities, together with the capital of an additional sum left in her hands for Marcia's education and maintenance, the interest of which, when Marcia came of age, was to come to her as allowance. This was apart from the two young Maxwells' fortune, which was strictly tied up under trustees. Mrs. Maxwell, however, like a few other people, did not find her income sufficient for her expenses, and when she one day was com-

plaining of the low interest paid on her securities, to Mr. Despard, he had told her that, if she would trust him to look out, he would find her some safe investment that would pay better. She caught at the idea, having, however, exacted secrecy from Mr. Despard and Hal, because her brother and his wife, she knew, would disapprove; and she was one of those weak women who resent any semblance of control. Mr. Despard had temporarily invested it on his own account, fully intending to make it good when his leases fell in in the following February; but in order to do this Hal, who had charge of his aunt's warrants and certificates at the bank, had to get her signature without candidly explaining the matter, and Mrs. Maxwell was under the belief that her money was standing to her credit in the bank in her own name. The higher interest promised her had been paid, and the clerk, Walker, had been told that Mr. Despard had re-invested Mrs. Maxwell's money in a mortgage, which was purely imaginary.

Hal proceeded to state that he had now thought out the way in which the two sisters could repay this money. Their payments must be made to a third person, a friend of Hal's, who would proceed to pay it over to Hal's account, and Hal would re-invest the money for his aunt as it came in, a thousand or two at a time, with her full knowledge, so that the only deceit practised upon her would be that she would at present imagine her capital to be in the bank when it was not.

'There will have to be a good many falsehoods told about that, then,' said Gwendolen.

'Of course there must be some; it is impossible to arrange the thing without. But I will manage all that.'

'I don't see,' said Gwendolen after a long pause, 'how I shall know whether the money is really paid back to her.'

'Why, Gwendolen,' exclaimed Hal indignantly, 'what do you take me for? Do you think I'd play you false in the matter?'

'How can I tell?' said Gwendolen dryly; 'you might—again.'

'You are very hard on an old friend, Gwendolen—and you make it most difficult for me to go on.'

'Why, what more is there to say?'

'Why, you *must* see, when you come to think of it, that it is nearly impossible for me to screw three or four hundred a year out of my income. You know that as well as I do. So if I take this house from you rented nominally at its proper value—why, the rent must be nominal—I couldn't pay that and this interest too.'

'You mean we must pretend to receive it.'

'Well—yes.'

Gwendolen was a rarely just person, and, in spite of all the bitterness of her soul, she was able to answer—

'Yes, I do see.'

'Well, then, you shall not have to say I deceive you. It might be

that I could not pay the whole of it, and then some of the replaced principal would have to be taken for it. Do you see that? Of course, it is entirely to my interest to get it paid. I should never touch it if I could help it; and I will tell you if ever I am forced to do so.'

'Yes,' said Gwendolen, who knew well that Hal's income was carefully calculated by his father to fit his expenses.

He had been quite pleased at his own candour, and the callousness of a selfish person had enabled him to force these facts upon the poor miserable girl; but her face did touch him at last, and he said—

'Of course, Gwen, I know what you feel.'

'Feel!' said Gwen, while the scorching tears burnt her eyelids; 'I feel as if I had touched pitch, and been defiled!'

'I know all you are doing for me; I do indeed, and I'm thoroughly grateful. I do care for my poor Alice and the children. You will save them from ruin, and me from—from—my boys knowing the worst of me.'

There *was* real feeling in Hal's words, and, when Gwendolen thought of the agony she was bearing through such knowing the worst, she was partly softened.

'But, Hal,' she said, struggling with her tears, and with a dreadful sense of degradation in having to take counsel with her fellow conspirator, 'I don't know how we can manage to—to deceive people. We must certainly go right away. What will people think we do with our money? It will be so—so—it won't be respectable, to be supposed to be spending it secretly. It's so—so unladylike. And think what your mother will say.'

'Yes, it is uncommonly awkward,' said Hal ruefully. 'If people had the impression you were saving it for a church or something—— Good heavens, Gwendolen! what's the matter?' as the girl sprang to her feet and faced him like a young tigress.

'Not so low as *that*!' she said. 'And look here, Hal, I will do what you say about the money, and I'll bear people thinking there's something queer about us, but I'll never—never—speak a false word about it. I'll tell no lies, and I'll make no pretences. I'll give up home, and friends, and peace, and self-respect, but I'll save my soul alive.'

Hal looked half surprised, half pitiful.

'I hope you will, Gwen,' he said; 'but it's a trying business, and I don't see how we're any of us to help it. Your soul will go scot-free, my dear, in any case, since you're doing it all for love and charity.'

'I'm not,' said Gwen, 'I'm doing it for pride.'

Hal looked at her keenly, as she turned her back on him, struggling with the agony that almost overcame her; and it was strongly borne in on him that these two girls *could* not keep such a secret, and that circumstances might arise that would make it almost impossible to

expect that they should. He did not know about Humfrey Bevan, but he was well aware that his wife and his mother constantly affirmed that there must be an 'attraction' at Quixeter. He knew also that Maisie had an attraction for his brother Lucas. An offer from him would be the most fatally dangerous thing of all.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that you must begin by paying some visits; nobody will expect you to have plans just now. And then I think the easiest thing would be for you two to go abroad for the winter, to join some other ladies, or board in a family. And you must keep enough money to do this without exciting suspicion. It would be much better than living in a small way here. I do think that's impossible—my mother would be up in arms.'

'If we must, we must,' said Gwendolen, to whom every word was a sentence of banishment.

'Maisie has been ill, you know. I dare say a winter abroad would be good for her after this shock. We must take the months as they come, and tide them over. I'll let you know anything that occurs to me. And, you know, *you* are perfectly blameless.'

He took her hand in both his in a kind elder-brotherly fashion, perfectly natural after the relation to his family in which she had grown up, even from the family ne'er-do-weel; while the sense of family obligation and kindness was far from being absent from his thoughts, mingled, oddly enough, with selfish fears on his own account; and when Gwendolen snatched her hand away, and said, 'No, Hal, only when we have to make a pretence of it,' he felt half stung with shame, half angry at the girl's unkindness.

He left her, however, without any expression of resentment, left her to the dreadful sense that this man whom she despised, on whom she had always looked down, was the only person with whom she could take counsel, the only friend to whom she could speak openly in the world.

Humfrey Bevan meanwhile little guessed what poor Gwendolen was undergoing. He was by no means without hope.

There was some consolation in being treated by Gipsy, as a specially interested person, in hearing parts of Gwendolen's letters, and being told every day how she was getting on. But he had said so much, and she had implied so much, her friend gave him so much encouragement, that he felt that, as soon as it was any way proper or feasible, he ought to say more. He heard that the two sisters were coming to Quixeter 'as soon as their plans were settled.' Humfrey felt that no girl could settle plans, after what he had said, until he had said more, unless her mind was made up against him. He longed to help her in her sorrow and loneliness, and he could do so now in only one character. Mrs. Lester told him that Gwendolen's letters were shorter and more depressed than at first, and told nothing of the future. Was it possible that she was wondering what part in that future he would play? Spurred by this thought,

Humfrey wrote to her, and formally made the offer which he had certainly led her to expect. His letter was restrained and diffident, respectful of her grief, and deprecating the idea of hurrying her answer. He wished her to know his feelings, that he was utterly at her service; he did not write because of his longing to know hers. If she said 'wait,' he could wait any time she wished.

The envelope with the Quixeter postmark was put into Gwendolen's hand just after her interview with Henry Ingleston.

This, then, was the penalty; the price of her promise was demanded soon. She would keep her promise and lose her lover, and in her terrible sense of shame and degradation she felt that she had almost rather lose him than tell him of her disgrace.

On the spur of the moment, without an hour's delay, and urged on by all this complication of motives, Gwendolen answered her lover's letter thus—

'DEAR MR. BEVAN,—

'I know that I have led you to expect a different answer from what I can now give. I must say no, for reasons which I did not know when I was at Quixeter. If you knew why, you would not be sorry. If you would do me a great kindness, please do not let the Lesters guess that you have written to me, and what I have done. I had rather Gipsy thought I was mistaken. I do not think my sister and I can help coming to Quixeter. *Please* do not try any more, or ask me about it again.

'GWENDOLEN DESPARD.'

There was one sentence which seemed to come of itself from Gwendolen's pen—'I do not think we can help coming to Quixeter.'

But she had hardly put the fatal letter into the post when another struggle of conscience seized on her once more. Go to Quixeter after this? How, then, could she hide her secret, and keep her lips free from guile? How escape Gipsy's questions? No—it must not be. They must go somewhere else, get her great-uncle Sandford to alter the time of his invitation, now given for later in the year—go to the sea—go away till the winter abroad could be arranged for—go away from kind eyes and friendly hearts, go away alone with the sister who had never been congenial to her, and whom she now felt to be in a measure the cause of her misery. If she would keep her proud resolve to speak no falsehood, even if she had to act one—this was the price she must pay.

And Gwendolen could not pay it. She had given up her lover, she had given up her peace of mind, she had given up her life to the claims of her father's honour; for she was too angry with Henry Ingleston to care for his safety—she could not give up the little crumbs of comfort that remained to her—could not bring herself to give up seeing her friend, and at least hearing of her lover. It was very difficult to alter these plans, and give up the Quixeter visit, and

Gwendolen persuaded herself that she would manage somehow. When so much was wrong, perhaps it did not matter if one thing more was not quite right. It did not occur to Gwendolen that her want of sympathy for Maisie's grief, and impatience with her unpractical enthusiasm, was the least right thing of all.

So the Quixeter visit remained settled, or rather grew from a vague plan to a fixed arrangement, to take place as soon as the sisters had packed up and warehoused their furniture, so as to leave the Bank House free for Hal Ingleston. Maisie, in her forlornness and pre-occupation, did not care much where they went, and felt no disposition to remonstrate with Gwen for going there when there must be that Quixeter master in the background, whom of course she could not think of seriously now that this complication had arisen. If she had had any notion what Gwen's relations to Humfrey Bevan really were, she knew enough of the world to have seen that it ought to have stopped their visit. But she had always put him down in her own mind rather as an 'attraction' than as an avowed lover, and Gwen had said no more to enlighten her.

Indeed, their relations were not rendered closer by the bond of this secret—rather the opposite. Gwendolen often felt irritated by the very sight of her sister. If Maisie stopped furtively in her rummaging out of the cupboards to caress tenderly with her soft little fingers some old pipe or walking-stick of her father's, Gwen felt a sensation of passionate anger against the dead man for the ruin he had wrought upon her life; and, if Gwen pointed out the impossibility of doing this or that without deliberate deception forced upon them by the secret they had to keep, it disgusted her extremely to find Maisie acquiescing in this deception as a matter of course where this particular secret was concerned. All day she worried and fretted in silence, and the greater part of the night she fought out the debate whether it was even yet too late to make some other arrangement than the Quixeter visit, and answered every suggestion that came into her mind by the overwhelming desire to see Humfrey again, and hear what he had thought of her letter, which was sometimes so strong that she felt she would die if the Quixeter visit did not come off.

In this frame of mind on her part, Hal Ingleston was a curious mixture of aggravation and protection. He was very kind in all the business that had to be done; he started the idea of his own residence in the Bank House, told all the needful falsehoods as to rent, etc., and took as much trouble as possible off their hands. He put it into his mother's head that it would be a good thing for them to winter abroad, and made her think that the proposal for their doing so came from herself. He also gave them time to breathe by reminding them that the repayment could not begin till their affairs were really in their own hands, which would not be for several months; and, as a family friend and adviser, he interviewed their trustees, and got them a liberal advance for present expenses.

All this was gall and wormwood to Gwendolen, and yet she was so forlorn and unhappy that she found herself at times actually looking to him as a protector ; and once, when she feebly suggested accepting an invitation from Mr. Ingleston at the Mill House—given, it must be said, without consulting his wife—instead of going to Quixeter, his prompt veto at once stopped the project. Indeed, after this was mooted, he encouraged their speedy departure for Quixeter as much as he could, being anxious to keep them away from the Mill House, and from intercourse with his brother Lucas. So it was arranged that in the middle of June they should go at once to Quixeter, and stay there till the end of July, when they proposed going for a month to Cromer, where an old nurse of Maisie's had lodgings to let, and would be only too delighted to receive her nursling.

(To be continued.)

‘LOST IN THE FINDING.’

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER III.

‘I HAD no idea that any part of Lisbon was still encircled by *walls*,’ said Mr. Lester, as, the door-curtain being dropped, they all resumed their seats after Da Costa’s departure.

‘Nor is it,’ replied Captain Hamilton; ‘“within the walls” is a figure of speech, though it still applies to that part of the city which used to be so surrounded; some of the Moorish towers which flanked them are still to be seen, though they are now used as private dwelling-houses.’

‘I confess that our drive through the city was a disappointment to me; but perhaps our way lay through an exceptionally bad quarter.’

‘Not so. We have nothing to boast of in that respect. You heard Da Costa’s reasons for hurrying away?’

‘Well, so far as that goes, there are many parts of London about which I should not care to venture alone after dark.’

‘I fancy that the worst streets there would be about equal to the best here. For one thing, the principal thoroughfares in London are lighted with lamps. Here, there is not such a thing to be seen except over the doors of the very few British residents who live within the city. These were regularly *stoned* out every night, till the owners hit upon the happy expedient of placing the figure of a saint behind each lamp, since which they have remained unmolested.’

‘But, then, how *do* you manage to get about after dark?’

‘We rarely attempt it. You must remember that “after dark” is not the same thing in this latitude as in England; and it is a happy thing that the hours of night *are* short, for they are indeed hours of darkness in every sense in this unhappy city. I wonder at Da Costa for venturing to remain as late as he has done; but it will be still twilight, he has two servants with him, and no doubt the house to which he is going is on the outskirts of the town.’

‘Perhaps, too, they carry flambeaux?’ suggested Sir Godfrey.

‘That would be a fatal mistake,’ replied Captain Hamilton, smiling. ‘A torch would simply serve as a mark for stones, if not for something worse.’

‘Well, I certainly should not care to walk through your streets without some light, even if there were *no* inhabitants. I never saw

such a horrible state as they are in in my life! It is enough to breed a pestilence.'

'It frequently does. It is a sad fact that Lisbon, with all its extraordinary advantages of situation and climate, is one of the most unhealthy cities in the world. Again and again it has been half depopulated by plague and pestilence.'

'But how so? Can the authorities do nothing?'

'It would be almost necessary to destroy the whole place and rebuild it in order to effect any permanent improvement. You must have seen for yourselves to-day the narrowness of the streets and the extreme height of the houses, built so that each storey juts out over the one below it. In most of them it is really possible to shake hands across the road from the topmost windows. In this way the light of the sun is almost excluded, as well as all access to free currents of air. All the windows, too, are closely latticed to avoid publicity, so that really it is only a marvel how any one lives in such an atmosphere at all; the more so as such things as drains are unknown, and refuse of every kind is simply thrown into the public road.'

'Phew—no wonder the streets were so empty! As we drove along, the place seemed to be infested by dogs; but we scarcely saw a human being, when we had once escaped from the swarm of beggars on the quay.'

'You landed at about mid-day, did you not? At that time it is a common saying that no one ventures abroad but Englishmen and dogs. The latter are really useful, for they are our only scavengers.'

'And yet, when viewed from a little distance, every place is as beautiful as the spot immediately under one's eye is nauseous and disgusting,' said Mr. Lester. 'I don't know, in all my wanderings, when I have been so struck by the first sight of any city. The view as one approaches up the harbour is really exquisite. No doubt the effect is partly produced by some of the inconveniences you complain of: the sudden ascents and descents, turnings and windings, and the irregularity with which the buildings are scattered over the surrounding hills, interspersed with orchards and vineyards down to the very banks of the river, produce a beautiful *whole* as the first impression, however disappointing the details may be afterwards.'

'You should have given my poor friend Da Costa the pleasure of hearing your praise, sir,' said Mr. Hawthorne, who had re-entered the room just in time to hear the last half of Mr. Lester's sentence. 'Pride of their capital is a perfect passion with the Portuguese—so much so, that even the more advanced among them are, unfortunately, a little inclined to be blind to its defects.'

'Poor Da Costa! Bitterness renders him imprudent,' said Captain Hamilton. 'It would be only kind to give him a hint that in the present state of things even the Minister himself could not save him if the Inquisition got hold of such expressions as he made use of to-night about the religious orders.'

'It is true that he knew Sir Godfrey and Mr. Lester to be of the reformed faith. Still, I will again remonstrate with him—as I have often done before, however. Now that his father's fate is actually assured, he seems absolutely reckless; and I shall be relieved when he leaves the country again,' said Mr. Hawthorne.

'It is a sad story; but it may do this young gentleman no harm to know something of the workings of that terrible power—the Inquisition—now that he is about to travel in Roman Catholic lands for a time; and, with your permission, sir, I will give the outlines of Senor Da Costa's history.'

It was Dr. Allen who spoke; and, Mr. Hawthorne having bowed a not over-willing assent, he went on.

'Our friend was the only son of a gentleman of large landed property, chiefly vineyards, from which he supplied this market and that of Brazil. They were devout Roman Catholics, and were most prosperous till about thirteen years ago, when the father was suddenly arrested and dragged from his home by the officers of the Inquisition on a charge of "irreligion." He was carried off from his bed without opportunity for leave-taking or preparation of any kind; and that was absolutely the last that his wife and son heard of him for ten long years. The daughter was within a week of her marriage to a neighbouring gentleman, who declined to fulfil his engagement directly he heard what had happened. She fell into a decline, lingered a few months, and died. Do not look so indignant, gentlemen! Her poor *fiancé*, no doubt, suffered too; but he might as well have married a woman already stricken with the plague as one of a family marked out by the Inquisition.

'Besides, she was penniless, and he not a rich man. The Inquisition takes possession of the estates of its prisoners and "manages them in their interests" (!) until they are proved innocent or guilty. Within three days of his father's abduction Da Costa had to leave his home, himself a beggar. He brought his mother and sister to Lisbon, obtained some clerk's work in Mr. Hawthorne's office, and for more than a year devoted every spare moment to the vain task of endeavouring to discover his father's accusers and where he had been imprisoned. It was useless. In all his inquiries he received but the one answer, that his father was accused on good authority of "irreligion," and would in due time be tried. Then came the intelligence that the trial had taken place; that he was pronounced "guilty," and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, his estates being forfeited.

'No one knew better than Da Costa himself the utter uselessness of remonstrance or appeal. He no longer resisted the efforts of his English friends to get him out of the country, and was attached to the Brazilian branch of the firm, after some years being occasionally sent across here on business connected with it. It was on one of these occasions, now about two years ago, that he was summoned to

the deathbed of a distinguished personage who had better be nameless. This man confessed that he had been the secret enemy who had brought false accusation against the old Senor. The confession was made in the presence of ecclesiastics of the principal orders, was reduced to writing, and duly signed; and, with the prospect of, as he thought, immediate release for his father and restoration to peace and happiness for his mother, it was the easier for Da Costa to extend his forgiveness to the dying man. But even he had much yet to learn of the workings of the Inquisition. His appeal was duly made to the Inquisitor-General, backed by the affirmations of those present at the confession; and, after a brief delay, he was informed that his father was 'pardoned,' and would be released at the next auto-da-fé.

'It was in vain that he protested and implored; the authorities were inexorable. The Inquisition never made mistakes; or, if it did, those who suffered for them "suffered for righteousness' sake" (*sic*) and would be amply compensated hereafter. A man who had been duly tried and condemned could only be pardoned and released in due course—"due course," in this particular instance, meaning ten months hence.

'Those ten months wore away at last, as had the previous years. In the mean time Da Costa remained in Portugal, neglecting his business, while he strove by every means in his power to obtain access to his father; but in vain. At last the day came, and he hastened to the prison to which he had been directed. One by one the prisoners are marshalled out of a narrow door on those terrible days. First, those condemned to death; last, those released from different terms of imprisonment. But it was in vain that Da Costa breathlessly scanned each face as it appeared. Making every allowance for the ravages of time and terrible suffering, it was impossible that any one of the ghastly figures which passed before him in every stage of misery and mental depression could be the father from whom he had parted.

'When all had come forth from their living tomb, he rushed forward and appealed to the gaolers. Armed, as he now was, with powerful authority, they for the first time condescended to listen to him; but they could not help him. If the prisoner was on the list of those to be released, released he must have been; and at last, to silence his importunity, they referred him to their books. They were right. He *had* been released; but it was fourteen months before that date—by the merciful hand of death!'

'And his poor wife?'

'She was bedridden, and had been enduring her son's long absence as best she could (for she had made her home with him in Brazil), buoyed up by the hope that he and his father would return together. When he came alone, they say that she just turned her face to the wall and never spoke again. In three days she was gone too.'

'But I call it nothing short of murder!' burst out young Sir Godfrey hotly. 'How can such things be allowed? How can God Himself allow them to go unpunished?'

'That He never does, young sir,' said Dr. Allen solemnly. 'Don't fall into the common error of cursing God for man's sin.'

Poor Sir Godfrey looked so much abashed at the rebuke which his impetuosity had called forth, that Madam Hawthorne quite pitied him, and added gently—

'I think the difficult problem of God's varied providence would break one's heart if our lives in this world were all we had to live for; but, after all, what are the few years we spend on this earth but an episode in an eternity of existence? Surely we may trust the Father who "created nothing in vain" to give to each of His children exactly the right training to fit each for the purpose for which he was individually created? A purpose to be fulfilled when this preparatory school—if I may so call it—has been left behind and the true home reached.'

She spoke so low that her words did not reach beyond the two to whom they were addressed. Sir Godfrey listened respectfully; while Margaret, who was sitting with her head leaning against the side of her mother's couch, felt soothed and quieted by words which fitted in well with the current of her own thoughts. These were melancholy enough! Not once that evening had Humphrey's name passed her father's lips, and she judged rightly that such silence portended no good. It would have been natural that he should have been mentioned, as he had arrived in the same vessel with Mr. Lester and Sir Godfrey—who, however, were not aware of the connection. They had gone straight to Mr. Hawthorne's office, armed with letters of introduction which had induced the latter at once to offer them his hospitality; and both Margaret and her mother now realised fully what a mistake Humphrey had made in leaving his more important letters to be delivered by a servant.

In the mean time Dr. Allen was explaining to Mr. Lester, in reply to the latter's questions, what had been the actual charge brought against poor old Senor da Costa—a charge seemingly so puerile, and resting on such frail evidence, as to be almost incredible.

'It seemed that one morning, when going round their estate, Da Costa and his son discovered a serpent coiled round the foot of a roadside crucifix; this they at once destroyed with their canes. The scene was witnessed and reported to his master by the servant of a neighbouring fidalgo. This man had a grudge against Da Costa, and immediately seized the opportunity of revenging himself. The servant was called to give evidence, and (previously prompted) declared he had seen the Senors *striking the crucifix*. The trial did not take place till some months after the accusation, when poor Da Costa could have no means of disproving the statement, as he might so

easily have done at the time. How young Da Costa escaped sharing his father's fate seemed inexplicable.'

'These fidalgos form the principal nobility of Portugal, do they not?' inquired Mr. Lester.

'Not exactly,' said Captain Hamilton. 'The real nobility are a smaller, but a far more intellectual and useful class. These are what may be called a *second* order of nobles, or rather a country nobility; and a most useless, ignorant, and mischievous set they are, as a rule. Bigoted to the last degree, they have always been supported by the Church, and have formed a perpetual hindrance to reform of all kinds; living in idleness and tyrannising at pleasure over the unfortunate peasantry.'

'Surely, sir, you do not share the opinions of those republican rascals who would level all mankind?'

'Assuredly not, since it is evident that from the very creation it has been God's will to divide men into classes. But I hold that each class has its duties to perform both to the class above and the class below it, and that there is the compensation of greater or less responsibility attached to greater or less privilege.'

'Exactly,' added Dr. Allen; 'and the fidalgos are an example, I trust rare, of a class who appear to believe that the earth and its other inhabitants were created for their use and behoof alone. To give you an instance of their extraordinary presumption. I was passing the other day through a country village, in the churchyard of which I was shown the grave of the fidalgo of the place, who had been buried the week before. What do you suppose was the epitaph inscribed under his prodigious list of names and titles?'

'“Oh, grave, art thou not ashamed—dost thou not blush, oh, grave, to devour so noble a personage?”'

Every one smiled, while Dr. Allen added, as he rose—

'But I am ashamed to see how late the hour is, and trust, dear madam, that you will not suffer for our indiscretion.'

Captain Hamilton and Dr. Allen took their departure together, it having been arranged that the two strangers should remain as Mr. Hawthorne's guests for the present. They also were almost immediately ushered to their sleeping apartments by Mr. Hawthorne, but not before he had said good-night to his daughter, who heard this token of dismissal with a sinking heart; for she had been hoping to be present and to add her persuasions to her mother's in the conversation which she knew would follow. The latter, however, advised her not to linger, feeling sure that her husband must have some good reason for so decidedly promoting her absence.

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODDS DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

TRAINING.

'GEORGE, I do think poor Mr. Lisle will end in becoming insane,' said Mrs. Drayton to her husband, coming into his study on her return from a visit to Sunnybank.

'I'll warrant him against that!' said the Rector, writing away. 'Sit down, Barbara, and prepare your statement, which I will hear when I have finished this sentence.'

It appeared to Mrs. Drayton that the sentence must be one of the most portentous length! At last she found it necessary to cough loudly, when her husband started and exclaimed, 'I declare I had forgotten you, Barbara. I beg your pardon; at the same time, I am filled with admiration for a woman who can wait so long in silence and patience.'

'I cannot say much about the patience, my dear. I only hope that all you wrote did not go into one sentence. But what I want to say is this, I am really uncomfortable about dear Agatha having that poor young man there. It was all very well while he was ill and Miss Susie attended to him; but now he is with Agatha all day, and his agony of grief and remorse is very terrible, I hardly think he is quite himself. It is very bad for Agatha!'

'Very hard on her; he ought to be off to America.'

'To America, my dear George! I doubt if he could walk into Market-Yoredale! He is a perfect wreck. He told me just now that he feels like a murderer.'

'Pshaw!' said the Rector, and his wife thought it almost brutal of him. 'I hate these exaggerated sentiments. If he said that he knew he had been an obstinate fool, not choosing to listen to Agatha Seymour's warnings, I should have some hopes of him. A murderer! why, he "didn't go to do it," as the school children say, and the poor, pretty creature would only have died of her first winter in America. What does Agatha say to him?'

'Indeed, not much, but she bears with him most gently.'

'He must be got away,' said the Rector. 'I shall go up to-morrow

and see him. If he stays here, mooning about, and she listens kindly, he won't be long till he takes it into his head that she would be his best consolation, and I think that would rouse her into boxing his ears.'

'My dear George, you almost shock me. I do not think you at all realise the state the poor young man is in.'

'Ah, well, I shall realise it when I see him, no doubt. But, mark my words, Barbara, he'll go out to America, and he'll write letters, to which the most melancholy poem you ever read will be as a comic song, and he'll marry again within the year. Now, don't forget that I have told you so.'

'I fear you are unfeeling about this poor young widower,' said Mrs. Drayton solemnly.

Mr. Drayton repaired to Sunnybank the next day, and, having spent some time in listening to Willie Lisle's lamentations, which were sincere enough, if a little noisy, he asked him to take a turn round the garden with him. In about an hour the Rector entered the drawing-room, where Agatha and Miss Susie sat at work.

'Well, Miss Seymour, Mr. Lisle is going to pay me a short visit, and then go on to Liverpool and sail for America; he does not want to lose his appointment.'

'Oh, I am glad, very glad, that he is going with you, it will rouse him a little. I can do nothing with him, for, when he blames himself, I feel that what he says is true, and yet I am so sorry for him. What does he wish about the children, Mr. Drayton?'

'I fancy—from something he said—that he believes that you will keep them.'

'So I will, and gladly, for their mother's sake.'

'But I think you ought to arrange with him that, when he has a comfortable home for them, he is to send for them. It is his duty, you know, to provide for them.'

'Yes, you are right. I will speak to him.'

Finally, Willie Lisle set out on his lonely journey with many promises to come back for the little girls as soon as they were old enough to do without a woman's care. For a few weeks after his departure, Agatha seemed to feel her own sorrow for her friend's death more keenly than at first; until now, he had occupied all her time and thoughts. Somehow, too, she felt as if Lucy's death had severed the last link between her and Edward. There was nothing now to bring him home; and the best thing for her to do was to set herself in good earnest to carry out her aunt's design. So, when Mrs. Drayton was just beginning to wonder if the said design had been quite forgotten, Agatha walked in one evening and took her by surprise.

'I have been arranging my plans, Mrs. Drayton, and, as usual, I want your help in carrying them out.'

'What plans, my love?' said Mrs. Drayton, quite quickly for her.

‘I have made up my mind that, considering how young I am—not quite twenty-three—and how inexperienced too, I shall do well to devote two years to learning something practically about managing an institution. I should do nothing but blunder if I began now. First, I wish to get a good knowledge of nursing. Mr. Drayton told me that the Bishop of S—— has various establishments in his diocese, and is supposed to manage them very well—so I wrote to him——’

‘To the Bishop?’ exclaimed Mrs. Drayton.

‘Why, there was nothing wrong in it, was there?’

‘Not wrong, my love; but I should never have dreamed of doing it—it was such a very independent proceeding.’

‘Ah, you have Mr. Drayton to make you dependent,’ said Agatha, laughing. ‘I must learn to depend on myself. At all events, I wrote, and have had a most kind answer, which I want to show you, but forgot to bring it with me. He gives me such practical advice and such ready help.’

‘I have always understood that he is a wonderful man,’ said Mrs. Drayton. ‘What does he advise?’

‘He has a Cottage Hospital near S——, with a deaconess as superintendent, and there is also a trained nurse under her. He advises me to go there for a year, or even longer, for he agrees with me in thinking that a knowledge of nursing will be very useful to me. I shall leave Sissie and Minnie at Sunnybank with Miss Susie, and you will, I know, look after them all for me. After that, he advises me to spend some time in S—— Orphanage, and, when I have done that, I am to see him, and he will go thoroughly into the question of ways and means, and tell me what I shall find myself able to do. I told him that, as Sunnybank belongs to me, I wish to begin here, and I can add to the house if necessary.’

‘This is a relief to my mind, my love; for I thought that perhaps he would wish to have you near S——. And have you agreed to all this?’

‘I have not yet written, as I wished to tell you and Mr. Drayton about it first. But I don’t think I can do better, and I hope to be ready in a week. I could go at once, only I don’t like to hurry Miss Susie—it fusses her so.’

And, all things being arranged to her satisfaction, Agatha left home in a few days, and was soon hard at work in her new sphere.

She was determined to remain there a year at least, and she did so; but she very soon knew that she would never make a first-rate nurse. She had none of the natural turn for nursing with which some women are fortunately blessed. Sights upon which some women can look with only pity and sympathy made poor Agatha deadly faint and sick, and twice during the year she broke down and had to stay in bed and be nursed. Miss Grahame, the deaconess, wanted her to give up long before the year was out, assuring her that the physical

inability was too great to be got over ; but Agatha insisted on finishing her year, and she did it—at the cost of no small suffering.

Writing to Mrs. Drayton, when the time came for her to leave the Hospital, she said—

‘ I shall never make a nurse, that is clear. Nature says “ no,” and I find my “ yes ” of no avail against her “ no.” But I have learned much. I know what ought to be done, and I suppose that, in a real emergency, I should be able to do it—somehow. Now to learn how to manage a houseful of bairns, and then comes the time to decide definitely about the institution that is to be. I am gaining experience every day—do not be surprised if I go to the Deaconesses’ Home for a few months. I hope it is not wrong to be so glad that this year has come to an end ; but every one has been very kind, and in Miss Grahame I feel that I have made a friend.’

It was in the Orphanage that Agatha found congenial work. Until she went there, Sissie and Minnie were the only children with whom she had had anything to do since she ceased to be a child herself ; and although she could always manage them, teach them and amuse them as well as their mother did, yet she was aware that she had found but little interest in it. Poor Agatha ! she laughed sorrowfully all by herself, in the railway carriage which conveyed her to the town where the Orphanage was, at the remembrance of Mrs. Drayton’s pet word ‘ vocation,’ for it really began to seem to her that she had no vocation at all, and that her life was to be passed in struggling to do her duty, with no help from natural liking for the work. To her honour be it said, that she never contemplated avoiding the difficulty by giving up the whole scheme, as her aunt had fully authorised her to do ; but we cannot blame her if life looked a little blank and dull. At the Orphanage, however, she discovered that there are children *and* children, and that poor Sissie and her little sister were somewhat colourless specimens. Here there were some really bright, delightful children, and the motherhood that lies hid in the heart of most women awoke to life in Agatha’s. The year spent here was a very happy one, though she had hardly leisure enough to write to Miss Susie and Mrs. Drayton.

From the Orphanage she went to the Palace at S——, where the Bishop’s wife, a dignified, gentle-looking lady with snow white hair, made her feel at home in half an hour. In the midst of all his cares and labours, the Bishop made time to talk over her plans thoroughly, and it was with her future life mapped out clearly in her mind, and filling her heart with energy and satisfaction, that Agatha returned in the late autumn to Sunnybank.

‘ It is a comfort to have it all settled,’ she said to her three fast friends, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton and Miss Susie, ‘ I have suffered a good deal from not being able to see what lay before me, and from not feeling sure that I could really throw myself heartily into the work—but now I do feel so thankful. I never can forget the Bishop’s kindness,

and both he and Mrs. R—— understand these things in such a practical way, that they could tell me exactly what I can afford, and what I cannot. This dear old house will hold all the children that I ought to take in, for they think, and so do I, that the children ought to be brought up as they would have been in their own homes. They are not necessarily orphans, but destitute or nearly so, and they are to be really well educated. And I shall want three ladies to help me. Miss Susie, won't you be one?'

'My dear,' said Miss Susie anxiously, 'I am very nearly past my work. I really think I ought not to stay here, filling up the room, you know, of some one who——'

'Who would not be my own kind teacher, my dear Miss Susie, to whom I owe so much. You need not look so hard at me, Miss Susie, I have you and I mean to keep you; and I find Sissie and Minnie so much improved that I cannot have you undervalue yourself; besides, I really want your advice and experience. I am to have twelve children; so we have to find ten. The two little Lisles will be our first two, of course.'

'But, about the three ladies, Agatha?' said Mrs. Drayton. 'I do not quite understand.'

'They must be able to teach; but they will not be here merely as governesses, but will stay as long as they live, even when they can no longer work. We must of course get others who can work, but I wish all to feel that they are at home and have a home for life, and—what is it, Nannie?'

'A letter, ma'am.'

'Oh, from London—only on business, from Mr. Hughes. It can wait; I don't want to lose a moment of this delightful evening. Oh, Mrs. Drayton, if you only knew how light my heart is since I have been able to hope that I have found my vocation!'

'Barbara, if I were you, I should not allow that to pass, it is meant for impertinence. But truly, Miss Seymour, it does one good to see you so happy, and I trust your plans will work as well as they ought, having been well considered and not lightly decided on.'

Much more talk the friends had, and not until the Draytons had gone home, and Miss Susie to her room, did Agatha remember her letter. She was just extinguishing the lamps when she saw it lying on the table, and taking it up she went off to her own room. Having lighted her candles, she looked round the familiar room with a smile, for she loved Sunnybank and was glad to be at home once more. Then she fell into a pleasant reverie, planning out her new life, and finally she somewhat absently opened the envelope. There was an unopened letter within, and a line from Mr. Hughes to say that it had been enclosed to him, with a request that it might be forwarded to her, if she were still unmarried.

With a low cry, Agatha seized the enclosure, exclaiming—

'It is not Edward's writing, yet surely it must be from him.'

Her face was white and her fingers trembled as she opened it; the first words she saw were 'My dear daughter,' and turning hurriedly to the signature she read, 'Your father, Horace Seymour.'

For some minutes she sat with the paper in her hand, unable to think; the shock was great, even without the disappointment her mistake had caused her. Then she drew a light nearer, and read the following letter:—

'114 Rue St. Jacques de Fer, Paris.

'MY DEAR DAUGHTER, AGATHA SEYMOUR,

'Two years and some months ago you wrote to me, having discovered my real name somehow, you did not say how. You said that you were anxious to do your duty by me, that you were well off and fancied me poor. I believed then that I had many years of life before me, and I had my own plans as to the time when I should make myself known to you, from which I did not care to depart. But the attack in my chest, which has twice obliged me to winter in Pau, has returned in a very aggravated form, and my strength is so evidently going, that, if I am ever to see you, it must be soon.

'And I do wish to see you, and to know what the last of my race is like. I am a poor, worn-out, dying man, short in temper, restless, disagreeable—will your sense of duty oblige you to come to my aid? I do not know, I never had that sense myself, but my sister Mary was a good woman, and so was your mother. If you care to come, join me at Pau; you will find a note at Madame Callé's to tell you where I am. I do not expect you to come, and I shall not exactly starve if you do not. You owe me nothing, and I can promise you nothing, but leave to look on while disease fights against the remains of great strength; and I would not have written, but for your letter to me—and perhaps you have changed your mind since then. Don't bring that little goose, Mrs. Lisle, with you. I suppose you must bring your maid, but no one else.

'Your father,

'HORACE SEYMOUR.

'Or Mr. Horatio, if you prefer it; decide for yourself.'

(To be continued.)

THE SECOND ADAM.

‘O loving wisdom of our God!
 When all was sin and shame,
 A Second Adam to the fight
 And to the rescue came.
 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
 Which did in Adam fail,
 Should strive afresh against the foe,
 Should strive and should prevail.’

‘AND God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good.’ Then ‘the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.’

That first creation was marred by man’s sin; but a time is coming when there shall be ‘new heavens and a new earth,’ so far excelling the old that ‘they shall not be remembered nor come into mind.’ Then ‘the face of the earth’ shall be renewed, and ‘the glory of the Lord shall *endure* for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in His works.’*

And the first step towards the new creation was taken ‘when the fulness of the time was come, and God sent forth His Son, made of a woman;’ that Son ‘Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by Whom also He made the worlds;’ and to Whom He has said, ‘Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thine hands; they shall perish, but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.’

The first Adam ‘is the figure of Him that was to come.’ He was His representative; and, as the head of creation, to him it was given to have dominion over all living things upon the earth. All acknowledged him as their king.

But when He, ‘the Heir of all things,’ came to this part of His inheritance, which had been pronounced ‘very good’ when it issued from His hands, in what condition did he find it? How had the trust been kept?

Adam had fallen, and in him *all* creation fell; the earth was cursed for his sake and no longer yielded her increase to him without hard toil; the animal creation suffered also, and ceased to know him as their king; his fear and his dread were upon them, and they fled from his presence or rose against him. The consequences of the fall in man himself were many and grievous. His nature had become diseased, poisoned; and, like a corrupt tree, it speedily bore corrupt

* Ps. civ. 30, 31.

fruit. The murder of Abel was but a specimen of the fearful crop to follow.

Adam, we are told, 'was not deceived' by the serpent; he sinned with his eyes open, and so doing, became the servant of him whom he obeyed. Satan had obtained through him an entrance into the heritage of God; and, usurping the place of the Son of God, became the 'prince of this world,' using his power to gratify his bitter hatred of man. Man had by his act chosen him as his master; and, but for the Spirit of God, Who did not leave him to himself, he would have been utterly and completely his slave. Henceforth 'every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.' All his natural impulses were evil; by nature he 'knew not God';* he was at enmity with God;† and the flesh, that is, his human nature, lusted against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh.‡

He had chosen a cruel lord, and had fallen under his power; though his Creator had not given him up, for the Holy Spirit was constantly striving with him, and Satan was not allowed uncontrolled sway in his kingdom of darkness (Acts xxvi. 18; Eph. vi. 12; Col. i. 13). By the grace of the Holy Spirit, Abel could show his faith by offering a perfect sacrifice; and Enoch, walking with God, so 'pleased' Him that he was even exempted from the universal penalty; he did not see death (Heb. xi.).

'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' had been the warning addressed to Adam and Eve; then and there they were stricken and *began to die*; for 'the wages of sin is death,' and they were paid by Satan, 'who had the power of death,' until the keys were wrested from him.§ But it was not absolute power; in each dispensation, there has been one representative man, over whom he has not been permitted to exercise it; and though Heb. ix. 26 is more often than not misquoted, as: 'it is appointed unto *all* men once to die,' St. Paul says plainly, of those living under the Christian dispensation: 'We shall *not all* sleep, but we shall all be changed.'

Besides having the power of death, Satan was permitted to vent his hatred upon man by afflicting him in various ways, as we see in the case of Job, and from Matt. ix. 32, xii. 22; Mark ix. 25; Luke iv. 33, x. 19, xiii. 16; Rev. ii. 10. The elements were to a certain extent under his control, Job i. 12, 16, 19; Mark iv. 39; and he was continually busy tempting man to sin against God and provoke His anger. Man was exposed to attacks from 'all the power of the enemy.' The close connection between sin and disease or infirmity is evident from such passages as Ex. xv. 26, xxiii. 25; Deut. vii. 15; Is. xxxiii. 24; Matt. ix. 2; 1 Cor. xi. 30; James v. 14, 15, though we are not to suppose that the individual sufferers were, or are, sinners above their brethren. Often, so far as man can judge, quite the contrary is the case; and Job we know was 'a perfect and

* 1 Cor. i. 21; Eph. ii. 3.

† Rom. viii. 7, 8, vii. 18.

‡ Gal. v. 17.

§ Heb. ii. 14; Job. ii. 6; Rom. v. 12-14; James i. 15; Rev. i. 18.

an upright man,' so that there was 'none like him in all the earth.' But the 'infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated;' we are all falling continually, and 'if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it;' which, though spoken of the Church, is true also, to some extent, of all mankind.

To the chosen people, called to be a holy people, exemption from disease had been promised, if they remained faithful: 'I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee;' 'and the Lord will take away from thee all sickness.' Yet when the Lord came to His own, He found them, like the rest of the world, 'bound' by Satan. 'oppressed of the devil,' with the sins of many generations lying upon them.*

If we had to choose one collect which should serve us from the Circumcision to Palm Sunday, we could surely not find one more appropriate than that for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany, the first part of which is a summing-up of the whole object of our Lord's life on earth: 'O God, whose blessed Son was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life.' During the thirty years of preparation, He could say: 'The Lord hath made My mouth like a sharp sword; † in the shadow of His hand hath He hid Me, and made Me a polished shaft; in His quiver hath He hid Me;' and now, at the age when priests and Levites entered upon their office, He was manifested to the world, and anointed 'with the Holy Ghost and with power,' that He might go 'against the strong;' ‡ and God gave 'not the Spirit by measure unto Him.' Henceforth, He 'knew all men,' 'He knew what was in man,' and 'all things' were 'given into His Hand.'§

He had fulfilled 'all righteousness;' He had kept the law in heart and mind and spirit, as well as in the letter, and God the Father had acknowledged and blessed Him as the 'beloved Son, in whom He was well-pleased;' the First among all the million sons of men who had won full and perfect approbation, but not the last; for He was to be the 'First-born among many brethren' who should be 'accepted in the Beloved.'

The word 'well-pleased' recalls, and is akin to, that other word in the angelic song which, though commonly translated by 'good-will,' has rather the meaning of 'well-pleasingness.' || God now first saw well-pleasingness in man; and 'as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous.'

John the Baptist announced Him as the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world;' God the Father sealed Him with His approval, as the 'Lamb without blemish and without spot,'

* Matt. xxiii. 35, 36.

† Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 12.

‡ Is. xi. 10, margin; Luke xi. 21, 22.

§ John iii. 35, v. 20, iv. 29, xvi. 15, 30; xviii. 4, xvii. 2.

|| See Luke ii. 14, New Version.

in whom He beheld, not mere innocence or the absence of sin, but *superiority* to sin, or, in other words, holiness. But it was not enough for the Lamb to be spotless, 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.' God had not said, 'When I see the spotless lamb within your houses, I will pass over;' but, 'when I see the *blood*.' He had come into the world to 'destroy death, and him that had the power of death,' and all his works; but it could only be accomplished through His own death, after a life of obedience.

But first He must face Satan and overcome Him in the very temptations under which the first Adam had failed; and He was led or driven by 'the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil.' What went on during those forty days was seen by no human eye, and has been revealed to no human being. We only know that 'He suffered, being tempted,' and that 'He learned obedience by' these and all other 'things that He suffered,' that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest. . . able to succour them that are tempted.

The suffering of a Perfect Being is something which even the holiest among men cannot fully enter into; but we can feel that His very holiness intensified every pain; made Him shrink with loathing unutterable from the sin, impurity, coarseness with which He was at all times surrounded. Sinless Himself, the mere living in daily, hourly contact with sin must have been in itself unspeakable misery. He, who all His life 'received sinners,' loathed their sin infinitely more than did the Pharisee, who despised Him for His condescension.

Now He was to face the very essence of evil in the person of the enemy of God and man. Adam had been found by him in the garden of Eden; the Second Adam, having come expressly to do battle with him, sought him in the wilderness, fit symbol of the ruined condition to which he had reduced God's creation. He 'was with the wild beasts,' re-asserting over them that dominion which Adam had lost (Ps. xci. 13; l. 10, 11, viii. 5-8).

How far Satan knew with Whom he had to do, we cannot tell; but he must have recognised at once that no temptation to obvious evil would have any chance of success, and accordingly, in those temptations which have been revealed to us, we see him first making use of natural and perfectly innocent cravings, and then appealing to noble desires and aspirations to compass his end. Adam and Eve had kept no fast when they fell; they were free not only to satisfy their wants but to gratify their preferences by eating of all the trees in the garden save one. Jesus had fasted forty days and forty nights, 'and when they were ended,' He '*hungered*.' And He had just been 'anointed with power;' why should He not put it to the test? Might it not even be the very means by which the Father intended Him to preserve His life? Why not accept the challenge and prove Himself the Son of God?

But the power given to Him was not to be used for His own

advantage, to make His life easy, or to spare Himself from suffering a moment before His Father's time. As His very enemies said of Him, 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save!' 'He trusted in God.'

Eve mistrusted God in the midst of plenty, fancying that He was keeping back, out of mere grudging, something which it would be to her advantage to possess.

Foiled in the attempt to *shake* His faith, Satan next appealed to it, quoting from the very Psalm which we may well believe to have been in our Lord's mind during this time of trial; but while he quoted the promise, he omitted the condition attached to it. To put oneself in a wrong position and then to trust in God, to claim God's promises while ignoring His commands, is not trust but presumption, and the very essence of fanaticism. Our Lord's answer was taken from Deut. vi., a chapter in which a people filled with the promise of God is warned against tempting Him. Eve put herself in the way of temptation when she parleyed with the serpent, and gazed longingly at the forbidden fruit.

Thirdly, Satan showed Him 'all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them'—His own inheritance, over which He is to reign for ever and ever, which He longed to deliver from the hand of the oppressor, of which He longed to be the acknowledged King, as He was King by right, that He might rule it in righteousness, that injustice, wrong, and robbery might cease, that sorrow and sighing might flee away.

Satan comes to Him with a lie: 'All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it.' And truly he so 'deceiveth the whole world' that many, especially in these days, believe that form of the lie which he is now putting before them. 'Power is from beneath,' 'power is from the people,' the 'divine right of kings' is an exploded idea belonging to the dark ages—this is what we are constantly hearing; and we are told that when 'the people' have won the power which belongs to them, then the world will be ruled righteously, and injustice will cease.

Well, an appeal was made to 'the people' once; they were put upon their trial then, and maybe they will be again. And what did they do? They 'denied the Holy One and the Just. . . and killed the Prince of Life,' choosing a murderer in His place; and 'if another shall come in his own name, him,' we are told, they 'will receive.' Meanwhile the Word of God changes not, and says plainly, 'The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will;' 'Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above;' 'All power is of God: the powers that be are ordained of God;' but the perfect King will not be seen, 'till He come Whose right it is,' and shall take to 'Himself His great power and reign.'

Satan offered to abdicate the throne which he had usurped, to put Him in possession at once of that which was His own by right, without the struggle, the suffering, the waiting. He will make a similar offer once again, as it seems, to the last antichrist, who will accept it, and receive from him 'his power, and his seat, and great authority.'

Our Lord desired to possess His inheritance, that He might bless it; but while still in all His glory, He thought not His equality with God a thing to be grasped at, but emptied Himself of all; and now He would not grasp His rights before the time appointed of the Father. He committed His way to Him, waiting patiently on Him, even as He is waiting now 'till His enemies be made His footstool. He would make no truce with the enemy, nor accept any help from him whose head He was to bruise.

Eve had snatched greedily at the prospect of being as 'gods, knowing good and evil;' and had been willing to climb by means of the Evil One to a higher place than that assigned to her by her Creator and Father. We cannot indeed doubt that it was eternally purposed by God that man, whom He had made in His own image, should also be made 'partaker of the divine nature' in the fulness of time; but Eve was impatient; she could not trust, she could not wait; and her impatience lost Paradise. She was beguiled; and Adam, instead of trusting in God for a remedy, made himself a participator in her sin.

Eve, acting independently of her husband, dragged him down with herself. The second Adam has won the victory, and makes His Eve, the Church, a partaker in it, so that she too may 'overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, and may eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God', and may with Him 'inherit all things.'

The forty days' temptation ended, the Anointed One entered upon His public ministry, and began to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. For He had taken upon Him our flesh, not only that He might die for us sinners and save us from the penal *consequences* of sin. That is a very imperfect view of the Gospel. The full Gospel is that 'new song,' which St. John heard sung in heaven, 'Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood . . . And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.'

He came to 'save His people *from* their sins,'* not *in* them; to redeem them *to* God, to His service, and from the bondage † in which Satan held them body and soul. He came to reconcile them to

* Matt. i. 21; 1 John iii. 5; Titus ii. 14; Rom. vi. 22, xii. 1; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; 1 Pet. ii. 16.

† Acts xxvi. 18; Rom. vi. 16, 17; Heb. ii. 15; Luke xiii. 16.

God; * to show them not only what God does, but what God is; † and, by His own perfect example, what man should be. ‡ He came to be the 'Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe;' and as regards these latter, He will be satisfied with nothing short of making them 'kings and priests,' 'sons of God and heirs of eternal life,' like Himself.

For He took our nature upon Him and endured the conflict with sin and death that 'He might destroy death and him that had the power of it' and *all His works*; that He might take away the curse and restore all things, § and set up His own kingdom of righteousness and peace, which shall have no end. And when all this is accomplished, even then He will not think His equality with God a thing to be grasped at, but 'when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all.'

The Son of God came into the world to reveal, and by revealing to glorify, the Father, not Himself, as He said, 'I seek not Mine own glory.'

He, the true 'Light of the world,' said to His disciples, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify,' not you, but 'your Father which is in Heaven;' and this was the object of His whole life on earth. Men glorified God for all the wonderful things which they heard, saw, and experienced from Him. || His miracles were wrought, not in His own power, but in the power *given* to Him as the Christ; they were as proof of His mission, but not of His Godhead. He said of Himself, 'My Father is greater than I;' 'I can of Mine own Self do nothing; as I hear, I judge;' The doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me;' 'The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do;' 'The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself; but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works.'

Even in the Transfiguration we see, not the Lord's own putting forth, and proof, of His own glory, but, as says St. Peter, 'He *received* from God the Father honour and glory.'

He was raised 'from the dead by the glory of the Father.' True, He said of Himself, 'No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' But it was not through His own Personal Omnipotence, for He adds, 'This commandment have I received of My Father.' St. Peter says, 'God raised Him up from the dead and gave Him glory,' and shows that the Sixteenth Psalm was written of Him: 'Thou wilt not leave My soul in Hades, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption; Thou wilt show Me the path of life.'

* Eph. ii. 16; 2 Cor. v. 18-20; Heb. ii. 17. † 2 Cor. iv. 4, 6; John xiv. 7-10; xii. 45.

‡ 1 Peter ii. 21-23; John xiii. 15; 1 John ii. 6.

§ Acts iii. 19-21; Rom. viii. 19-22; Is. xi. 1-9; lxxv. 17-25; Rev. xxii. 3.

|| Matt. ix. 8, xv. 31; Mark xiii. 32; Luke vii. 16, xiii. 13, xvii. 15; John xi. 4, 40.

Then at His Ascension He was *received* * to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was; and still 'He glorified not Himself to be made an High Priest, but He that said unto Him, "Thou art My Son, to-day have I begotten Thee."' And now 'in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;' and God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.'

But He is Man still, Man for ever; and as such, 'Inferior to the Father as touching His Manhood—for ever taking the lower place'—'Equal to the Father as touching His Godhead'—yet not grasping His equality. The Revelation of Himself in glory, which He gave to the Apostle, S. John, was 'the Revelation which God *gave* unto Him'—not simply a revelation of future historical events, but of Himself, risen, glorified, the Head of the Body, manifested in His Church: a revelation which is not complete until the Church is perfected, and He is revealed with all His saints.

For the revelation of His own glory He still waits; for, as He, the God-Man, is 'the image and glory of God,' so the woman, the Church, the second Eve, is the glory of the second man.†

It is His glory to make the dust of earth radiant by His own reflected light. When those whom He is not ashamed to call brethren and joint-heirs shine forth, reflecting His image, then the Son shall be 'glorified in His saints,' and 'His glory shall be revealed,' 'and all flesh shall see it together.'

* Ps. lxxiii. 24.

† 1 Cor. xi. 7.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXI.

FLIGHT OF JAMES II.

1688-1689.

ON Trinity Sunday, the 10th of June, 1688, two days after the committal of the Bishops to the Tower, Queen Mary Beatrice gave birth at St. James's Palace to a son, living and likely to live.

She was only thirty years old, and had had four children previously, three daughters and one son, but they were none of them alive; one little girl, Isabella, had died at five years old, and the boy was thought to have been mismanaged by his nurse. The last, Charlotte, who had died of convulsions at eight weeks old, was born as late as 1682, so that there was nothing improbable in the arrival of another child, though Roman Catholics greeted it as a special miracle of the Blessed Virgin, and a considerable section of the Protestants had determined not to believe in its genuineness if it were alive and of the male sex.

Some rumours of this spirit of doubt having reached the King, he took especial pains to secure the attestation of the witnesses always required at the birth of an heir-apparent. His own daughter, Anne, the foremost of the doubters, as she had expressed in some extremely disagreeable and indelicate letters to her elder sister in Holland, excused herself from being present; but the Queen Dowager, Catharine of Braganza, was there, so was the Countess of Sunderland, so were, to the poor Queen's great distress, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, and eighteen privy councillors, besides all the great officers of State!

On the cry of the infant, the King exclaimed, 'What is it?'

'What your Majesty desires,' said the nurse.

'You are witnesses that a child is born,' said James.

And as the nurse wanted to carry the babe away to be dressed, Lord Feversham made way in the crowd, crying, 'Room for the Prince.'

The King called the gentlemen and ladies to see the child before it was dressed; all were satisfied of its identity, and the King immediately knighted the Queen's physician.

There were rejoicings all over London, but they were manifestly to order, not spontaneous, for the country looked with consternation at the perpetuation of the Romanist sovereigns, and could not but have some hopes in the nursery management which contrived to kill more than half the infants of the time. In fact the poor little Prince of

Wales was very near death several times during the first two months of his life, from various medicaments and a diet of water gruel; but when a healthy woman, a tiler's wife, had been imported into the palace of Richmond for his benefit, he began to thrive, and then stories began to be circulated.

The Queen's bed had been warmed for her, and the popular mind believed that in the warming-pan a child had been smuggled in and palmed off upon the numerous witnesses. This was one story; the other was that the real Prince had died, and that the tiler's child had been substituted for him. The two Princesses had all along manifested distrust; Mary never made any kind allusion to her brother, as appears from a note of the Queen to 'her dear Lemon,' the Princess's pet name, and Anne, under the inspiration of her friend Lady Churchill, was doing all the harm she could. Anne was a woman with little character of her own, and her husband was a nonentity. A spoilt child with weak eyes, she had had very little education, and though her royal Stewart descent enabled her to be stately and gracious on occasion, she was really nothing more than a thorough gossip, with a washerwoman's love of unsavoury details, and the whole atmosphere of the Court had undergone a great change from the poetry and refinement that had been aimed at under Charles I. and Henrietta. She was entirely under the dominion of Lady Churchill, and no doubt sincerely believed all she was told about Mansel and his wife, the nicknames given to her father and his queen in her letters. Lord Sunderland was called Roger in this choice correspondence, and, as is well known, the Princess herself and Lady Churchill were Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, the latter name having been chosen by Sarah to express the openness of her disposition.

People believed pretty much as they chose, but there were other influences at work exclusive of this foolish suspicion. In May, before the child's birth, Admiral Edward Russell, a naval officer belonging to the Bedford family, had gone to the Hague to make representations to the Prince of Orange on the state of England.

William replied with great caution that he could not make any move in the matter unless he received a regular invitation, saying that he did not wish so much for a number of signatures, as that they should be from men of weight and importance. '*Aut nunc aut nunquam*; now or never,' said William to his minister, Dykvelt. On the very day of the Bishops' acquittal—June 30th—Admiral Herbert, in the disguise of a common sailor, started for Holland, bearing a letter in cypher, informing the Prince of the general dissatisfaction and alarm of the nation with regard to their religion, liberties, and properties, and assuring him that nineteen out of twenty of the nation desired a change, and would stand by him in making it, that many of the soldiers and sailors would be likewise ready, and that he had better seize the time before there was a remodelling of both Army and Navy. Nor did this letter omit the suspicions respecting the Prince of Wales,

saying that not one in a thousand believed the child lately born to be the Queen's, and begging that the Prince of Orange would come to inquire into the matter, with a force of troops to support him, and engaging to attend him and prepare for him.

The letter was signed by the ex-minister, Osborne, Earl of Danby; Courtenay, Earl of Devon; Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury—all three of the old nobility, the latter a born Romanist but converted to Anglicanism by Dr. Tillotson; Lord Lumley, who had served against Monmouth and now represented the army; Admiral Russell for the navy; Henry Compton, the suspended Bishop of London, and Henry Sidney, the brother of Algernon.

William began to make preparations under cover of the war with France; but Louis XIV., obtaining intelligence of the real intention, sent warning by Bonepos to England, offering assistance in ships and men; but James did not believe that his daughter's husband, his own nephew, could intend anything against him, and Mary was instructed to assure him that France was the object of the ships that were being collected.

He did not take the alarm till in September a proclamation was drawn up by William, translated by the chaplain Burnet, and generally circulated, telling the English people that in consequence of their grievances of the doubts respecting the Prince of Wales, and invitation of important personages, the Prince of Orange was coming to examine into the state of things, but not as if to conquer, for the needful troops he should bring with him should be kept under the strictest discipline, and sent home as soon as England was free.

Almost at the same time James received a despatch from Sir Roger Strickland, the Vice-Admiral, that the Dutch had a fleet ready. The Queen had a reception at Whitehall, and James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, that the Dutch were coming to invade England in good earnest. Clarendon asked whether he believed it. 'Do I see you, my Lord?' was the King's answer. 'And now, I shall see what your Church of England men will do.'

'Your Majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men,' returned Clarendon. Moreover, the King caused full forty witnesses of his son's birth to be examined under oath, and published their affirmations; but though Anne declared that his word was more to her than all, she still spoke satirically of her brother's birth, and the only time she is ever known to have mentioned him as Prince of Wales was when he was so ill that she wrote to her sister that he would soon be an angel in heaven, where she would have had no objection to him.

James sent for the Bishops then in town and asked their advice, which was to redress the worst grievances to the Church, to dissolve the Court of High Commission, to reinstate the fellows of Magdalen, to prevent Romish priests from assuming the benefices of English ones, and to call a parliament; above all, himself to return into the bosom of

the Church of England. Also, on being shown the declaration that the invitation purported to come from the Lords spiritual as well as temporal, they all denied having taken part in it except Compton, who had actually signed it.

However, Compton was reinstated, the Magdalen men recalled, the Ecclesiastical Court abolished, the Charter of the City of London carried back in state to the Guild Hall, Sunderland and Father Petre no longer appeared at the council, indeed Sunderland went over to the Hague with all his secrets—but the dispensing power was still claimed, and so far from returning to the bosom of his Mother-Church, James had his son's state christening—or perhaps reception into the Church—on the 16th of October, with the Pope, represented by the Nuncio Count D'Adda, as godfather, Catherine of Braganza godmother. James Francis Edward was the name, Francis after the Queen's brother, but likewise for the sake of St. Francis Xavier, as Edward was of Edward the Confessor. It was on that very day, the 16th of October, that William was taking leave of the Dutch Estates, telling them that he was going in defence of the Protestant religion and the liberty of Europe, and that in case he should not return, he left his beloved wife to their care. Some of them were actually affected even to tears.

On the 19th he embarked at Helvoetsluys. He had 50 men of war, 25 frigates, 400 fireships, and 400 transports conveying 4000 horse, and 10,000 infantry. There had been much debate where he should land, and Lord Danby recommended Yorkshire; but the English fleet under Lord Dartmouth was watching at the mouth of the Thames, and there was a strong west wind, which would have been most unfavourable to the Dutch in case of an engagement. So William decided on making an attempt in the west, where Monmouth had received so much support; but he had to wait till the wind changed to the east, and this was not till the 1st of November. That 'Protestant wind,' as it was called, carried him down the Channel, and prevented Dartmouth from following him.

It was the very day on which Louis was rejoicing in the capture of Philipsburg that William thus sailed to make a blow at the only ally of France. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Herbert, the army under William himself by Marshal Schomberg, one of the ablest of the French generals, but expelled by the Revocation. The *Brill*, in which William sailed, bore on the flag the arms of Nassau, a lion rampant, impaled with those of England, and his family motto, '*Je Maintiendrai*,' was translated and lengthened into 'I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion.'

William had wished to land on the 4th, as his birthday and wedding day, but a fog prevented the pilot from finding the entrance to Torbay, and he actually landed on the 5th, without opposition, for Lord Dartmouth's fleet had been unable to leave the Downs.

The huge wooden chair placed for him on his landing is still

preserved. Dr. Burnet came up to congratulate him, and he said, smiling, 'Ought I not to believe in predestination?' It was 3 P.M., and he used the brief remainder of light to reconnoitre, before taking up his quarters for the night at the village of Newton Abbot. One of the Courtenay family came the next day to invite him to his house, where he remained four days while his army occupied Exeter.

Bishop Lamplugh and the Dean had fled, and for the first four days no one of importance joined him, though the neighbourhood was favourably impressed by the contrast between his well-disciplined troops and those of Feversham and Kirke.

A service of thanksgiving was ordered to take place in Exeter Cathedral, but the canons were too loyal to attend. Dr. Burnet, however, preached, while William sat in the Bishop's throne. The absence of all enthusiasm was chilling, and at first little alarm was felt at Court, though the officer who rode with the news fell fainting at the King's feet; for there were 30,000 well-trained troops in camp on Hounslow Heath, far outnumbering William's, and it was thought that the affair might end like that of Monmouth; but James did not take into account how different a person the cool, cautious William was from the weak, rash Monmouth, nor did he know how completely he had contrived to change the feelings of the nation towards himself.

There were endless shades of opinion in the country. Probably no one not absolutely of his own communion was happy and satisfied under his government, and even the Romanists, on the English and national side of their hearts, could not but dread his arbitrary pretensions. The loyal English Churchmen, who formed the chief body of Tories, were appalled at his proceedings, but felt bound not to raise a finger against the Crown, nor to resist, by any save constitutional protests and passive endurance; the more religious among them believing that the Church would be carried through all, as before through the rebellion. These, however, varied in opinion as to whether their consciences bound them to give active support to the cause of a monarch whom they profoundly distrusted. Thus the reports respecting the imposture supposed to be practised in the person of the Prince of Wales had a strong effect on those entirely beyond reach of evidence or investigation.

On the Whig side there were again many who would not personally have stirred against the Crown, and dreaded a civil war; and, without any desire to overthrow the hereditary succession, were anxious that restraints should be put on the spirit of despotism which seemed likely to trample down all liberty politically, and to bring on something tantamount to persecution. What had been endured patiently from a King past middle age, in the expectation of an Anglican heiress with a Protestant husband, became well-nigh intolerable under the prospect of an heir bred up in Romanism, and absolutely maddening under the suspicion that his birth was a mere fraud.

The horrors that had been suffered from Judge Jeffreys might

cause hesitation in joining the Prince of Orange; but they also made every one anxious that he should not fail. Probably the real wish at this time was that he should use means for preventing the King from acting unconstitutionally in Church or State affairs, and should either detect any fraud in the production of the Prince, or else provide for his education in the Anglican faith. In this there were many quite ready to support the Prince, especially the men about Court, who either feared for the welfare of the nation, or saw no promotion for themselves while the King was surrounded by Jesuits and attached to Louis XIV.

These last were already in correspondence with William, including not merely those who had signed the invitation, but the Earl of Sunderland, who, to please the King, had professed to be a secret Roman Catholic; and Lord Churchill, a curious mixture of the highest and the lowest qualities, who had promised to secure the army to William. Churchill was a genuinely religious, moral, and humane man, an exception to most of his fellows on all these points; but he was avaricious and time-serving even to treachery, and probably was one of those who force their conscience to approve of what is for their advantage; and the beautiful, hot-tempered, ambitious wife, whom he passionately loved, too often swayed his counsels.

Lord Delamere, in the meantime, called up his tenantry and rode through Manchester to rouse the people; Lord Danby, with a hundred gentlemen and nobles, dashed into York, where the militia welcomed him with shouts of 'a free parliament and the Protestant religion.' The Governor was placed under arrest, and the city was held against the King. The Earl of Devonshire seized Derby, and at Nottingham was joined by the heads of the old Whig families, Lords Manchester, Stamford, Rutland, Chesterfield, Cholmondeley and Grey de Ruthyn, all sons of Parliamentarians. Even the Duke of Norfolk secured Norwich; and Oxford's loyalty had been so outraged by the late proceedings, that Lord Lovelace was welcomed with shouts of 'No Popery.' However, on his way to join William at Exeter, Lovelace was defeated and made prisoner by the Duke of Beaufort with the Gloucestershire militia.

The King in the meantime had, at the advice of Father Petre, remained in London. There he tried to persuade the Bishops to draw up a paper expressing their abhorrence of the Prince of Orange and his doings; but they avoided compliance, although the Archbishop at his request issued a prayer for his protection and the hindrance of bloodshed. The King also touched for the King's Evil once more with Petre as his chaplain.

The peers presented a petition, headed by Sancroft, for the assembly of a Parliament; but James said it was no time for such a meeting when a foreign enemy was in the kingdom.

Almost at the same time came the tidings that Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, who was stationed at Salisbury,

had gone over to the Prince at Exeter. He had tried to take three regiments with him, but the officers were loyal and he went alone, though sixty-six of the common soldiers straggled after him. The news came just as the King was going to sit down to dinner. He took only a piece of bread and glass of wine, and sent for all the officers within reach, Lord Churchill, as well as his own nephew, the Duke of Grafton (son to Lady Castlemaine), Colonels Kirke and Trelawney, the brother of the Bishop of Bristol, and Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, whom he had just created Viscount Dundee, who all promised to serve him to the last drop of their blood.

London was full of tumult, a new nunnery was pulled down by the mob, and no Romish priest or monk could show himself in his habit. James decided on, while at once joining his army, sending away his son to France, fearing as much for the poor child's safety as lest his name should be used against him.

He himself conveyed the nursery party as far as Salisbury, whence he sent them on to Portsmouth, where the Duke of Berwick was commandant, with orders to Lord Dartmouth to forward them to France.

On the 19th, on his arrival at Salisbury, Lord Feversham reported that the troops seemed disaffected, and recommended falling back to Windsor, as the Prince of Orange was moving from Exeter. Churchill advised an advance, and in the meantime there was a skirmish at Wincanton between the advanced guards of the two armies, in which James's Irish, under Colonel Sarsfield, were driven in by the Dutch and the country people, who hated nothing so much as an Irishman.

James decided on visiting his outposts at Warminster under Colonels Kirke and Trelawney; but a terrible attack of bleeding at the nose disabled him, and was renewed the next day when he was about to mount his horse. The mode of checking it was bleeding from the arm, and this rendered him utterly exhausted and incapable. No doubt distress and agitation were the cause; he was almost at the age at which his brother had been cut off by apoplexy, and this relief of pressure probably saved his life, even as the delay it caused prevented his being actually captured by Kirke and Trelawney and carried a prisoner to William; but the loss of blood seemed to have drained away the energy and perseverance of his younger days, and blow upon blow awaited him. That night Lord Churchill galloped off to join the Prince, leaving behind him a letter excusing himself for his desertion after all the favours he had received, and which he warmly acknowledged, saying that nothing but his religious duty could have actuated him; and, though his conscience would not allow him to fight against the Prince, he would always, at the hazard of his life and fortune, endeavour to preserve the King's royal person and just rights. With him went the Duke of Grafton, who was known to have much influence in the navy, and the next day came news that Captain Churchill, the general's brother, had taken his

frigate over to Admiral Herbert, and that Lord Dartmouth did not believe that several others of his captains would fight the Dutch fleet.

James sent urgent orders for his son to be carried to France, and finding many of his officers insubordinate, and hearing that the Prince of Orange was at Axminster, decided on retreating to London, rather than hazard a battle which might give opportunity for a mighty treachery. He fell back to Andover, and that very night George of Denmark, after supping with him, went off to the Prince, attended by Sir George Hewitt, leaving a wonderful composition to be delivered to the King.

‘ My first concern is for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country, and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie ? ’

Whether James doubted whether any endearing tie could make a man a native of the country where he was not born does not appear. He only said, alluding to George’s stock reply, ‘ *Is Est-il possible* gone too ? I only mind him as connected with my dearest child. Otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater.’ But with the Prince went the young Duke of Ormond, grandson to the great old Duke who had died in July, and the Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Duke of Queensbury, and Lieutenant-Colonel of Lord Dundee’s own regiment. The gallant old Schomberg, who had openly solicited and received honourable dismissal from Louis XIV. before quitting his service, did not conceal his feelings when these gentlemen appeared.

‘ Sir,’ he said to Churchill, ‘ you are the first deserter of the rank of a Lieutenant-General I ever saw.’

The unhappy James felt as if the solid ground had given way under his feet. He really had with him no one whom he could trust except Lords Feversham, Dundee, and the Duke of Berwick, his own son by Arabella Churchill, and thus nephew to the prime mover in the great desertion. Ill and miserable, he drove off for London, and there a still more crushing blow awaited him—his daughter Anne was gone !

There seems to have been some idea of arresting Lady Churchill, and that sentries had been doubled round the Cockpit ; but Anne, or more probably the woman who dominated over her, had contrived to have a private stair constructed from her rooms to St. James’s Park ; and the Bishop of London, her old tutor, had been made aware of her intentions. On Sunday night, the 25th, after supping with the Queen, Anne waited till one o’clock, then stole down the stairs with Lady Churchill, Lady Fitzhardinge, and one maid, and met Lord Dorset just outside the palace.

It was raining hard, and before reaching the hackney coach in which the Bishop of London was waiting for her, Anne lost a shoe in

the mud; and, with its place partially supplied by Lord Dorset's glove, she scrambled forward with his support, giggling with excitement, to the carriage, which took her to the Bishop's house. Thence, before morning, she started for Nottingham, the Bishop assuming a military dress and jack-boots, and riding as her escort.

Lords Chesterfield and Ferrers and several gentlemen met her there, and so did the force already raised by Devonshire and Gray. At Leicester, whither she next proceeded, a sort of council was held, in which it was announced that the Princess wished to have an association formed for the extermination of all the Papists in England, in case the Prince of Orange should be killed or murdered by any of them. No doubt silly, good-natured Anne did not half understand the force of this proposal, but a paper was really drawn up by Bishop Compton, which Chesterfield, Ferrers, and the more loyal and moderate gentlemen refused to sign.

When Anne was missed in the morning, her attendants rushed to the Queen's apartments, screaming that the priests had murdered her, and the news spreading to the streets, there were tumultuous throngings round Whitehall, and threats to pull it down unless the Princess were produced.

However, a letter was found open on her toilet-table, professing that she was so much divided between her duty to her father and husband, as to be forced to absent herself; and her departure having thus been explained, the mob was pacified, and the letter was published in the morning without its ever having been seen by the Queen, to whom it was addressed.

In the afternoon of that 26th, James, bloodless, exhausted, and depressed, arrived in London, where the first news he heard was of his daughter's flight, and then, in utter wretchedness, he uttered the piteous ejaculation, 'God help me! My own children are deserting me.' And when he reached Whitehall, to hear the tidings confirmed, his exclamation was, 'Oh, if only mine enemies had cursed me, I could have borne it!'

He was so ill and unnerved that for a time it was feared that his mind was losing its balance, and his anxiety to have his son in safety was very great. 'It is my son whom they aim at!' was his cry, and to his despair Dartmouth wrote word that he found it impossible, and considered as treasonable, to ship the Prince off to France; so that nothing could be done but to return the poor child to his parents. Meantime, James held council with the few who were left to him—his two brothers-in-law, Clarendon and Rochester, Halifax, Nottingham, Jeffreys, and Godolphin. To summon a Parliament, dismiss all Roman Catholics from office, and disavow French councils, was the advice, as well as to treat with the Prince of Orange.

James consented, but said at the same time that he was convinced that his nephew aimed at his crown, that he had read the history of Richard II., and was sure that Churchill meant to have delivered him

up as prisoner; and while making Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin his commissioners, and desiring writs to be prepared for a Parliament, he privately told Barillon that his whole hope was in France, since he had not an English regiment which he could trust, and that he hoped to put his wife and child in safety, follow them himself, and then try to redeem his fortune in Scotland or Ireland. Neither had Jeffreys much hope for himself, for when asked what were the heads of the Prince's requirements he answered that he did not know, except that his own head was sure to be one of them.

A conference was held at Hungerford, but William refused to be present at it, withdrawing to Littlecote Hall, so that he might leave the terms to be settled by the English nobles and gentlemen who had joined him, and plans were made for each army being quartered twenty miles from London—one east, the other west—while Parliament met. It was on the first day of these conferences that Lady Powis brought the Prince back to London. Two Irish regiments had been sent to escort him, but missed him, and he was brought to Guildford without meeting them. On their return to London the mob received them with hootings and peltings, so that they had to disperse, and every man to shift for himself. On this, James sent for Monsieur de St. Victor, a gentleman of Avignon, and for that strange person, the Count de Lauzun, who was visiting England after his quarrel with Mademoiselle, and in great secrecy committed to them the care of the safety of his wife and child. Two yachts were hired at Gravesend, one in the name of an Italian lady, the other in that of Lauzun; and St. Victor, leaving London with three coaches and a detachment of guards and dragoons, conducted the little Prince, under cover of night, from Guildford, and brought him to Whitehall at three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 9th of December. All that day the populace of London were in a noisy, tumultuous state, storming the houses of Roman Catholics, and eagerly listening for tidings. The inmates of Whitehall felt as if in a state of siege, and the Queen entreated to be allowed to share her husband's dangers, and not be sent away; but he said it was his purpose to follow her immediately, and insisted on her going. At ten at night, the state-going to bed took place as usual, but by midnight both were up and dressed, when St. Victor, in the disguise of a sailor, came up the secret stairs to the King's closet, bringing the thick petticoat, cloak and hood that the Queen was to wear. Lauzun and he waited till she was ready, securing meantime such jewels as could be hidden on their persons. At two o'clock the Prince was taken up by Mrs. Labadie, who was to go with another nurse, and James, turning to Lauzun, said, 'I confide my Queen and son to you.'

Along the great gallery sped as silently as possible the Queen, the two Frenchmen, and the two nurses, with the babe happily asleep, down the back stairs, through a postern door unlocked by St. Victor, across the gardens, passing six sentinels, but St. Victor had the key and the

word, and they safely reached the carriage waiting at the door of the gardens. Then, with St. Victor on the box, they drove to Westminster to the stairs called Horseferry, where a boat which St. Victor sometimes hired for duck-shooting at night was waiting. It was a very dark, wet night, and the party could not see one another to the boat, though they were sitting close together, and wind and tide made the crossing very difficult, but the approach to the stairs on the other side was made at last. Dusien, the page of the back stairs, awaited them, and answered the call, but had to go back to the inn to fetch the coach and six that Lauzun had engaged. During this time the Queen and her companions had to crouch for shelter from the rain under the walls of Lambeth Church, in momentary fear that the babe should wake and cry, but he slept soundly through all, little thinking that he was reft of a crown. The coach was brought, and on they drove, once or twice meeting persons, and once hearing the exclamation, 'Here's a coach full of Papists!'

Three Irish captains had a boat ready at Gravesend, and thus the fugitives reached the ship, where a party of the immediate attendants of the Queen, English and foreign, had already arrived; and after a terribly rough and suffering passage, they safely arrived at Calais, and thence moved to Boulogne to await tidings of the King.

Louis at once forgave Lauzun and admitted him to the presence sending an escort to bring the Queen to Paris with all honours, but she remained in great anxiety watching for her husband.

He spent a terrible day after her departure, ill tidings coming in every hour—Plymouth and Bristol both submitting to the Prince, a Scotch regiment deserting.

He held a last council, at which the Lord Mayor was present, but this was only as a blind, and he commanded the Lord Chancellor to leave the Great Seal with him, though appointing a meeting for the next morning.

He wrote a letter to Lord Feversham, saying that he was obliged to escape, lest he should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, but that if he could have relied on his troops, he should have struck one blow, but bidding him disband the army. Feversham's soldiers, mostly Irish, wept when it was read to them.

After going to bed as usual, James rose at midnight, dressed himself in a black wig and plain clothes, and, only attended by Sir Edward Hales, the ex-governor of the Tower, left Whitehall by the same route as the Queen, and while being rowed across the river to Vauxhall, threw in the Great Seal. From Vauxhall he rode to Emley ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a hoy which had been hired by Sir Edward Hales; but a fresh wind and want of ballast made it needful to run ashore near Sheerness. Hales had sent his servant to the post-office, and as he lived in the neighbourhood, his livery was known. The rough fishermen were on the alert to seize and pillage Papists in their flight, and watching the

servant, they came out, to the number of fifty, in three boats and boarded the hoy, leaping into the cabin and treating the inmates with rudeness. Sir Edward took the leader, Ames, aside, and giving him fifty guineas, promised him a hundred more if he would assist their escape. Ames promised to do so, and offered to take charge of any valuables, while he went ashore to arrange for them. The King gave him three hundred guineas and his watch, but as soon as he was gone, the rest of the gang searched the two prisoners for more booty, then brought them ashore and took them to an inn, followed by an abusive rabble, who took the King for Father Petre, and called him a hatchet-faced Jesuit.

In the morning, however, a sailor recognised him, having served under him, and all was changed—the seamen formed themselves into a guard, promised that not a hair of his head should be touched, and brought back their plunder. James was affected to tears, and only asked for the jewels, bidding them keep the money; but he was by this time too much overcome and unnerved to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling. He talked confusedly about his loss of Edward the Confessor's ring, of danger and escape, and he could only with difficulty write a note to summon the Earl of Winchelsea, who took him to the Mayor's house. There the oppressed brain was relieved by another violent hæmorrhage, which left him very weak and ill.

London was left in the wildest confusion, no one knowing what had become of the King. The mob began by rushing upon the house of the Papal Nuncio, but he was rescued and escaped in the disguise of a footman, and their fury then sought a less innocent object, namely Jeffreys. He, as soon as he heard of the King's departure, had left his house in Duke Street, and hid himself in the lodgings of a servant in Westminster, where, cutting off his bushy eyebrows, he disguised himself as a common sailor and went on board a Newcastle collier, which was to take him to Hamburg. As it could not sail till the next day, he went to a cleaner vessel to spend the night; but not knowing this, the mate hurried ashore, and procured a warrant from the council for his arrest. The first collier was searched in vain, the captain kept his secret, and he would have got safely off, if his habitual intemperance had not made him repair to a little public house at Wapping called the Red Cow and ask for a pot of ale.

A man was present whom, when on the bench, Jeffreys had so abused and brow-beaten as to make him afterwards declare that he should never lose the frightful impression of the judge's face. Of course that recollection revived, and in a few moments the seeming sailor was surrounded by a raging mob, ready to tear him limb from limb. Some one, however, suggested taking him to the Lord Mayor, and he was put into a coach amid the hootings and peltings of the crowd, crying vengeance, and was escorted by the train-bands to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, Sir John Chapman, a timid, nervous man, received him politely and asked him to sit down to dinner, but a gentleman present indignantly exclaimed, 'The

Lord Chancellor is the Lord Mayor's prisoner, not his guest. It is treason to harbour him.'

The poor Lord Mayor fainted away, had a stroke of apoplexy, and soon after died! The mob were raging outside, calling for the blood of Jeffreys, and he begged in abject terror to be sent to the Tower, offering to write the warrant for his own committal, as the Lord Mayor was incapable. Two regiments of train-bands guarded him on the way, the mob raging at him with whips and halters all the way, and he, throwing himself about in the coach, and imploring 'Keep them off! Keep them off!' fully verifying the saying that a bully is a coward.

At last, after a drive of terror, he arrived at the Tower, and was taken to a chamber which he never quitted again. He was examined the next day as to what he had done with the Great Seal, which he had left with the King, and what writs had last been sealed with it. No proceedings were taken against him, though numerous petitions were received detailing his savage acts of injustice, and abusive letters were poured upon him, couched in terms often of absolute brutality. But another Hand was on him. Whether he had been injured by the mob, or his state was the consequence of a constitution injured by licence and overcome by terror and remorse, he was a prey to delirious visions. One person had pity on him, good Bishop Frampton of Gloucester, who found him sitting in a low chair, with a long beard, and a little pot of water by him, weeping to himself—large tears as the Bishop observed. The good man told him that these tears might indeed be more precious than diamonds, and assiduously visiting him, believed in his repentance, and finally administered the Holy Communion to him, with his wife and daughter. He died in the Tower in April, 1689, only in his 41st year. Perhaps he was the man who had done the most harm to James, and indeed the favour shown by both brothers to this truculent savage, who had not even gentlemanly manners to disguise or smooth over his barbarity and licentiousness, is altogether the worst feature in their reigns, showing them altogether devoid of any real love of their people or heed to the suffering they did not witness.

There was the utmost confusion in London. There was a report that the Irish soldiery were massacring the Protestants, and the mob rushed about burning Popish chapels and breaking into the houses of Roman Catholics, even foreign ambassadors. The council met, very angry at being deserted and deceived. Rochester advised the Duke of Northumberland, who commanded the Life Guards, to declare for the Prince of Orange; Halifax was of the same mind. The Archbishop collected all the Peers in London at the Guildhall, and agreed that the Prince of Orange should be requested to summon a Parliament and invited to London, while in the meantime they took the government on themselves, as indeed was most necessary to preserve life, order, and property in the state of London, when the disbanding of

the army might remove all the guards from the Tower, palaces, and other places, and any rumour or dispute might lead to panic and bloodshed.

It was not till the second day, the 13th of December, that it was known where the King was. Then a Kentish countryman came to the door of the council chamber at Whitehall, saying he had a message from his Majesty. He brought a letter of only one sentence, in which James informed the council that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The messenger, with tears in his eyes, described the King's condition, and after some hesitation it was decided to send Lord Feversham with two hundred of the guards to escort him to London. Several Peers started at once to meet him.

He came back to Whitehall on the 13th amid fervent acclamations of the fickle people, having sent Lord Feversham with a letter to the Prince of Orange to propose a conference in London. William had by this time reached Windsor, and he summoned his followers to a council, in which they decided that Lord Feversham should be detained, and Baron Zulestein sent to London to refuse the proposed interview, and request the King to remain at Rochester while the Prince was in London.

James replied that, being now in London, it was too late to wait at Rochester, and demanded the release of Feversham. He was in a cheerful mood, encouraged by the affection shown him, and had given thanks at mass in the morning. Lord Dundee and Colin Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, came to wait on him, and assured him that, if he would give the word, 20,000 men would be ready in four-and-twenty hours.

'I know you to be my friends, sincere and honourable,' said James. 'The men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.'

He then proposed to walk into the Mall, and there asked them how they came to be with him when all the world had forsaken him for the Prince of Orange?

They earnestly declared that their fidelity would be always the same to so good a master, and that they had nothing to do with the Prince of Orange.

'Will you two,' said James, 'say you have still an attachment to me?'

'Sire, we do.'

'Will you give me your hands on it as men of honour?' adding, when they had done so, 'I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here as a cypher, or to be prisoner to the Prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings. Therefore, I go for France immediately; when there, you shall have my instructions. You, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.'

For the last time Archbishop Sancroft waited on the King; for the

last time James touched for the King's Evil, having borrowed a hundred guineas of Lord Godolphin to supply the coins bound on the arms of the sufferers, who thronged to avail themselves of their last chance. Later in the day, Lord Craven, now eighty years old, came to tell him that the Dutch guards were marching in to surround Whitehall, and to displace the English ones, undertaking to shed the last drop of his blood rather than give way to them.

James, to avert useless bloodshed, sent for Count Solms, the Dutch commander, and asked if the orders were not for St. James's; but on seeing the written order, withdrew the English guards and went to bed.

William had meantime been strongly advised by Clarendon to place the King under arrest, but he absolutely refused, and prudently, to incur such a scandal. Then Halifax suggested sending a message that it would be convenient for him to leave the palace the next morning, proposing that the Dutch officers should bear it; but William, always resolved to avoid the appearance of foreign conquest, said, 'By your favour, my lords, the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves.'

The poor King was fast asleep, when, at two in the morning, Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere arrived, and insisted on awakening him, and telling him he was to start for Ham, a damp, cold house, unfurnished. He replied that if he went at all it should be to Rochester, and this was agreed to, provided he went by water and with Dutch guards.

The 18th of December was a wet and stormy day, when James, with Lords Arran, Aylesbury, Dumbarton, Lichfield, and Dundee, entered his barge, with Dutch soldiers before and behind, their slowness in embarking causing a long delay. The banks were crowded, and many tears were shed, and blessings invoked on the head of the captive King, whose misfortunes made the popular feeling forget all but their instinctive loyalty.

All William's desire was that he should peacefully depart; all his own was to reach France so as to be able to go to either Ireland or Scotland, throw himself among his partisans and recover his crown. The back of the house at Rochester where he lodged was purposely left unguarded, but in the inertness of his stunned, weakened state, he lingered a few days, receiving urgent letters to entreat him to remain, but murmuring to himself as he sat over the fire, 'God help me! whom can I trust?'

At last he received an anxious letter from the Queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her. The young Duke of Berwick joined him from Portsmouth, and he drew up a last address, declaring the reasons of his flight, and ending with announcing that 'Nothing but liberty of conscience could make this nation great and flourishing.'

If the nation could really have believed freedom of conscience to be his purpose; if there had been no Bloody Assize, no violent

stretches of supposed prerogative, he would not have had to write that paper.

Soon after midnight of the 22nd, he rose, and with young Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and his valet, Labadie, husband to his child's nurse, he left the house by the back entrance, and found Captain Trevanion with a boat on the Medway. Embarking near Sheerness, he safely reached Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, on Christmas morning, shortly after the midnight mass had ended.

Queen Mary Beatrice had already been installed by Louis XIV. in the palace of St. Germain, once a home to Henrietta Maria. The French King was visiting her when James arrived on the 28th of January, and he was the first to rejoice her with the words, 'Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance whom you will be very glad to see.'

The intense affection of their embrace astonished the French courtiers. Louis XIV. was most affectionately kind, though very anxious as to the etiquettes of the English Court. He took the Prince of Wales in his arms, admired his beauty, and kissed him tenderly. 'Sire,' said the Queen, 'I have been glad that my son was not old enough to understand our misfortunes, now I am sorry he cannot understand your kindness!'

She was admired for her grace, beauty, and readiness, and made a favourable impression in the critical French Court; but James was thought to be dull, and to tell his adventures with 'an insensibility which inspired the same for him.' He was weary, had forgotten his French, and stammered a little, and, in short, was too English for the French, who do not in general pity the fallen as do the English.

To be the host and champion of a fugitive King was a part that delighted Louis, and made him feel magnanimous. Hospitality to the Stewarts had been one of his earliest associations, and he welcomed his cousins with genuine heartiness. The companions of his youth were passing away, and James seemed to him an old friend. He greatly admired Mary Beatrice, and when she came in a black velvet robe over an elegant petticoat to visit the Dauphiness, he exclaimed, 'See what a Queen ought to be!'

The German Dauphiness, always awkward and reserved, was already jealous of the charming Queen, but with Madame de Maintenon all was well. Private information was given to James and Mary Beatrice of the real terms on which that lady stood, and, indeed, it is said that one of the only occasions on which she took rank as a King's wife was when dining in private at the same table as the Queen of England.

Together the two royal families beheld an early representation of Racine's tragedy of *Esther*.

Madame de Maintenon had founded a school at St. Oyr for the education of the daughters of the poorer nobility. It was her great delight, and her chief relaxation from the constant tension of her

attendance on the King. She wanted such a drama for them, as might be thoroughly wholesome and instructive, and applied to Racine.

A pupil of the Port Royalists, Racine was a deeply religious man. The stern opinions of his masters were against all ordinary amusements, and they had tried to repress his poetical and theatrical instincts; but these were too strong for renunciation—he could not but write, and after a time, M. Arnauld, on reading his great tragedy of *Phœdre*, was convinced that he could be trusted only to write virtuously, and he was forgiven. He accompanied the King on his campaigns, and was in the highest favour when Madame de Maintenon asked him for the play for her children.

Esther was the subject chosen. Whether he so meant it or not, the character of Vashti was absolutely supposed to be meant for Madame de Montespan, and that of Esther for Madame de Maintenon, though Protestants thought the parallel an unfortunate one as regarded the treatment of her own people. However, the representation was the greatest possible success, when it was witnessed by the two Kings and the Queen, during that carnival of 1689.

Three days later came the tidings of the death of the young Queen of Spain, Marie Louise of Orleans, niece to both Kings, being daughter of the Duke Orleans and Henrietta Stewart. She died at the same age as her mother, with much the same symptoms, and in like manner she was thought to have been poisoned. The supposed criminal in her case was the Queen-Mother, Maria of Austria, who was certainly jealous of her influence over her husband, and afraid that her strong feeling for her English uncle would lead to an alliance with France against the supporters of William of Orange. The poor helpless Charles II. of Spain had loved her passionately, and never held up his head after losing her, though he was made to marry again—a Princess of Neuberg, niece to the Emperor.

James II. felt the loss as most unfortunate, but he founded strong hopes upon Ireland, and some upon the Highlanders in Scotland, as well as on the large party in England who had only acquiesced in the Revolution for want of a nucleus of resistance.

Few of our kings have been so difficult to understand or judge as James II. He was sincere and self-sacrificing in the religion he had embraced, but guilty of vices thereby condemned—a better man in many respects than his brother Charles, but far less loveable, because too dull to understand the consequences of his actions. The confidence of the nation was lost by the atrocities of Jeffreys, and the imprisonment of the Bishops, and though the persons who took part in what led to his expulsion were comparatively few, the popular disbelief in the genuineness of his son's birth prevented any stir on his behalf; and there were many who accepted the allegation the more easily because of their dread of a Popish heir.

Great wrong and treachery was practised by almost every actor in

the scene of the Revolution. It was a time of immense perplexity, the foundations of public morality in statesmen had been sapped, and the dread of Romanism, of tyranny, and of French domination, made the bulk of the nation passive in the change, and silenced the spirit of personal loyalty. If the King abandoned his throne, even the most devoted did not feel bound to commence a civil war on his behalf, and there were many who would not willingly have fought for a suspected heir and alien Church.

NOTICE.

Confirmation time and Lent must not begin without heartily recommending to our readers Austin Clare's beautiful book, called 'Our Passover' (Griffith and Farran). It was begun as lessons to a class of lads, north country and highly intelligent, preparing for first Communion, but it is fit for any young people (or old), and we should much recommend it to young ladies who may be in need of further suggestions after their Confirmation studies, as to the purport of the rite, and its devotional bearing. There are in all twelve lessons, with sub-divisions, and each lesson ends with a suggestive narrative, the first describing the Samaritan Passover on Gerizim, the others in great part taken from the Quest of the Sanc Greal.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY. GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

To the Prophet who was at once Prince, Slave, Sage and Statesman, were vouchsafed those mysterious visions which indicate the clue to the mazes of history. Time indeed may say,

‘Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing Empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.’

But ‘in the visions of his head, upon his bed,’ it was given to the captive Prince at Babylon to perceive that what seems but a chaos of ambition, conquest, misery, and subjection was really overruled by one guiding Hand, and is of importance chiefly as affecting the career of God’s chosen people.

It was when the Israelites had ceased to be an independent nation, and when their lot had become involved in that of the great Powers of the world, that to Daniel, ‘the man of loves,’ it was given to see the figures embodying, in strange emblematic forms, the ordering of the course of this world; and again, when the Church was assuming form, and her history was to be influenced by the temporal Powers of the earth, that to the Apostle of love was vouchsafed the continuation, as it were, of that same Apocalyptic vision—much of which is not yet fulfilled nor understood.

The first mighty beings had had their day—the eagle-winged Lion of golden Assyria, the mountain Bear of silver Persia, preying on the three carcasses of Lydia, Egypt and Babylonia; the swift, winged, four-headed Leopard of brilliant, bronze-like Greece.

‘Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen
Have perished as they ne’er had been.’

And there reigned, wellnigh unopposed, the awful, mysterious, non-descript monster, ‘dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it.’ Well might the captive of Patmos say, when that fearful creature again rose before him, combining the characteristics of the other three, the varied hues of the leopard, the

crushing feet of the bear, the devouring mouth of the lion—well might he say that ‘the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and his authority’ the dragon who is ‘ruler of the darkness of this world.’

St. John, when writing this, was in a sense under the paw of the monster; but with spirit absolutely free. He dimly discerned and recorded the future struggles of the Church with the world, then gathered up as it were into the terrible concentrated power of Rome. On one side the beast, dreadful, terrible, and strong exceedingly; on the other the suffering woman, with wings flying into the wilderness.

Such were the images that embodied the situation when the first century ended, the Apostolic age had passed away, and the last inspired author closed his book.

Whether the Apocalypse were actually his final work is a point for Biblical critics, there is no doubt that the eagle evangelist was the last writer.

Turning first to the Power represented by that fourth beast with the teeth of iron—Rome, once the stern little city on the Tiber, struggling for very life with the surrounding Italian tribes, the highly-cultured Etruscans, the warlike Latins, and later with the Celtic hordes from the north, was in her very infancy—scarcely yet a name in Italy, when the vision on the banks of the Ulai foreshadowed her tremendous might. It was in those conflicts that her temper was welded. Her religion, disguised as it became in later years, so that her own children could not explain it, seems to have retained many gleams of light, to have inculcated thankful homage to the Giver of all good things, though under idolatrous forms, and to have inspired a respect for truth, honour, courage, self-devotion, unquestioning submission to authority, whether of parents or magistrates, and even for the sacredness of marriage and the purity of woman. Here were the seeds of greatness, an ideal never wholly lost.

‘As Brutus steeled against his own heart’s blood,
Mucius with his right hand in shrivelling fire,
Curtius, engulfed in a live sepulchre,
Regulus, dying for his country’s good,
Camillus, firm in her ingratitude,
Poor Cincinnatus, Rome’s imperial sire—
These were all types on the world’s theatre;
Sons, by whose love and suffering hardihood,
Rome, as the Queen of Nations, took her stand,
Thus e’en the semblance of true piety
Had length of days from the Almighty’s Hand,
If for a shadow such their self-command,
How should immortal spirits live and die,
For an eternal city in the sky?’

When self-preservation had given way to lust of conquest, and country after country had been overrun by the Roman eagles, the

grave, stern old religion had become so confounded with Greek myths, so alluring because embellished with poetry and art.

It was the Roman principle to accept, and if possible assimilate, the religion of each conquered nation to their own, and the consequence was the destruction and oblivion of the primæval traditions of truth and duty that lurked in each—their own included. What they gained from Greece in grace and beauty was balanced by the loss in earnestness and sense of duty, and the adoption of old degrading tales of men deities. In Egypt, as in the worship of the composite deity, Serapis, was accepted all that was lowest and most superstitious in the Egyptian faith, without those high mysteries that had come down from traditional recollection.

The mighty power had spread, first over Italy, then, not without remonstrance and misgiving from Rome's noblest and best, over Carthage, Greece, Syria, Spain, Gaul, Egypt, always fulfilling their motto, in idea at least,

'Parcere subjectos, debellare superbos.'

Alliance with a feeble State, oppressed by a neighbour, was a ready excuse for overpowering the stronger power, and then the weak ally found independence was gone, and, after a more or less desperate struggle, had to lie prostrate beneath the feet of the monster force. Such had been the history of every civilised State around the Mediterranean; and when the first century closed, Judea, the last and most resolute of all, had been finally crushed, and only showed life in a few convulsive struggles.

These lands were allowed to retain their own forms of administration and magistrates, to whom the natives were subject; but a Roman citizen could be judged only by Roman law, and had an ultimate appeal to the Emperor, and thus the franchise as a Roman was a boon eagerly sought after, as the laws were equitable and the caprice and oppression of governors was prevented; nor could a citizen be punished without trial; he was exempt from torture to extract testimony, and decapitation by the sword was the only legal mode for his execution. When the period before us commences, in the year A.D. 100, the Roman Empire was at its greatest, and perhaps at its best. The deserts of Africa bounded it on the south, the swamps of the Elbe to the north, the Atlantic to the west, the Euphrates to the east. Throughout the lands thus subject were scattered colonies, then technically meaning little Romes, as it were, founded by grants to veteran soldiers who transplanted the government of the parent city thither. All were connected by the magnificent and substantial Roman roads, with stations where horses were kept; and in the districts where danger might be apprehended from natives or from bordering barbarians, there was a garrison of the highly-disciplined Roman soldiery. All about the colonies were villas, beautiful and

luxurious, with such cloistered quadrangles as are in some degree continued in our collegiate architecture, paved with mosaic tiles, adorned with statues, sculptures, often with fountains in the midst. Every city had its magnificently-constructed baths, with all imaginable appliances for luxury, and with richly-adorned waiting-chambers which were the club-rooms of those days. Every city had likewise its amphitheatre, sometimes quarried out of a mountain-side, affording the stages for receding seats—sometimes built up from the ground, but always with the wide arena below, affording space for chariot and horse races, for huntings of wild beasts, and for the gladiatorial exhibitions. Italy, Spain and Southern France were covered closely with such cities, and their villas, terraced on the hills, and the entire country so thoroughly imbued with Roman cultivation, that their language is still essentially Latin. Eastward, the country had a different character—the leopard had left lasting tracks, the language and population were Greecised where they were not Greek, and indeed throughout the Empire Greek was the language of higher cultivation, which every one of education spoke as readily as Latin, though this latter was still the official tongue.

All of course culminated in Rome. Rome, on her seven hills, with her Forum in the midst surrounded by altars and statues, her huge Colosseum only lately completed, the baths that have been a storehouse of sculpture, her exquisite temple of Vesta, her palaces of the Emperors, all beautiful exceedingly, but presenting one remarkable difference compared with modern cities—the outlines of the summits of the edifices were in the main horizontal; there was no spirit of aspiration, no tower or dome, nor lofty spire rising upward to the sky.

Next in estimation was Athens, so full of exquisite buildings and sculptures of the best days of Greece as to be a dream of beauty, when the uninjured Parthenon stood up in its tawny glory against the sky of southern blue, and the brazen steeds guarded the Piræus. There was the home and centre of the philosophies that had once 'sought the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him,' and which had since fallen into mere logomachies. There, so-called philosophers in white robes argued and declaimed under the porticoes, and no Roman youth's education was complete unless he had entered into the arguments, and accepted the system, Stoic, Epicurean, or Pythagorean.

Athens lived on her old reputation; Alexandria, far more modern, was likewise a school of philosophy, but with more tendency to scientific research and discovery, and likewise to a tone of thought founded on the teachings of Socrates, as interpreted by his pupil Plato, and partly perhaps influenced by contact with the Jews, who formed so large a part of the population.

Antioch, the greatest city of the East, had few redeeming qualities; there was beauty and splendour indeed there to a great degree, but none of the higher purposes that still distinguished the other cities;

and the populace was light and vain, more than commonly addicted to buffoonery and pleasure, jests and scurrilous nicknames. Hundreds of lesser cities covered this vast empire, and scattered everywhere were highly-educated men, soldiers, magistrates, rhetoricians, philosophers; but beneath all, the great stratum of slaves, absolutely at their disposal, cultivating their farms, ministering to their wants, intellectual and physical, practising mechanical arts—often quite as well educated as their masters—and acting as tutors to their children and copyists of their libraries, or of the poems, epigrams, and elaborate letters that were handed about. The part now fulfilled by steam at sea, in the press and the factory, was then done by human creatures, so that well might the merchants of St. John's vision be spoken of as dealing in the souls of men.

Huge was the Empire, compact the power, and such that there was no escape from it. Over the borders, it is true, there were fierce Parthians, rude Germans, wild Celts, and in the mountains there were robbers, runaway slaves, escaped gladiators, desperadoes; but death was better in the estimation of a cultivated Roman than residence among such beings.

Never was power so consolidated or so extensive, and when the second century came in, there was a succession of rulers of unusual ability, firmness, and moderation. The seventy years that cover the period of the Antonines was the Golden Age of the Roman Empire, when the iron-toothed, brazen-clawed monster that typified it might be said to have completed his hunting, gathered in his prey, and fallen asleep, only rousing himself from time to time to repel some threatened alarm from the forests without.

Meantime another force was at work. From the city of Jerusalem, little more than thirty years before its fall, had gone forth by twos and threes the men whose teaching, derived from their crucified Master, was to change the face of the world. As Jews they had begun in each city in a Jewish synagogue; but there they had been at once repudiated and cast off by their own fellow countrymen. Their adherents were chiefly the lowest Jews, together with a few Greeks, who had been already attracted to the synagogue by the beauty and purity of the Mosaic law and the Prophets; but these were, with few exceptions, men of the poorest and meanest condition. What could have looked more hopeless?

Yet by the end of the first century, when the last contemporary witness of the life of the Master on earth had gone to join Him above, there was in every principal city of the Empire, that is to say, of the civilised world, an organised body of Christians, all firmly united together by a common faith and worship, so that the traveller from one to another was instantly received as a brother, and one pulse beat through the whole community. And within that body an absolute perfection of purity, goodwill, justice, and morality, such as no philosopher had ever imagined, was not only set up as a standard,

but actually attained, on account, as all the members averred, of the supernatural power which worked in them and through them.

The Romans had always had a belief in the Sibyls, prophetic women, whose oracles were current among them. We all know the legend of the Cumæan Sibyl, who was said to have offered Tarquinius Priscus the Sibylline writings for sale, and on his refusal destroyed part of them, and came back offering the remainder for a doubled price. This was several times repeated till he yielded, purchased what was left, and laid it up in the Capitol, whence portions of them were produced at different times throughout Roman history. They were supposed to contain the vaticinations of the four Sibyls, of whom the Cumæan was the last, and of great age. Indeed, Virgil represents her as showing Æneas the way to visit his father in the infernal regions.

The remarkable point is that, whether indirectly derived from the Jewish records or not, there was assuredly in these Sibylline writings—wherever they came from—a true element of prophecy. Virgil, who, be it remembered, was actually living and writing at the time of our blessed Lord's birth, has these lines in his Eclogue to Pollio, which are held to be founded on a Sibylline verse:—

'Now the Virgin returns, the reign of Saturn returns,
Now a new offspring is sent down from high heaven.
Chaste goddess, be favourable to the child who shall be born,
In whom the iron race shall terminate,
And a golden age arise in all the world,
Under thee, if any traces remain of our wickedness,
They shall be frustrated, and earth released from perpetual fear.'

Later, especially during the reign of the Antonines, other Sibylline prophecies were current in Rome (I take the specimens from Dean Milman).

'Isis, thrice hapless goddess, thou shalt remain alone on the shores of the Nile,
A solitary moenad by the sands of Acheron,
No longer shall thy memory endure upon the earth.
And thou, Serapis, that retest on thy stone, much must thou suffer,
Thou shalt be the mightiest ruin in thrice hapless Egypt;
Those who worshipped thee as a god shall know thee for nothing,
And one of the linen-clothed priests shall say,
Come, let us build the beautiful temple of the true God,
Let us change the awful law of our ancestors,
Who in their ignorance made their pomps and festivals to gods of stone
and clay,
Let us turn our hearts, hymning the everlasting God,
The Eternal Father, the Lord of all, the True, the King,
The Creator and Preserver of our souls, the Great, the Eternal God.'

Another wrote:—

'O haughty Rome, the first chastisement of Heaven shall come down on thee,
Thou shalt stoop thy neck and be levelled with the earth.'

And again :—

‘There shall be confession on all mortals over the whole earth,
When the Almighty Ruler comes, and, seated on His throne,
Judges the souls of quick and dead, and of the whole world,
There shall be wailing and scattering abroad and ruin,
When the fall of the cities shall come, and the abyss of earth shall
be opened.’

It seems hardly possible that these and similar passages should not have been interpolated by Christians, but the popular belief at Rome, was that they had been laid up for seven centuries in the Capitol, and they were quoted unhesitatingly by Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen. The Sibyls were held by the mediæval Church to personify the forebodings of the Gentile world, and its yearnings for the full light and times of refreshing. Thus in the 13th century Thomas of Celano commenced his awful hymn on the Last Judgment with—

‘Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat Sæclum in favillâ:
‘Teste David cum Sibyllâ.’

‘Day of wrath, upon that day
‘The world in flame shall pass away,
Both David and the Sibyl say.’

And as representatives of Gentile prophecy Michelangelo adorned the Sistine chapel with his magnificent Sibyls.

These predictions of doom greatly alarmed the Pagans, and, while some were impelled to embrace the faith that gave a better hope, others were enraged to find their beloved oracles turned against themselves.

Antoninus Pius was a gentle, just, peaceful, and tolerant ruler, who even exerted himself to forbid persecution, and sent proclamations to enforce the indulgence granted by Hadrian to the Christians.

They seemed to have lived in as much security as other citizens, and thus it was that Polycarp journeyed to Rome to consult with Anicetus, the Bishop, or as we call him, the Pope, though whether that title had yet come into regular use is not clear. It is simply the familiar Papa, the address to a father by his children, both in Greek and Latin, and is still universal towards parish priests in the Greek Church. There was at this time no claim on the part of the Bishop of Rome to any jurisdiction beyond that of other Bishops, and this visit was simply a matter of consultation on a question which did not cease to vex the Church for many years.

The Eastern Christians had continued the Jewish reckoning of the Passover, by which the 14th day after the moon of the spring equinox was chosen as the day for commemorating the Crucifixion, and the third from it as the Feast of the Resurrection, on whatever days of the week they might chance to fall; while the Roman Church maintained that the original days of the week ought to be kept,

The soil that choked them moved away,
 To bubble in the open day.
 But, thanks to Heaven, it is not so—
 That root a deeper soil doth know,
 That stream is from a source more high
 Than our poor hearts could e'er supply;
 From God it came, to God returns,
 Not nourished from our scanty urns,
 But fed from His unfailing river,
 Which runs and will run on for ever.'

Therewith the old man made known to this thirsty soul the
 Christian's God, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

'I listened, for unto mine ear
 The word which I had longed to hear,
 Was come at last, the lifeful voice
 Which I had often almost heard
 In some deep silence of my breast.'

They parted, nor did Justin ever again see that old man on the sea-
 shore. Like Philip and the Ethiopian,

'They part to meet in Heaven,
 But of the joy they share,
 Absolving and forgiven,
 The sweet remembrance share.'

Justin threw himself into the study of Christian theology and found
 all he needed. He still wore the robe of a philosopher, and seems to
 have argued in the schools of Alexandria, afterwards coming to Rome.
 He wrote several books of argument with philosophers, and also one
 containing some dialogues with Trypho, a Jew, in which we find the
 above piece of autobiography.

The Apology which he presented to Antoninus Pius is, however, the
 most valuable of his works as regards Church history, since, after an
 exposition of doctrine, he discloses much of the actual practice of the
 Church, no doubt to confute those who accused the Christians of
 worshipping an ass's head, devouring human flesh, and the like. I

assage, as it is the first contemporary Christian evidence
 Justin says:—

we explain in what manner we are dedicated to God,
 by Christ, lest any one should think anything is
 strange. Those who are convinced of the truth of our
 message to lead a life in conformity therewith are called
 catechumens, and implore God to pardon their past sins, while
 we pray with them. Then we lead them to a place
 where living water is, and they are regenerated in the same manner
 as the Jews were. They are washed in water in the Name of the
 Father, of our Saviour Jesus Christ, crucified
 for us, and of the Holy Ghost, who foretold by the
 prophets that he would be baptized with the Holy Spirit and
 fire. We call this ablution, about God, and are thus enlightened.

Then we lead the new faithful one, thus admitted
 into the Church, into the place of assembly, where we

pray in common both for the illuminated and the rest, wherever they may be, that, having known the truth, we may by our works, and keeping the commandments, attain to life eternal. Our prayers ended, we salute one another with a kiss. Then he who presides over the brethren is presented with bread, a cup of wine and water. Having taken them, he gives praise and glory to the Father in the Name of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and utters a long thanksgiving for these gifts. After finishing his prayers and thanksgivings, those whom we term deacons distribute to each one present the consecrated Bread, Wine and Water, and they also carry it to the absent.

‘We call this food the Eucharist, and none are permitted to partake who do not believe in the truth of our doctrine, who have not received washing for the remission of sins and eternal life, or who do not live according to the precepts of our Lord Christ. For we look not on it as common bread, nor ordinary drink, but as, according to the Word of God, Jesus Christ became flesh, and took flesh and blood for our salvation, so this food, sanctified by prayer and by the Word, becomes the Body and Blood of the same Jesus Christ Incarnate, and our flesh and our blood when taken as our food. Then we recall these things to one another, the wealthy succour the poor, and we are all at one together. In all these offerings we bless our Creator through the Son and the Holy Spirit.

‘On the day named from the Sun, all who dwell in the city or the country meet in one place. As much as there is time for of the writings of the apostles and prophets is read to them. When the reader has ceased, the president exhorts the people to follow such examples. Then, as I said before, follows the offering, the priest praying and making the offering of thanksgiving, the people saying Amen.

‘The rich give freely, and what is thus collected is kept by the Bishop to assist orphans, widows, and the poor or captives and strangers—in a word, he has the care of all in need or necessity. We usually meet on the Sunday because it was the first day of creation, and the day on which Jesus Christ rose from the dead, appeared to His disciples and taught them what I have here declared.’

This description, with the previous report of Pliny, shows the continuity of the Christian customs of worship, and agrees perfectly with the earliest written forms that have survived, though none of these date before the fourth century.

Another Apology was written by Athenagoras, but of less importance. This was addressed to Marcus Aurelius, the good Antoninus having died in 161.

To a greater degree than even his predecessor, Marcus Aurelius was an ideal philosopher and Emperor. Beautiful in person, brave and skilful, perfect in all manly exercises, highly cultivated and thoughtful, he actually lived up to a far higher standard than even Cicero had known. He founded a hospital, and an asylum for orphan girls.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.*

‘In memory of all books which lay
 Their sure foundations in the heart of man, . . .
 Powers ever to be hallowed; only less,
 For what we are and what we may become,
 ‘Than Nature’s self—which is the Breath of God—
 Or His pure Word.’—*The Prelude*.

Helen. *Tom Poole*, two volumes of Mrs. Hutton’s essays, and two books by Mr. Shorthouse? You have provided enough for us to talk about in such a short time. And, what makes it worse, they are all interesting.

Constance. But it is convenient to take them together, as they interest the same kind of educated readers, though, besides those who can appreciate the excellent critical faculty of Mr. Hutton and the value of Mrs. Sandford’s interesting biography, no doubt Mr. Shorthouse would be read by those without any special literary cultivation. His is a decorative kind of art which finds its own public.

H. You are not too appreciative of it?

C. Certainly I do not think *The Teacher of the Violin*, as a volume, worthy of much remark. *The Apologue of the Cards* is ingenious, and the tale is pretty enough; but I am rather tired of intellectual sentimentality. Watteauesque scenes are all very well; but——

H. You are out of touch with these sketches. But does not *The Countess Eve* go deep enough for you?

C. That seems to me really an artistic book, not only ranking far above *The Teacher of the Violin*, but above *Sir Percival*. Here we get the strong points of Mr. Shorthouse’s work—his fine feeling for certain types of delicately poised minds; his capacity for picturesque writing, and for drawing out of old materials that which he spices into his modern web; his charm of ‘occasional thoughts,’ and his power of constructing an outer story, in itself complete and with no literary superfluities, but containing in every detail an inner narrative. *The Countess Eve*, therefore, is emblematical—that is, *pictorial*.

H. It is complete or incomplete, as you please, without the inner meaning. You know I liked very much the feeling of *The Teacher*

* 1. (a) *A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales*. (2) *The Countess Eve*. By the Author of *John Inglesant*. Macmillan & Co. 1888. 2. (a) *Theological Essays*. (b) *Literary Essays*. By R. H. Hutton. 3. *Thomas Poole and His Friends*. By Mrs. Henry Sandford. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

of the Violin. Apparently, *The Countess Eve* is just as slight a sketch. A lovely young wife, the Countess Eve, has found that her husband, the Comte du Pic-Adam, is estranged from her by his past. This leaves opportunity for her to be tempted by the actor, La Vallière, to abandon her own duties and position. He is egged on by a quaint, semi-ghostly figure, L'Abbé, whilst from the side of experienced conventionality by La Fleur, and from the side of right by De Brie, this influence is resisted, and eventually foiled. How pretty is the framework of old-world scenery in the Burgundian *paysage* of 1785!

C. Yes; it appeals to a sense of beauty in its readers, sensitiveness to sound and to colour, and the stress which is laid upon the scenery is absolutely necessary for the inner story. Especially note the descriptions of the exquisite beauty of the garden, called after the old mode, *Paradise*, and of the height to which the passes were just then closed.

H. By the quotation from the Litany, as well as from the use of such allusive names, I see the meaning refers to the mystery of evil—to temptation; but the details are beyond me.

C. These sentences (one literal, the other in its place in the story allegorical) give the clue to most of the windings of the narrative.

'Wherever there is sin committed, there sin is born into the world—is born, but does not die. Where it wanders to, what work of evil is done by it, none can tell' (p. 152).

Again—

'There is only one key to Paradise . . . That key is Love.'

But, as we have so little time to spare, suppose I give you my notes as I have made them. With the book you can best follow them. I am only sorry that they can be merely suggestive. However, if you like to do it, they will bear working out. Here they are—quite in the rough.

H. (*reads from note-book*). You say that—

'The inner tale treats of the various elements which go to make up that attraction to evil which we call *Temptation*. Temptation has not its centre on earth, but it affects man (pp. 1, 2). The Garden of Paradise is that state of relation with regard to God and Man—unearthly in its beauty—which is entered upon by perfect Love. But unlawful entrance to Paradise is the bait of the Tempter, as its true possession is the divine gift to the innocent or to the pardoned. Temptation first *takes shape* to the woman, whose want of occupation, and to the man whose natural instincts and theories against self-control, make them accessible to its influence. But the Temptation has had its origin in a past sin with which neither of them had anything to do. Note how the Tempter is made visible to the pure in heart, and its effect on him who *realises* the combat betwixt powers of good and of evil, who, in contradiction to the theory Life must be free (p. 20), has already asserted All Life must move in harmony (p. 25). The Tempter is "Human Nature," inspired by Evil, bidding the individual man exercise to the full his animal instinct. The Count (p. 37) recalls the power of the past of his life, whilst De Brie, both by birth and nature, as well as by thought and vision (Chap. ii. p. 44), touches the question of *Heredity*, pointing out that *sin*, like man, has *past*, from which it springs,

present, which it denominates, and *future*, which it produces and fetters. "Human Nature" is the *parrain* of Man (p. 64). The chapel scene contrasts individual womanhood (Countess Eve) with consecrated womanhood, as suggested by the singing of the *Magnificat*. Note again the occasions on which the Tempter is visible, and how he fills a void in two lives. In Chap. vi. we are reminded that human nature partakes of the good as of the evil of the spiritual world, though we see how one sin has altered all the relations in which Man stands to others. In Chap. vii. the actor, against his will, has to plead for the Life of Restraint as against the Life of Pleasure. Again, the Abbess (p. 151) bears witness to the *delusions* of the inner life, as De Brie to the blessings on those "who do His will and know it not." See that the snowy height of the Ideal is not always accessible (p. 172-3). No touch of the story is insignificant, so notice that the valet enforces the *vulgar* interpretation of La Vallière's theories as to personal irresponsibility, whilst the worldly-wise think Vicomte brings *experience* to his aid to prove the social inconvenience of allowing others to abandon the restraints which preserve the fine delicacies of true nobility. Meanwhile the Countess awakes; but, as she has been almost lost by opportunity, so she is saved by opportunity, "so as by fire," the sin of others which has nearly involved her in sin has been blotted out. They are consciously pardoned. Through the Cross—itsself emblem of *Sacrifice* and Key of *Love*—Paradise is regained by the repentant, preserved for the falling.'

C. I don't think I can add much to this; and I fear, also, that we must leave Mr. Hutton's volumes without discussion.

H. That matters the less, perhaps, as they discuss themselves. Every one knows what the literary editor of the *Spectator* has done. He is one of our teachers, and one with a large following.

C. Personally, his fine, fair criticisms, and his keen, intense sympathy with all working on the spiritual side of literature, and the loving side of life have been far more helpful to me than anything which Mr. Shorthouse has ever penned. But why compare them?

H. To read Mr. Hutton's essay is to hear really good talk on most interesting subjects; if one cares for this, here it is, photographed for one. These books are of the kind one likes to keep on one's shelves; and if they are only reading about literature—which they are not—they still would be about the best reading about modern writers and thinkers that any one with literary tastes can have.

C. In Miss Coleridge's book, *A Plunge into Troubled Waters*, you remember she exclaims, 'If people would only cultivate the cultivators, how much further their efforts would go!' I was reminded of this in reading Mrs. Sandford's volumes. We have commented on volumes from the pen of two men professedly writing to teach, and now we have the life-history of one who was friend of a whole band of 'cultivators.'

H. I know *you* are Coleridgean, Wordsworthian, Lakist, or whatever term of abuse, or honour, can be coined from those I heard you call—when you thought I was not listening—the 'regenerators of modern English literature'; but I must confess that till Mrs. Sandford's volumes astonished me, I had no idea of the existence of the 'Stowey set.'

C. You mean that, though you did know the names of such particular stars as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey, Clarkson, and Davy—to take the first names that come—you had no idea that they formed such a constellation, moving together in the same direction, and consciously inspired by the same idea—that of *usefulness to mankind*? It seems a platitude now; but it was the individual, rather than the nation (as, perhaps, is increasingly the case at present), who then set out in life, with the expressed intention, like Tom Poole, ‘to be as useful as I can.’

H. It is interesting to trace the ideas and habits of ‘England before Waterloo,’ and I like immensely the portrait of Tom Poole. What a ‘character’ he must have been! I can understand the fascination of such a study for one related to him nearly by marriage and distant by blood. Mrs. Sandford wrote *Pictures of Cottage Life*, and *Pamela’s Bequest*, didn’t she? They are capital for parish libraries.

C. Yes; and she has taken much interest in women’s education; but, as she observes somewhere in this book, it is only busy people who have time for anything. Therefore, I suppose, these volumes are so carefully written. There is no word of fault to be found with the workmanship in any particular, save, indeed, a slip of the pen—Craiefechan for Craigenputtock (vol. ii.); and the truly Coleridgean luxuriance of some almost page-long sentences. They are difficult to follow.

H. I didn’t see them. I occupied myself solely with bluff, shrewd, enthusiastic, appreciative, and useful Tom Poole, delightful old man as he must have been.

C. ‘To whom pure love of greatness greatness brought,’ as to others. The story of his self-education is remarkable.

H. And isn’t the story of family-life just like—well, family-life? The father, who always treated his son like a little boy, the mother accepting any one for her son’s sake, the cousins whom he fought with and intensely cared for! But how funny he is about very young children! I don’t believe he thought them human beings at all. And the way he addresses ‘Henrietta!’ There is a good deal to amuse one in the pages, if it is only the fact that those great men deliberately enjoyed nonsense so much—the ‘shaving-song,’ the ‘meek horse,’ and the ‘clotted cream.’

C. And, if there is humour, there is pathos also. It has struck me in reading that here we have a complete treatise on friendship, illustrated by real examples. Tom Poole had a talent for that difficult art. In the numerous circle who cared for him, we have examples of almost all degrees and varieties of the faculty of affection and of strengthening, and even of almost defects and imperfections of that life in other lives. In writing an essay on friendship from this book only, you might illustrate all these points—mutual insight, and mutual kindness of great minds, the subtle dangers of helping too much, of taking affection for granted,

of over-sensitiveness, of misunderstanding a friend's friend, of insisting that your friend must be worshipped by your other friends as well as by yourself; the silting up of the channels of unrenewed intercourse by the tiny grains which come down the stream of everyday life; the danger, too, of taking a friend who can't swim into the deeper waters of intellectual life (as illustrated by Burnett); and the blessing upon unselfishness in spite of all its disappointments.

H. A very pretty saying is that French thought, 'La seule rose sans épines, c'est l'amitié;' but your deductions from the conduct of this circle of remarkable friendship certainly allows for a good many pricks and scars.

C. I don't think Tom Poole's friendships caused him no pain, and I do think that at times he must have irritated others intensely; but what a picture this book gives of the inspiration and comfort of true friendship.

H. And such a variety of minds found help from him in so many ways. Time, money, thought, all at the disposal of others; practical with men of business, philosophical with metaphysicians, and ever with some philanthropical scheme on hand, what a busy life it was! I can quite understand how arose that *bene trovate* story as to Coleridge as a trooper meeting Tummas the tanner.

C. And now you touch the source of my deepest interest in the work—the Coleridge letters. Perhaps we shan't agree about these. People don't as a rule.

H. I must say that it is the most vivid picture of Coleridge that I have ever taken in which it is given in these letters, especially that one, so deeply interesting, in vol. i. p. 193.

C. The editor has well preserved the Coleridgean punctuation, though the delicate-pointed writing should be seen to be appreciated.

H. Isn't there much new material in this book besides the entirely fresh definition of the position of the 'Stowey set?' Even I am interested in those details.

C. Yes; those who know the subject beforehand will be most delighted with these volumes. But I should like to say just one word to you as to the value of the work of this group of men.

H. Say on. I know that, like Tom Poole himself, you are given to heroics on the subjects of your literary friends. But I will listen!

C. I don't think you—who are not directly under their influence—quite realise what they did for England. The state of intellectual England in Coleridge's day may be described as that of a camp which has not only to repel the attack of invaders, but is suddenly terrified to think that the powder-magazine it contains has taken fire. Amongst other services to England, Coleridge, in the hour of panic, stood out and inspired his own friends to stand out against the wild idea that cold water *must* be thrown on the intellectual and religious energies of the nation; that, in fact, so long as you averted an explosion, the after defence was of small consequence. I look upon

him as a teacher ; but at least you must confess that, as a leader, he *gained time* for the disorganised forces of spiritual life in England. Time was everything just then.

H. I should like to talk this out ; but I fear I must go home now.

C. I am afraid that you must. But, in spite of the differing views which we may hold upon details, I am sure that we can from these three writers learn one thing—as, whatever be its training, the artist-life will let nothing stand between its view of nature and its representation of what it sees. So, whoever be its first teachers, each intellect seeking spiritual life would be content with nothing but the reality of an imperfect but increasing vision of the Divine life.

H. It helps one, I think, to see how imperfect were those who have been able to do such wonderful and lasting work.

C. That imperfection, it has been well said, is why, for all who wish to be useful in their own day, the best prayer is, ‘Show Thy servants Thy *work*, and their children Thy *glory*.’ I am very sorry that we have had to leave so many points untouched, but you must read the books for yourself.

G. IRELAND BLACKBURN.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VIII.

CHAUCER.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

(Prologue and Clerk's Tale.)

‘THE first question,’ says Mr. Lowell in *My Study Windows*, ‘the first question we put to any poet, nay, to any so-called national literature, is that which Farinata addressed to Dante—*chi fur li maggior tui?*’

So, in approaching the study of a great poem, perhaps some of the first questions which we should ask are these:—During what period of the poet's life was it written? Through what experiences of life had he passed when he wrote it? Under what literary influences had he been brought?

Instances of the production of a masterpiece in early youth are comparatively rare, and the cases which most readily occur to the mind are those of men who died prematurely, such as Marlowe, Keats, and Chatterton; hence it would seem as if the genius which should have been spread out, so to speak, over many years, had to be concentrated in two or three wonderful efforts, the graduated ascent to which, indispensable to men of longer life, was dispensed with for lack of time. In Chaucer the graduated ascent is visible enough; he was a long-lived man, a poet who ripened slowly, and it is not difficult to trace the stages of his career, from the days when, as Dr. Furnivall says, ‘he went to school to the French poets,’ to the days when ‘he went to college to the Italians,’ and again, from these last to the period during which ‘he worked his own way in the world.’ It is to this last period that the *Canterbury Tales*, taken as a whole, belong, though to be sure many, or most, of the stories had been in their author's head, or within his knowledge, long before, and some of them he had already done into verse. The tales, however, were not gathered together, and arranged, and put into their framework until about 1386 or '87, when Chaucer had finally settled in London—London, a ‘most kindly nurse’ to him, as to Spenser two centuries later on. It was over a long and chequered career that he could look back, and it is interesting to note that, as far as we know, his life did not include any period of quiet study and seclusion, such as that spent by Milton at Horton, by Spenser at Cambridge, by Pope in his father's house at Binfield. The attempts to show that he ever resided at a University do not come to much, and the first mention we have of him,

after the record of his birth, tells us of his introduction to Court life in the household of Elizabeth, wife to Lionel, Duke of Clarence. Before that he had probably lived at home with his father, John Chaucer, vintner, of Thames Street, London, whose profession, no doubt, brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and it has often been pointed out how important in their effects on his development these changes of position must have been, and how fortunate it was that he was never 'restricted within the narrow limits of a particular station or caste.' Military experience, and experience of captivity, followed; then further connection with the Court, and then no less than seven important political missions, which led to acquaintance with foreign lands and foreign life, and in especial with Italian life. Political appointments in England come next, and then a taste of political trouble; after that, severe domestic loss, and finally the period of attainment and of tranquillity, of favour in high places, popularity, prosperity, enjoyment of affection and respect from many friends. So much, then, for the life experiences through which Chaucer had passed when he began to write his last and greatest works. Turning to his literary history, the first thing we notice is the vast and insatiable appetite for books of all kinds with which he must have been gifted; it is hardly possible to find a page of his works which does not abound in allusions, modern, classical, and Scriptural, and indeed we have his own word for it that he was a great reader'—

'In bookes for to read I me delight
And to them I give faith and full credence
And in my heart have them in reverence.'

Three literatures there were which each exercised their influence upon him—the Latin, the French, and the Italian; and to each of these, both directly and indirectly, he owed much.

The first of the three, indeed, told the least upon his work. We may suppose that he learnt his Latin when a boy, and he learnt it, as has been pointed out, in the same way as we learn a modern language, with a view to fluent reading rather than to accurate scholarship. The authors he read most were probably Boëthius, whose work, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, he translated in his youth, and Ovid, to whose *Ars Amandi* and *Metamorphoses* he constantly refers. The *Somnium Scipionis*, as told in Macrobius, he certainly read, and he familiarly mentions other classical writers, as in the following lines—

'Little book, no writing thou envý
But subject be to all true poësy,
And kiss the steps, where'er thou seest space
Of Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, Stace.'

In spite, however, of this and similar passages, it is improbable that he was acquainted with Homer or any other Greek authors in

the original, his knowledge of their works being derived from mediæval versions in Latin.

The literature with which he was most at home, and which exercised the most lasting influence upon him, was that French *Trouvère* literature which had reigned supreme in Europe for many years, and which he must have found in full possession at the English Court when he first held office there. Queen Philippa was an eager patroness of French poetry, and among the versifiers with whom she loved to surround herself was the chronicler Froissart, a disciple of that Guillaume de Machault upon whom had fallen the mantle of Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, authors of the *Roman de la Rose*.

Of Guillaume de Machault, M. Sandras says that he was 'le poète des dames et des grands seigneurs,' at a time when there was a tedious uniformity in the subjects of poetry, and the attention of poets was chiefly concentrated upon the production of new rhythms, and new combinations of rhyme. One proof of the fascination exercised by de Machault was given by Agnes de Navarre, who, on reading his poems, thus candidly addressed him :

'Celle qui onques ne vous vit
Et qui vous aime loyalement
De tout son cuer vous fait present.'

Such an announcement was well in accordance with the spirit of the Trouvères of Northern France, and even more of the Troubadours of Provence. The origin of the Troubadour literature, the literature of the *Langue d'Oc*, is a subject of great interest, but much uncertainty. Mr. Lowell speaks of it as 'the conduit through which the failing stream of Roman literary tradition flowed into the new channel which mediæval culture was shaping for itself.' Professor Minto suggests that it may, in a measure, be referred to the 'large infusion of Greek blood received by the South of France and East coast of Spain from the Phocæan colonists of Massilia and their offshoots.'

Be this as it may, the Troubadours, on one side of the Loire, inspired the Trouvères on the other; and these last, adding native vigour and skill in narrative to the beauty of form and delicate sentiment derived from their masters, became, in due time, the inspirers of a greater poet than either Northern or Southern France had been able to produce. Chaucer drank deeply at the sources of French poetry; he was thoroughly under the influence of the *Roman de la Rose*; he translated it, he imitated it, he borrowed from it, and not for many years was he able to dispense with the machinery of the dream, the May morning and the allegory. His *A. B. C.* was translated from Guillaume de Guileville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*; the *Boke of the Duchesse* was in great part imitated from de Machault's *Fontaine Amoureux* and *Remède de Fortune*, and many of the *Canterbury Tales*

can be traced to French *lais* and *fabliaux*. It must be remembered that he lived in days when originality of plot was no object, the general theory being that a good story could not be too often told. Indeed, he says himself—

‘For out of oldē feldēs as men saith
Cometh al this newē corn from yeer to yere,
And out of oldē bokēs in good faith
Cometh al this newē science that men lere.’

Nevertheless, though this is true enough, and though he gained much from the Trouvères, yet nothing can alter the fact, that their works were to him what bricks and mortar are to the architect; and that he was a greater and more truly original poet than any of them.

It remains to point out the debt which Chaucer owed to the third great literature with which he came in contact—the literature of Italy as it was in the days of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. And here we see the difference between the effect produced by a lifelong study of a subject, and that of one taken up comparatively late in life. Chaucer never became thoroughly impregnated with the spirit and style of the great Italian masters, as he did with the spirit and style of the Trouvères, and his Italian borrowings are hence, as a rule, more easily discerned than his French, not being incorporated to the same extent in his work. On the other hand, Italian literature being immeasurably greater than the Trouvère literature, it could not fail to take a powerful hold on his mind, and it is hard to point out a poem, written after his sojourn in Italy, which does not show direct traces of the new influence, while improvement in workmanship and ‘the true artist’s mastery over his materials’ are likewise discernible. With the greatest of the three Italian masters, Chaucer could by nature have had little in common, and Mr. Lowell has an interesting passage pointing out some of the differences between them:—

‘With Dante life represented the passage of the soul from a state of nature to a state of grace; and there would have been almost an even chance whether (as Burns says) the *Divina Commedia* had turned out a song or a sermon, but for the wonderful genius of its author, which has compelled the sermon to sing and the song to preach, whether they would or no. With Chaucer life is a pilgrimage, but only that his eye may be delighted with the varieties of costume and character. There are good morals to be found in Chaucer, but they are always incidental. With Dante the main question is the saving of the soul, with Chaucer it is the conduct of life. The distance between them is almost that between holiness and prudence. Dante applies himself to the realities, and Chaucer to the scenery, of life, and the former is consequently the more universal poet, as the latter is the more truly national one.’

There can, however, be no doubt that Chaucer read and revered Dante; he speaks of him as ‘the wisē poet of Florence,’ and the idea

of the *House of Fame* was in part taken from the *Purgatorio*, which Chaucer is shown to have had in his mind by the passage which says that a further account of the torments of hell must be read—

‘In Virgile or in Claudian
Or Dante that it tellen can.’

The story of *Ugolino*, in the *Monk's Tale*, is also borrowed from the *Divine Comedy*, as are many isolated passages, especially in the *Troilus* and *Parlement of Fowles*.

From Petrarch, too, Chaucer learnt and borrowed freely; he speaks of him as the poet—

‘Whose rethorykē sweete
Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye.’

and he reproduces in the *House of Fame* many of the details of Petrarch's *Trionfi*; the stanza in *Troilus* beginning—

‘If no love is, O God, what do I feel?’

is a translation from a sonnet of Petrarch, while we shall see that it was from this ‘worthy clerk at Padowe,’ that Chaucer learnt the story of *Grisildis*.

It is, however, to Boccaccio, of all Italian poets, that he owes the most, the *Filostrato* and *Teseide* having afforded models for *Troilus*, and the *Knight's Tale* and the *Decameron* many of the subjects, though probably not, as is sometimes thought, the framework of the *Canterbury Tales*.

Such, then, was the equipment provided with which Chaucer entered upon the greatest undertaking of his life. Every one, it is to be supposed, is acquainted with the plot of the *Canterbury Tales*, and has at least heard how the motley company of pilgrims met together at the *Tabard* in Southwark, preparatory to setting out for the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, and how the genial host, who was to ride along with his guests, proposed that they should lighten the journey by telling tales, two to be told by each pilgrim on the way to the shrine, and two on the homeward route. The question is, whence did Chaucer derive this admirable framework for his tales? The usual answer given is, as has been already mentioned, that it was suggested by Boccaccio's *Decameron*, but surely a comparison of the two works makes this appear improbable. Boccaccio's introduction, addressed ‘to the ladies,’ gives a harrowing description of the plague at Florence in 1348, and then goes on to tell how ‘it happened one Tuesday, in the evening, that seven ladies all in deep mourning, as most proper for that time, had been attending divine service in new St. Mary's Church; who, as united by the ties either of friendship or relation, and of suitable years—viz., the youngest not less than eighteen, nor the eldest exceeding twenty-eight—so were they all discreet, nobly descended, and perfectly accomplished, both in person and behaviour.’ These ladies assemble in a corner of the church,

where one of them, Pampinea, proposes that they should escape the disagreeables incidental to the condition of the city, by choosing some place of retirement in the country, where they might 'make themselves innocently merry without offering the least violence to the dictates of reason and their own consciences.' Three 'prudent and worthy gentlemen,' who chanced to enter the church, were invited to join the party, and accepted the invitation with joy. Then follows a short description of the journey to the stately palace in the country, and then of the palace itself, after which, we are told, it is agreed that one of the company shall become king or queen in turn, and Pampinea, who is the first elected, proposes that her subjects shall while away the hot, oppressive hours of the day, during which 'nothing is to be heard but the chirping of the grasshoppers among the olives,' by telling stories, 'for,' says she, 'by the time it has gone round, the worst part of the day will be over, and then we can divert ourselves as we like best.' The proposal is gladly adopted, and Pamphilo, one of the three gentlemen, begins with the tale of how 'Chappelet imposes upon the priest by a sham confession, and dies, and, although a very wicked fellow, was afterwards reputed a saint, and called St. Chappelet.'

The most important point in which Boccaccio's opening differs from Chaucer, namely the absence of individuality in the narrators of the tales, is obvious at once, and indeed, when it has been said that seven out of ten *dramatis personæ* are 'all discreet, nobly descended, and perfectly accomplished,' there remains but small scope for portraiture. Nor do the three gentlemen fare much better, since the only characteristic assigned to them (always excepting their 'worth and prudence') is the 'passion of love, which neither the adversity of the times, the loss of relations and friends, nor even fear for themselves, could stifle or, indeed, cool.' Very different, indeed, is Chaucer's description of his pilgrims, who were far from being 'all discreet, nobly descended, and perfectly accomplished,' but who form a complete picture gallery of mediæval middle-class characters, well justifying Dryden's remark that 'he saw their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if he had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.' The connection between Boccaccio's tales too is very slight, consisting of some such observation as that 'the ladies all laughed immoderately,' or 'sighed very much,' and that the queen then appointed another to take his or her turn, 'who most cheerfully began.' Chaucer on the other hand, avails himself of what Dr. Furnivall calls the 'links' between the tales, to introduce some of his happiest touches of character, and bits of dialogue; it is in these that the bluff geniality of the host comes out, and in these again that we have the valuable sketch of Chaucer himself:

'Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde a hare.
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.'

A more vivid reality is given to the Pilgrimage by the part taken in it by the writer himself, a reality to which Boccaccio does not attain by his allusions to the 'persons of good credit,' from whom he got his information, and his care not to mention the real names of his ladies 'lest they should be displeased.' M. Sandras, in his *Études sur Chaucer*, says that the idea of connecting a number of tales by one thread of narrative came from the East, and was popularised in Europe by Pierred'Alphonse, a converted Jew, author of the *Disciplina Clericalis*, and also by means of numerous versions of the *Romance of the Seven Sages*. He adds that these works, rather than the *Decameron*, would appear to have been Chaucer's models. He offers no particular evidence in support of this view, which, however, seems as likely to be true as the other. Most reasonable of all, one would think, in a matter in which no certainty can be attained, is the supposition that Chaucer invented his plan for himself. The Canterbury pilgrimage was a thoroughly national institution; nothing was more likely than that he should have taken part in it; and, if so, what more natural than that it should occur to him to use it as a vehicle for conveying the stories with which his storehouse was always full?

Not less national than the Canterbury pilgrimage itself, according to Chaucer's description, are the pilgrims who, assembled at the Tabard on that day:

'Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote,
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote.'

Each rank of life, each type of character, is represented among them: the gentry, by the knight, the squire and the frankelyn; the church, by the prioress, the monk, the friar, the 'poure persoun' and the pardoner; professional men by the clerk, the serjeant-of-law, the sompnour, the doctor, and the manciple; commerce and trade, by the merchant, schipman, the haberdasher, carpenter, webber, dyer, tapicer, miller, and host; service, by the yeoman, the cook, the reeve, and the ploughman; middle-class respectability and its opposite, by the wives of the tradesmen and by the Wife of Bath; mediæval imposture by the alchemist. Among these portraits one of the most attractive is that of the 'verray parfight gentil knight,' in illustration of whose character M. Sandras quotes the following passage from Eustache Deschamps:

'Humble cuer ait, toudis doit traveillier
Et poursuivre faiz de chevalerie,
Guerre loyal, estre grand voyagier;
Tournioiz suir et joster pour s'amie:
Il doit à tout honnour tendre
Si c'om ne puist de lui blasme reprendre;
Ne lascheté en ses ouevres trouver;
Et entretouz se doit tenir le mendre,
Ainsi se doit gouverner chevalier.'

Of even greater beauty and interest is the character of the 'poore

persone of a toun,' in connection with which has arisen the question of Chaucer's attitude toward the Wickliffites. In support of the view that he was at heart a Wickliffite himself, may be mentioned the passage in the *Schipman's Prologue*, in which the host, being rebuked by the parson for his language, exclaims :

‘O Jankyn, be ye there?
Now goode men herkneth me;
I smell a *loller* in the wind.’

and a little further on :

‘This *loller* here would prechen us somewhat.’

The parson does not apparently object to the appellation, and presently gives a proof of its applicability in his refusal to relate a fable :

‘Thou getist fable noon i-told by me;’

one of Wicklif's complaints against the orthodox clergy being that, instead of preaching the Gospel, they used, in the pulpit, to tell fables from every kind of profane source for the diversion of their flocks. In Wicklif's *Short Rule of Life*, too, there is a passage which reads like an extract from Chaucer's description of his parson : ‘If thou be a priest, and namely a curate, live thou holily, passing other men in holy prayer and desire and thinking, in holy speaking, counseiling and true teching. . . . For ensample of good life, and open and lasting, stirreth more rude men than true preaching by naked word.’ On the other hand, the parson's sermon on Penitence is strictly orthodox, and it is hard to account for the presence of a Lollard in a company bound on pilgrimage, since Wicklif clearly states his opinion of such expeditions, calling them ‘uttrilli unleful’ and ‘an opin signe of idolatrie.’ This difficulty has been got over by the supposition that the sermon as we have it is a late version revised by some orthodox hand, while the presence of a Lollard at all is accounted for by the undoubted fact that his absence would have rendered incomplete any portrait gallery of the age. Both these explanations, however, appear rather far-fetched, and probably the truth is that though Chaucer, from his connection with John of Gaunt, was not ill-disposed towards the Lollards, he was no more inclined to their doctrines than any other clear-sighted man who could not avoid seeing the deficiencies of the orthodox clergy.

That no one was more alive to these deficiencies than Chaucer is evident from his description of the monk, the friar, and the pardoner, and curious evidence as to the accuracy of his portrait of the last-named is afforded by a papal letter coeval with the *Canterbury Tales*, denouncing the same abuses as those satirized by the poet. The pretended mission from Rome, the absolution for money, the misappropriation of funds, the display of false relics are all mentioned and

proscribed; indeed such abuses were so common that the pardoner was one of the regular characters on the French comic stage, as may be seen by the following piece of dialogue, quoted in one of the publications of the Chaucer Society:

Pardonneur.—Je vous vueil monstrier la creste
Du coq qui chanta cheuz Pylate.

Triadeur.—Voici du bois du tambourin
De quoy David joue devant Dieu

P.—Il à menty, par le sangbieu,
Car David jouait de la harpe.

T.—Par la mortbieu, si je te happe
Je t'envoyray prescher ailleurs.

The pardoner was satirized as late as the 16th century by Heywood in his interlude of *The Foure P's*.

The delicately drawn portrait of the prioress is a pleasanter subject for contemplation. Concerning this lady Dr. Furnivall says that he had often wondered why Chaucer made such a great point of the fine manners, the deportment of his prioress, until, on lighting upon the survey of the Abbey or Monastery of St. Mary's, Winchester, he came to the conclusion that she was 'a finishing governess, like her sister of St. Mary's.' In 1537 there were twenty-six girls being educated in this establishment, including a 'Brygget Plantagenet,' a 'Mary Pole,' and a 'Susan Tycheborne,' and doubtless, as in the 16th, so in the 14th century, it was of all things important that the Bryggets and Maries and Susans should learn to speak French 'ful faire and fetysly,' 'after the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,' and be 'well taught at mete,'

'To lect no morsels from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngers in her sauce deepe.'

Special interest must always attach to the portrait of the Clerk of Oxenford, since, apart from its intrinsic charm, it has very generally been identified with the portrait of Chaucer himself. Into the Clerk's mouth, moreover, Chaucer put one of his most beautiful tales; a tale full of pathos and interest, and one that may well be selected for special consideration and study. Briefly stated, the plot is as follows: Walter, lord of Saluces, in Italy, was much beloved by his people, but it grieved them that he would not take a wife. This they besought him to do, and at last he said that he would, but they must promise to honour the woman he should choose 'as she an emperoures daughter were.'

Hard by the palace there lived a poor man, with one daughter who was good and beautiful, working hard to get his living and her own:

'And Grisildis this yonge mayden hyghte.'

The Marquis had often seen her when he went out hunting, and he determined that she should be his wife. He spoke first to her father, and then to Grisildis herself, asking if she would promise perfect obedience to his will.

‘Wondring upon this word, quaking for drede,
 She seyde, “lord, undigne and unworthy
 Am I to thilke honour that ye me bede ;
 But as ye wol your-self, ryght so wol I.
 And heer I swere that neuer willingly
 In werk ne thought I nil yow disobeye,
 For to be deed, though me were loth to deye.”’

So she became the lady of the land, and every one loved her. After a while, however, the Marquis wished to see how she would keep her vow, and first her little girl, and then her boy were taken away from her, and, as she thought, put to death. She did not murmur, but was patient and obedient as she had been before. Years passed by, and the Marquis, seeking a further proof of her faithfulness, told her that his people wished him to put her away, and take a wife of nobler birth. Very meekly she went back to her father’s house ; but left it again at Walter’s bidding, to come and prepare the palace for the new young bride. And now comes the end of her trouble, for the ‘noble children tweye’ whom she takes for the bride and her brother, prove to be her own two, whom Walter has had brought up beyond the seas, and who have come home at their father’s bidding :

“This is ynough, Grisilde myn,” quod he,
 “Be now namore agast ne yuel apayed ;
 I have thy feith and thy benignitee,
 As wel as euer womman was, assayed,
 In greet estat and pourelliche arrayed ;
 Nowe knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedfastnesse,”
 And hir in armes took and gan hir kesse.’

And after that we are told :

‘Ful many a yeer in heigh prosperitee
 Lived thise two in concord and in reste.’

There is, in the National Gallery a series of three pictures by Pinturicchio, representing the story of Grisildis, or Griselda. In the first, the marriage is being celebrated in the open air, in front of a kind of archway, through which the distant blue sea is visible ; while to the right we see Griselda’s poor home, a stiff square house of somewhat pinkish hue, with an outside staircase and balcony, as in Swiss cottages. In the foreground of the picture stands the Marquis, putting the ring upon Griselda’s finger ; his attitude is one of respectful adoration ; hers, of great shyness and discomfort. She is not at all pretty, and her long light hair is very stiff and straw-like. The next picture represents the separation, which takes place under the same colonnade, beneath the central arch of which stands Griselda, to whose figure, half leaning against a column, the painter has given a very touching air of patience and resignation. Her eyes are downcast, and her hands stretched forward to restore the ring to the Marquis, who stands before her, wearing an aspect of command. Between them is a quaintly clothed clerk in red, with an open paper in his hands, no doubt the decree of separation. In another section of the picture,

Griselda, who was clothed before in rich crimson brocade and gold, is depicted in a white shift, making her way back to her father's house. In the last picture of the series we see the banquet given in honour of the new bride; Griselda at one end of the table in a menial garb of grey, with a white cap, is waiting upon a boy, doubtless her own young son. At the other end we see her as she appeared after the recognition; herself seated in a place of honour, and affectionately embracing the same personage. At the centre of the table sits a girl, with rippling fair hair, and she must be the daughter. A corner of the pink house is still visible on the right-hand side.

The story, indeed, was one which took a powerful hold on the mediæval imagination, and it was a favourite subject with poets and painters alike. In many of its incidents it resembles the Breton *Lay le Frein*, and there are Scotch and Danish ballads dealing with the same theme. There can, however, be little doubt that Chaucer took the idea from a Latin prose version by Petrarch, which he follows very closely, and which differs in certain respects from the story as told in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. This brings us to the much-debated question as to whether Chaucer ever met Petrarch. In support of the theory that he did, we have his own assertion that he learned the story 'at Padowe, of a worthy clerk.' We know too, that a meeting was possible, since in 1373, when Chaucer visited Italy, Petrarch did happen to be living near Padua, and it was in that year that he wrote to Boccaccio, expressing his admiration for the *Decameron*, and in particular for the tale of Griselda, of which, he said, he meant to make a Latin version. On the other hand, it may, of course, be said that Chaucer was speaking not in his own person, but in the person of the Clerk of Oxenford, when he mentioned the meeting, and that, if it did take place, it is strange that it should be absolutely unrecorded elsewhere. Godwin, in his *Life of Chaucer*, published early in this century, is amusingly oblivious of any weight that may be carried by these objections, and gives as graphic an account of the interview as if he had himself made a third upon the occasion, describing in detail Chaucer's feelings, Petrarch's feelings, and the general tone of the conversation. He concludes by remarking that 'it would imply an idle and wanton imputation upon the veracity of Chaucer,' to doubt that it was from Petrarch that he learnt the tale. Two lights in which Griselda's story may be regarded are illustrated by the anecdote of Petrarch's two friends, one of whom attempted to read it aloud, but found his voice so choked with tears that he was forced to desist, while the other remained unmoved, and, when asked the reason, replied that he should have wept as much as any man had he not known that the story was a fable, but that there never had been, and never could be, such a woman. The modern reader is perhaps disposed to cavil at the moral of the story, and to wish for a little more independence in Griselda, and power of resistance, at all events on behalf of her children. We should, indeed,

not be sorry if, when she was finally driven away, her father had developed into a kind of Wat Tyler, roused the peasantry, and burnt down the castle. With regard to this question of moral bearing, however, Mr. Hales* has some interesting remarks, showing that it was a characteristic of the mediæval moralist to deal with one idea at a time, and, while keeping the central lesson well in view, to let the others look to themselves. Thus, in relation to Griselda, the Marquis, who is by no means intended for a monster in human shape, has no moral being at all, and indeed, since his wife's patience is the one theme of the tale, he is 'the mere means of showing forth her supreme excellence, a mere mechanical expedient, and no more morally than a thorn in the saint's footpath, or a wheel or a cross.' Chaucer, for his part, is uneasy at the lesson he may be supposed to convey, and thinks it necessary to protest at intervals throughout the story, in such passages as the following:

'As for me I say that evel it sit
Tassay a wyf whan that it is no neede,
And puttē her in anguysch and in dreede.

* * * * *
O! needles was sche tempted in assay,
But weddid men ne knowen no mesure
Whan that thay fynde a pacient creature.'

The moral which he finally draws, is one with which we may well be satisfied:

'This storie is seyed nat for that wyuves sholde
Folwen Grisild as in humilitee,
For it were importable, though they wolde;
But for that euery wyght in his degree
Sholde be constant in aduersitee
As was Grisild, therfor this Petrark wryteth
This storie, which with hy style he endyteth.

For sith a womman was so pacient
Vnto a mortal man, wel more us oughte
Receyuen al in gree that God us sent;
For greet skile is, He preue that He wroughte.
But He ne tempteth no man that He boughte
As seith seint Jame if ye his pistil rede;
He preueth folk al day, it is no drede.

And suffreth us as for our exercyse,
With sharpe scourges of aduersitee
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wyse;
Not for to knowe our wil, for certes He,
Er we were born, knew al our freletee;
And for our beste is al His gouernance.
Lat us than live in vertuous suffrance.'

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—IX.

Questions.

55. Sketch the plan of the *Canterbury Tales* and contrast it with that of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

56. How does Chaucer describe himself? Can anything be gathered from the poem as to his own political or religious views?

57. Arrange, as far as possible, in groups, the characters mentioned in the Prologue, and discuss the probability of such an assemblage of pilgrims.

58. Give some account of the ecclesiastical life of the time as depicted in the Prologue.

59. What do we learn from the Prologue of the dress of the period, the state of learning, the extent of foreign travel?

60. Sketch briefly the characters of the Reeve, the Ploughman, the Frankeleyn and the Maunciple, defining carefully their respective positions in the social life of the period.

61. What is Chaucer's ideal of knighthood? Compare it with that of (a) Spencer, (b) Tennyson.

or

Estimate critically Lowell's statement:—

'His (Chaucer's) Parson is still unmatched, though Dryden and Goldsmith have both tried their hands in emulation of him.'

62. What persons were included under the name 'clerk?' Where is the Clerk's Tale taken from? Mention some points in which Chaucer has deviated from, or added to, his original.

December Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	98	Dick }		Alice M.	76
Bee	97	Maia }	80	Cordelia	
A. C. Shipton	92	Fides }		Dewitte	
Greta	89	Patty }	79	Kleine Katze }	75
White Hawthorn . . .	88	A. I. P.. . . .	78	J. C. K.	72
Sybil	86	Rachel Carlisle }		Secnarf.	71
Joiner	84	Wolferstan }	77	Bunny	70

Second Class.

Cornflower }		Adoxa }		Caro	58
Rêve d'Or }	68	Eugenie }	65	M. E. Ackerley . . .	56
Hilda	66				

Third Class.

May	43	Asphodel }		Gorse	40
Senga	42	Stephanotis }	41		

DEBATABLE GROUND.

DID the education of a hundred years ago make more valuable women than that of the present day?

Perhaps this question has no answer, but *Double Daisy* certainly faces it the most clearly. *A. E. T.* gives very good reasons why women have more time for learning now than they had formerly, but she does not draw any conclusion from the facts.

Dragonfly thinks the time is not ripe for an answer. *Elcaan* gives views on education in general. *Blackbird*, as she herself says, does not really discuss the question. *Olive Branch* sends a lively paper, but thinks with *Dragonfly* that time will show.

This is a difficult question to answer; the point of view is necessarily so different; we are too near the one, too far off from the other. Certainly the education of a hundred years ago drew out different, probably fewer, faculties. Manual skill was cultivated by exquisite embroidery, and by the manufacture of mysterious compounds, in that long-vanished apartment, the still-room. Forethought and organization were developed by the management of households when railways did not exist, when roads were apt to be impassable, when the wants of a family had to be provided for at home, and sudden demands on hospitality were a probable contingency. Our great-grandmothers had probably more mental endurance and less mental activity than ourselves; men who were rarely sober at the end of an evening required wives of much patience and few aspirations. No doubt there was much greater tolerance of dulness and monotony, but did not this contentment with a narrow round of interests foster a great deal of narrow prejudice, and, worse still, of gossip and slander? We may grant that *A School for Scandal* is as exaggerated as the *Autobiography of a Slander*; but caricatures are more or less portraits, and the lines of spite and vulgarity are certainly most strongly marked in the older picture. Miss Austen's fidelity to experience is well known, and most of her female characters are on a lower moral and intellectual level than the average woman of our own day. At all events, I think there can be no doubt that the present system is a better preparation for unmarried life. Making all deductions on the score of fussiness and other ailments of spinsterhood, the middle-aged or old maid of to-day is a more valuable woman than her predecessor. Her education has been wider if not deeper, so she has more windows in her mind. She has been accustomed to a degree of independence

which enables her to carry on good works, and enter into amusements from which she would formerly have been debarred, and if, as our elders say, she has lost some grace of manner herself, she has probably imparted a greater degree of refinement to many below her.

DOUBLE DAISY.

DISCUSSION OF GHOST STORIES.

Chelsea China has eliminated all anecdotes and personal expressions of belief or non-belief as not exactly bearing on the question.

Bog Oak.—The uses are several :

Firstly, I think the *fear* with which we naturally regard these spiritual apparitions or manifestations is greatly lessened by the study. It has been so in my own case.

Secondly, there is a scientific and philosophical interest in the discussion, which is well shown in 'Phantasms of the Living,' put forth by the Society for Psychical Research. I have not the work with me, and cannot do justice to it; but, by sifting evidence, it has discussed about five hundred stories, dealing with the manifestation or communication held by persons at a distance from each other, by means usually regarded as supernatural.

Lastly, there may be a religious interest also in it. We, as faithful Church people, may not need any proofs against materialism; but consider the force with which such an argument as this would come home to any who *do* need corroborative testimony. 'Instances of living persons manifesting themselves to those at a distance are believed to be caused by the power of one living mind acting on another. How about similarly well-sifted instances of the appearance of the departed? Here, too, mind acts on mind. Can the mind which thus acts on ours be one which is not—is annihilated? If, then, it *must* be alive, there is life after death, and hence the Christian creed is in accordance with philosophic science.'

From intercourse, however rare, with human spirits (the case of Samuel is nearly the only one in Holy Writ), we are led to contemplate angelic visits, and also the mode of action of evil spirits. Nay, in all this action of one mind on another, may we not see a faint image of the way in which the Divine Mind condescends to act on ours, and of the manner in which, by prayer, we are permitted to act on the Divine Mind?

But, if we would safely talk or think of the borderland, we must approach it in the spirit that regards all nature (the parts we do not understand as well as those we do) as in the hands of God. We must not be afraid of our pet ghost stories being laughed at. Undoubtedly a great many of them will be laughed out of existence, but if they will not stand sifting we cannot keep them. *Imaginary*

mysteries can have no more interest than fairy tales; but, sift as common sense and science will, it will leave a remnant that cannot be accounted for by laws that we understand, and this remnant will be to us what we make of it—a terror or an interest.

Therefore on the whole it seems to *Dragonfly* that something is gained by a wholesome, not too frequent discussion of these mysteries. Girls at a certain stage generally have a craving for mystery, and will hear raw-head and bloody-bones stories from the vulgar-minded and uneducated, if they cannot get it in a wholesomer form. No doubt also they will *half believe* a great deal of nonsense, if they don't talk it out, and the result of half-beliefs is a general discomfort and superstitious weakness such as no *knowledge* imparts.

The people *Dragonfly* has known with a real horror of ghosts and mysteries have been people who were determined not to look the subject in the face. This is a difficult class to deal with, because there is often an almost *physical* repulsion from the belief, and it is difficult to say whether relief from this terror can be given in any ordinary way. With *good* people it will doubtless come in time, and come very likely through apparently very unlikely channels. It is of course bad manners to *press* any subject that your hearers greatly dislike; and this must be our guide, and we must not weaken our lives by talking or thinking, as if these minor unseen presences that surround us were amongst the most important of God's creatures. Their place, whatever may be the reason why they are allowed, is certainly a subordinate one, and we should take care to fill our minds full of ordinary wholesome information and every-day experiences, or we are not fit to judge of these more delicate matters. Ballast and balance are specially necessary for all minds that would soar to unusual heights.

DRAGONFLY.

Elcaan's four reasons against the discussion of ghost-stories seem somewhat wanting in cogency. Those who believe in the possibility of apparitions of the dead do not believe that they appear without regard to Divine permission. With regard to her second reason, logic somewhat fails her, and she sees neither the point of the parable, nor the fact that no one ever supposed that every dead person revisited the earth as a ghost. 'Falsehood' begs the question; 'Cowardice' surely depends on the character of the percipient rather than that of the appearance. In the legend of Bishop Ken exorcising a ghost in Winchester Cathedral, whether the ghost was a reality or an imagination, his exorcism of it showed courage rather than cowardice.

Elcaan's strong language somewhat suggests susceptibility to terror on her own part with regard to the possibility of præter-natural occurrences. This leads me to suggest that we ought not to let ourselves be thrown into immoderate terror at the notion of any appearance, bodily or spiritual. If such occurrences happen, it is to a very

small percentage of people—probably not many more than are annually bitten by mad dogs. Supposing it should occur to us, either to see an apparition or to be bitten by a mad dog, we surely had better be brave about it; meanwhile to let the possibility weigh on our minds would be simply ridiculous. Hamlet is a good example of the courageous contemplation of the præter-natural :

‘I do not set my life at a pin’s fee:
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?’

It probably does not matter much whether we believe or disbelieve in ghost stories, but it matters very much that we should not allow ourselves to be cowardly about anything in heaven or earth.

Though not exactly to the point of this discussion, it may interest some of those who have taken part in it to hear that the Society for Psychical Research have discovered one class of ghost stories which invariably prove to be based on insufficient evidence; namely, those where the visit of the apparition is accompanied by some *material* effect. Ghosts who open doors, hand letters, wet pillows with tears, or brand a mark upon the wrist of the percipient, can never be traced first-hand; on inquiry we shall find that our informant knows some one to whose cousin it happened, and the cousin proves only to have heard the story as having happened to some one her friend’s brother-in-law’s aunt once saw, who can never be traced. I fear that most of the best ghost-stories for *telling* have been classed in the same category.

X. Y. Z.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Now we have stirred up something like a debate. X.’s cynical impartiality, and *Fleur de Lys*’ despairing criticism have roused up a host of Sunday school lovers, and glad Chelsea China is to see that so many Sunday schools are orderly, and so many teachers enthusiastic. *Spermologos* has had the start in describing her country Sunday school. By the side of her letter let us set the still longer experience of *Octogenarian*, who has taught week days and Sundays for *sixty-eight* years, and whose ‘relation to her children has continued the same,’ she is ‘on the same footing’ with her scholars still, ‘though in a different place.’ That is a very beautiful thing to know, and Sunday school teachers should set it before their eyes, as the history of some ‘faithful friend and servant’ is set before the little G. F. S. girls, and be proud to say, ‘And I, too, am a teacher.’

Thirty Years a Teacher quotes from the life of an old servant of eighty, ‘What we thought so much of was learning of the ladies. . . . I was in Miss T.’s class. She used to tell us the meaning of what we were reading, and question us all round. “Do you understand?” And when we all said, “Yes, ma’am,” she would say, “And now *what* do

you understand?" and we *had to tell her ourselves what it was.*' In whatever school, place, or generation 'Miss T.' had taught, her teaching would never have wanted for results. And Chelsea China recommends it as a model to be copied with the utmost care. *Grasshopper* and *A Parson's Daughter* give pleasant pictures of their little schools. *Spicer* makes a more general defence, and refers to the joy of loving letters from old scholars. Yes—and it is not always the scholar who has been the most tractable at the time who has the longest memory. Chelsea China remembers a damsel who came to school in a species of white dinner dress trimmed with sky-blue satin, never learned a lesson, never answered a question, and, except that pertness was not the fashion of the place, was as little ideal as *Undine's* specimens. Years after, when this girl was ladies'-maid in a good family, she wrote suddenly and affectionately to say, 'that she had never forgotten the happy hours passed in the dear Sunday school,' etc., etc. Chelsea China didn't remember having derived much happiness from teaching her; but she has never forgotten that, after all, Fanny T. was a success.

But all these papers assume, as was the case in the time of the fair Fanny in her blue satin, that the children are known to 'the ladies,' week day and Sunday alike—that the clergyman has time to look after his schools, and it may be fairly supposed that, in many cases, some of the week-day staff help to keep order.

That system, having a thorough hold on the whole lives of the children, never was a failure, and never will be, where it is at all well carried out. The Northern one, managed by the people themselves, is also entirely apart. What stands before the bar is the modern south-country town school, and Chelsea China does not think *Blackbird* and *Janet*, who fall on *X.* and *Fleur de Lys* with such severity, nor people as a rule, have realised that *the system is changed*, that the conditions of the work are entirely different. The hours and number of Sunday services must make the superintendence of the clergy, at least for girls, almost nominal, they must work by deputy. Sunday school used to begin the day. The same cause keeps away many experienced teachers—they have not the strength. Other good works absorb the most enthusiastic. The week-day teachers cannot, sometimes will not, sometimes are not wished to, have any concern with the Sunday school. And, where the day schools are not voluntary, the school is often in a different building; in almost all cases, it is another institution from the day school. The teachers, good, bad, or indifferent, are strangers to the children, and start with no prestige; the children count by hundreds, and practically no one can know much about all of them. Now, to keep a school like this going is extremely difficult. To take a couple of hundred children from sixteen to four, to church along a noisy street on a Sunday afternoon, to keep them quiet through a children's service, where the opposite sex, in equal numbers, is probably exactly opposite in a literal

sense, on the other side of the aisle, is a thing that untrained people as a rule cannot do. Of course, happily, many Sunday school teachers and superintendents have learned their trade and *can*; but they are not always available, and though the advantages even of this system probably have the best of it, the evil, or at any rate, the absence of definite good, only becomes more apparent with experience. Now what is to be done? We cannot alter the Church Services, we cannot return to being the day-school meeting on Sunday, all 'feudal relations' have disappeared. No system is really successful which depends for success on *exceptional* personal qualities. Are things so changed that the day of the old Sunday school system is coming to an end? Is something else wanted? Long as the debate has been, Chelsea China thinks the question so important that she will set it again in a different form. She will retain *Blackbird* and *Janet's* paper for future notice. Will those speak who are really fighting the battle?

SUBJECT FOR APRIL.

Does the present Sunday school system work satisfactorily in the changed conditions of parochial life in large towns?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China before April 1st, care of the Publishers.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

COUNCIL AND CREED OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Questions for March.

9. Name the celebrated persons present at this Council, with two or three lines each on half-a-dozen of the greatest.

10. Give the substance of the four undisputed Canons of the Council.

Or,

An account of the Macedonian Heresy.

11. Write out the Creed of our Communion Office, underlining the additions of this Council, and adding notes on any other alterations.

12. Write a life of St. Martin of Tours.

Useful book (especially for elder students) *Definitions of the Catholic Faith and Canons of the first Four Councils*. Parker. 2s. 6d. Also many of *The Fathers for English Readers*. 2s. each. *E.g.*, 'St. Leo the Great,' 'St. Gregory the Great,' 'St. Ambrose,' 'St. Augustine,' 'St. Basil,' 'St. Jerome,' 'St. Hilary,' and 'St. Martin.' S. P. C. K.

Answers to be sent to Bog Oak, care of the Publishers, by April 1st.

December Class List.

Countess, Speranza, and Papaver . . . 39 Thistle 38
The rest must calculate from what follows.

Final Class List.

No one is classed who has not sent five papers, or who has ceased to answer for six months.

First Class.

Minimum 30 × 12 = 360.

First Prize.

*† Thistle (444), Miss E. J. Forbes, 17, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh.—*History of the Church.* 4 vols.—*Bishop Wordsworth.*

Second Prize.

† Edina (430), Miss H. A. Forbes. *Church History of the First Seven Centuries.*—*Milo Mahan, New York.*

Third Prize.

*† Etheldreda (428). *Chapters on Early English Church History.*—*Bright.*

Fourth Prize.

*† Speranza (421), Miss Maude Ball, Marston Sicca, Stratford-on-Avon. *A History of the Church.*—*Bright.*

*† Water Wagtail . . . 418	*† Bluebell . . . 403	† Hegesippus . . . 365
*† Papaver . . . 412	*† Violets . . . 373	*† Fidelia } . . . 360
*† Erica . . . 408	Charissa . . . 371	† Countess } . . . 360
† Vorwärts . . . 407	Sycorax . . . 367	

Second Class.

Minimum 20 × 12 = 240.

*† Budgerigar . . . 357	Wylmote . . . 333	† Snapdragon . . . 280
*† Frideswide } . . . 353	*† King Cole . . . 332	Dog-violet . . . 278
Verena } . . . 353	*† Καθολικος . . . 320	Evangeline . . . 270
Pet Lamb . . . 346	De Maura } . . . 305	Hoffnung . . . 253
Ierne . . . 344	Millstone } . . . 305	Portia . . . 247
*† Veritas . . . 339	Irene . . . 289	Golden Saxifrage } . 240
Malacoda . . . 338	† Mu Sigma . . . 287	Hazelnut

Third Class.

Cecilia . . . 238	Francesca } . . . 171	Maid Marian . . . 132
Red-deer . . . 230	Dormouse } . . . 171	Union Jack . . . 131
† Ima . . . 216	Holland . . . 160	Marjoram . . . 125
Dorothy . . . 205	Rudge . . . 150	Nero . . . 106
P. P. C. . . . 194	Regina . . . 142	

And 27 unclassified.

* Answered every Question.
† Sent 12 Papers of Answers.

REMARKS.

45. *Papaver, Erica, Hoffnung, Charissa, Water Wagtail, Speranza, Vorwärts* and *Verena* have understood this question best. *Edina*: Bran the Blessed's conversion is, at most, 'doubtful history.' Nothing should have been quoted later than 320. St. Irenæus had 'Kelts' enough in Gaul and Galatia, and hardly included Britain. *Thistle*: Bog Oak believes there are no authentic Cornish ecclesiastical antiquities previous to 320. Cornwall was mainly converted by disciples of St. Patrick, one of whom St. Pieran certainly lies buried in his church at Perranzabuloe, but that is fifth century. *Etheldreda*: Martial's Pudens and Claudia are 'only doubtfully the same as St. Paul's. Martial's were husband and wife, apparently heathen, commemorated by an epigram which calls her British, published twenty years after St. Paul. The Goodwood Stone testifies to Pudens only as a heathen, dedicating a site for a temple to Neptune and Minerva. St. Paul's were Christians, not necessarily British, or husband and wife. Possibly they were the same. *Portia*: St. Germanus' date is 429, not 313. *Frideswide*: As Constantius never set foot in Britain till after Constantine was eighteen, and Helena divorced, she could not be British. She was the daughter of an inn-keeper either in Servia or Bithynia, set aside that he might marry Maximian's daughter, Theodora. From Bright, founded on Haddan and Stubbs, we gather three *certain* facts only: (1) Tertullian's testimony that Christianity flourished here by 202, and therefore was preached in the second century, 'probably from Gaul.' (2) That the tenth persecution reached Britain, and that probably St. Alban's, and Aaron's and Julian's martyrdoms are mainly correct. Bede, quoting earlier evidence, is the authority. (3) That the Church was fully organised with the threefold ministry by the Council of Arles; and had *at least* three bishops. See Mansi, the great authority. Happy those who can consult him for the Councils!

46. Best answers from *Edina, Thistle, Etheldreda, Papaver, Fidelia, Bluebell, Erica, Frideswide, De Maura, Water Wagtail, Speranza, Mu Sigma, Vorwärts*, and *Countess*. The loveliest legend of all, St. Joseph and the Sancgreal, is given by most. Others give St. Rule, St. Mellon, the kindred of Caractacus, Pudens and Claudia, St. Paul, K. Lucius.

47. Most thoughtful answers from *Thistle, Καθολικος, Ierne*, and *Countess*. Bog Oak thinks all we can say certainly is that though there may have been a few scattered Christians, Roman soldiers, etc., there was no actual 'Church of Britain' long before Tertullian. If there was, we know literally nothing of it. As to extent of its hold on the people, it must have been small, to judge by the almost total absence of all Christian antiquities here. This was noticeable in the Glasgow Exhibition last year. The Saxons did not sweep *all* away. They spared St. Martin's, a later edifice. Such antiquities abound in

other lands, and Britain has her fair share of heathen and secular remains of this period. Bog Oak hopes she need hardly say the Glastonbury ruins are *not* those of the wattle church first erected there, described by Fuller. One member has Christians, B.C. 'Before the Roman conquest,' unless accompanied by a date, means Julius Cæsar's.

48. Exceedingly well done by most, especially *Edina, Thistle, Etheldreda, Papaver, Fidelia, Erica, Pet Lamb, Charissa, Speranza*, and *Countess*.

Will Etheldreda send her name and address?

Hegesippus' address also desired.

Bog Oak is sorry to say that she made a mistake in following Smith's quotation from Schaff, assigning '*Extra Ecclesiam Nulla Salus*' to St. Cyprian. It has been pointed out to her that Schaff has a bad habit of adding similar words in quoting a Father; and that this is a proverbial expression, not an exact quotation. Origen's words quoted by two or three, from his comment on Rahab, are perhaps the nearest.

Bog Oak thanks Countess and many others for their kind New Year Wishes.

Notices to Correspondents.

E. B. will be much obliged if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' will kindly tell her where she can procure the criticism on 'Robert Elsmere' written by the Bishop of Carlisle.

Granny would be very much obliged if the Editor or any one would tell her where to find these lines. They were copied about seventy years ago.

'Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d' amor si strugge a lor davanti.

* * * * *

Tal per noi Provvidenza, alta, infinita,
Veglia, a questi conforta, a quei provide.

* * * * *

W. H. S.—Whence comes—

'By slow degrees to noble acts we rise'?

In answer to *S. B.*, in Notices to Correspondents, January number of the 'Monthly Packet,' *E. M. C.* says there is a poem called 'The Deathbed' (p. 180, in an edition of Thomas Hood's poems, published by Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street, in 1860) which resembles *S. B.*'s quotation, but is not quite similar. *E. M. C.* knows of no other poem of Hood's on the same subject.

'We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

'Oh, if that's all, we'll come down on him and set all that right. He'll be twice the man with a good wife. I shall be interested in the event.'

'I've never seen the sister,' said Gipsy. 'I fancy she's a commonplace little person, rather the country-town beauty, you know, and not at all sympathetic with Gwen. She was the father's pet; he spoiled her, and snubbed poor Gwendolen.'

'She's out in the cold now, then, poor little thing.'

'Yes. It's very good of Jack to let me ask them for so long; but it is the Humfrey business that touched his heart, I think. However, he doesn't mind Gwen as he minds my other friend that I want to introduce you to—Mrs. Tanner.'

'Poor Gipsy! Tell me about Mrs. Tanner.'

'I mean to, I assure you. But first—Jack has various dinners and things coming on which he wants to lug you into. Have you got any special engagement you want a day kept free for?'

'I want to go over to a place called Paul's Warrendon some day, to look after the welfare of my wards, the Maxwells.'

'But Frank Maxwell is in this house.'

'Yes; but his stepmother is always writing me ridiculous letters, à la Mrs. Nickleby, and I thought the simplest plan would be to go and see her. She lives with a banker and his family named Ingleston.'

'That is a cousin of these very Despards.'

'Well, she wants to put Frank into this bank. As far as I can understand from her letters, the partner of this Ingleston died suddenly, and his interest in the bank goes to a cousin, who is willing to come to an agreement to leave the partnership open for Frank. I must find out about him, and also how the girl is being educated.'

'The partner must be poor Gwen's father. But don't worry about going there—it is a nasty journey, and I'll ask Mrs. Maxwell and the girl here for a day or two.'

'Well, if you were kind enough to do that, I might get more notion how things were with the children, than by a mere casual visit. And now tell me about the friend that Jack doesn't like.'

'Well, Cherry, I really do want you to be impartial about her. You don't expect everybody to agree with you about everything.'

'No! Does Jack?'

'He never thinks people—at least women—have much sense if they don't. And Fay—that's Mrs. Tanner—has her prejudices too. She doesn't believe in a model parson, and though I told her you were not the very least like one——'

'Thank you.'

'Cherry, you are not to laugh. I have promised Jack to go by your opinion, and he has promised to give in if you think it's right.'

Cheriton was accustomed to confidences from all the members of his large and varied family. He knew when Mrs. John Lester

thought Mrs. Lester of Oakby narrow-minded, and when Mrs. Lester of Oakby thought Mrs. John Lester 'too artistic.' Neither lady had ever had cause to repent of 'making him a safety-valve; and he prepared to listen to Gipsy's woes, with a smile under his long fair beard, for he knew that neither her husband's tyranny, nor her rebellion against it, were more than was needed to give a little piquancy to the surface of life.

'Well, let me hear what my opinion is to be asked upon. First of all, what line does your friend take?'

'She is an influential person—she really does influence people for good. And Jack detests her.'

'I never found Jack open to Influence—with a big I'—said Cheriton.

'No!' said Gipsy, laughing. 'But he ought to agree with Fay, because she's an absolute Radical, and so's he. At least—he thinks so.'

'Scratch the Radical and you find the Tory. He can't help it.'

'That's just it with Jack. I don't care a straw who people are if I like them; but Jack says class distinctions are wrong, and talks rank socialism; but he never really judges people by anything else. Now you know it really is very inconsistent of him. When I tell him all Fay's arguments on the female franchise, he says the rights of women stand on quite different grounds, just because we are women! You know how fond of arguing Jack is.'

'If he isn't he puts a great force on his taste.'

'Well, he hates Mrs. Tanner so much that he never will argue with her. He is only polite. Now, Cherry, *will* you argue with her? It would be so good for her to see that a clergyman could!'

'I'll try,' said Cherry gravely. 'And if she converts me, though I haven't the remotest idea to what, I'll take up the cudgels and Jack shall argue with *me*!'

'Oh, thank you,' said Gipsy, quite seriously. 'Because you see, if there is a movement, one feels that one has a right to be in it, and then for a *man* like Jack to think one is better without it.'

'There is the man!' said Cheriton, jumping up, as his brother opened the door; while the first words clearly distinguishable in the storm of greeting from the unargumentative Jack, were—

'Why did you come by this very inconvenient train? I thought I explained to you that you would have saved half an hour by coming by the next.'

'I liked having tea with Gipsy better than the chance of waiting in that impossible Junction, by which you keep your friends at a distance; and the other trains were calculated to miss each other,' returned Cheriton.

'Well, here you are,' said Jack, 'at last; and don't let me hear anything of a flying visit. It's rather unlucky that Gipsy has these girls coming at the same time; but I don't suppose they'll come much in your way.'

'No; here I am for my holiday. Things are all straight at home, and I have been quite up to work all the spring; so now I can enjoy myself. As for the young ladies, I am deeply interested in what Gipsy tells me about Bevan.'

'Ah, by the way, he was asking just now when you were coming. I'm afraid there's a hitch; he looks despondent. But come along—come and have a smoke. I want you to tell me if you don't think some of the boys' essays—especially Archer's—don't equal anything sent up by undergraduates in your time.'

'If you are to criticise Archer's essays, convert Fay, and encourage Humfrey's modesty, you won't waste your holiday, Cherry,' said Gipsy; 'and look after your wards into the bargain.'

Humfrey Bevan did not wait long before claiming his share of these holiday tasks. He had never forgotten their first brief interview. At that time Cheriton was much out of health; his life was regarded as in constant danger, and Humfrey had hardly expected ever to see him again. His youth, and his share of the splendid good looks of a family remarkable for personal beauty, had added pathos to this belief, and helped to fix the memory of his very few words, and of the peculiar *in-seeing*, onlooking expression of the eyes that had then seemed fixed on another life.

Humfrey had occasionally met him since at Quixeter, looking much more like his brother Jack, and restored to the life of ordinary people, and their intercourse, though very friendly, had not gone below the surface. But now, when he heard of Cheriton's coming, the impulse to claim that keen and kindly help once more came strong upon him, and circumstances favoured him; for Cheriton, who was very fond of Arden's Paradise, went for a stroll there on the morning after his arrival at Quixeter, and came quite naturally across poor Humfrey, who spent far too many of his leisure intervals in musing over his disappointment in the scene of his brightest hopes. After a few words of ordinary greeting, and of comment on the beauty of the old garden, Humfrey broke out—

'Mr. Lester, I have never forgotten your kindness long ago. You know what I was then; but one may feel oneself another person—as if another soul had come into the same body. I could believe any wild ideas about double personality. I am *not* the same young fool I was then. It is as if I had two natures—one was dead. It is hard to have it recalled to one.'

'It is out of the two parts that we have to make the whole. But what is it you want to talk about?' said Cheriton, with a directness that somehow did not check Humfrey, but enabled him to speak. And he said abruptly—

'I have formed another—a real attachment, and I am afraid that a false report of that old affair has—has prejudiced her mind against me.'

'In that case, my brother and I can both bear witness to the true

story; which, besides, as I understood, was well known to many others.'

'I cannot consult your brother, and the story was perverted by many,' said Humfrey gloomily. 'Perhaps, too, even the real facts might seem unpardonable to—to *her*.'

'And—her?' said Cheriton inquiringly.

'It is Miss Despard. You must have heard my cousin talk of her.'

'Yes; but she is coming here very shortly.'

'She cannot help that. The facts are these,' said Humfrey, with a sudden plunge. 'I was full of hope, and I had something to offer her. She gave me the plainest encouragement, till she was called away by her father's death. In fact, I feel that I had a right to write to her, and say what would have been said, had she stayed another hour in Quixeter; and this is her answer. What can have prompted it but a change in all her views of me?'

Cheriton read the letter, which struck him as curiously abrupt and childish in expression. It certainly seemed to point to some complication, and was not the refusal of an indifferent person. He looked at Humfrey, whom he thought to be a good fellow, but not remarkable for strength of character.

'You are quite certain of her previous feelings?' he said.

'Oh, quite!' said Humfrey simply. 'She meant me to know them; and she is truth itself—like crystal.'

Cheriton was impressed with the matter-of-course tone in which this statement was made. Not in the least as if Humfrey was convincing himself, or thought it difficult to convince his auditor, but as the mere statement of an undoubted fact; and he began to think that Humfrey's idea was probably the correct one.

A young man does not extricate himself from so foolish an affair as Humfrey's engagement to Thyrza Larramore, at the best, in a fashion that would appear heroic to a young lady inexperienced in life's difficulties and temptations. When people tumble into difficulties in a foolish way, they usually have to tumble out of them in a still less justifiable manner. It was possible that the real story might have offended Miss Despard; and as Humfrey had been represented as being both treacherous and unfeeling in the matter, she might easily have been made to think him unworthy of her regard. Still the letter did not quite lend itself to this view.

'The only thing is,' said Cheriton, 'would not so truthful a person as you describe have spoken more plainly? Have given you the chance to defend yourself? Can there be any complication arising from family circumstances?'

'I don't see how. She and her sister are quite independent.'

'You will not take this for an answer?'

'No. You don't think I should?'

'Never!' said Cheriton. 'Don't leave the shadow of a chance of a

misunderstanding! You can call me as witness if you will; but face to face, that will not be required.'

Humfrey said much more, and Cheriton gathered that this direct-natured, clear-aimed girl had done much to brighten and steady her lover's outlook on life; that she had made the details of his profession seem worth while, and cured him of dilettanteism in feeling and action. Humfrey had a poor opinion of his own merits; but he manifestly offered Gwendolen a most faithful and generous love, and Cheriton heartily wished him success, and left him in a much less despairing humour, and with renewed determination to have nothing but absolute truth between himself and his truthful Gwendolen.

CHAPTER X.

MEETING.

THE personal history of this 'privy counsellor,' as Gipsy sometimes called Cheriton Lester, was a somewhat peculiar one, as indeed were the family circumstances by which it had been greatly modified. A joyous, prosperous youth had ended in a series of disappointments. He had had a very unhappy love story, a delusion of which the memory could never be other than bitter to him. The lady married his cousin, went with him to India, and afterwards died; but though she had thus passed long since out of Cheriton's life, he could never forget that the love of all his boyhood had been utterly thrown away, that he had begun life with a huge mistake.

The succession, shortly after this misfortune, to the family property of a partly Spanish half-brother, whose youth had till a few months before been spent in his mother's country, had introduced an element into the lives of the three English brothers, and their sister, which had proved very difficult of adjustment, and, spite of much personal affection, had partly cut Cheriton off from the home and interests to which he had been greatly devoted. He had had a brilliant career at Oxford, and had been intended to read for the bar under the auspices of his uncle, Judge Cheriton; but before this intention could be carried out, his health broke down entirely, and made the hard work necessary for professional success impossible to him. As months went by and he partially recovered, a variety of motives, of which the tender tie of old neighbourhood was perhaps the strongest, had led him to consecrate what he then believed to be at most a very few years of life, to the only work that seemed open to him. He took orders, and became curate to the old sporting Vicar of Eldrithwaite, a place [close to Oakby, where he was well known and possessed some property; personal character and local influence combining to point him out as the only person who could do the peculiar work required there.

His eldest brother married, the family life re-adjusted itself, and

in a variety of duties and interests, Cheriton's affectionate and cordial nature found much happiness. He had his share of the strength of constitution of his unusually vigorous family, and in spite of more than one perilous attack of illness, he did not die, nor remain in the long run unfitted for the ordinary work of life, but gradually recovered a serviceable share of health and strength. By the time he realised this, the closest ties had formed themselves between himself, his Vicar, and his flock, and he was a person to whom any breach of ties was impossible. He found out, too, that the chances of life were not exhausted by his boyish troubles, that he had all his manhood to come, after he had believed himself to have lived through the worst and the best that could ever befall him. He was a country gentleman by birth and habit, and cared, with a great part of his nature, for the country gentleman's life. He farmed his land, and took pride in his crops and his cattle, and busied himself with the highways and by-ways, with the secular well-being of his parish, and though he did not shoot or ride to hounds himself, he liked, in measure, the company and conversation of those who did. But on this foundation of kindly good neighbourhood, he superadded the most careful and conscientious attention to the duties of a country clergyman of rather an old-fashioned kind; for Elderthwaite was an old-fashioned place, behind the times in externals.

And out of this careful attention to duty, there came, even in that small and rustic parish, opportunities for doing work for others of very rare quality indeed. Cheriton Lester had long ago discovered—for he had had too many experiences not to be rather a self-conscious person—that behind and beyond the influence of his kindly sympathy and his local popularity, he possessed an uncommon power of touching souls, that he could win men and influence them, yes—even change them altogether.

What the effect of this consciousness was on the mind of a young man who had once been full of eager ambitions, no one, except perhaps his brother Jack, ever knew. He was a shy and reticent person, and distrustful of such influences, even when he himself exercised them. But by the time Cheriton Lester was thirty, and entirely bound to the old Vicar and the rough parishioners, who depended on him for everything, he knew quite well that he had the power within him which sways numbers, and converts individuals; and not only gives to famous leaders and teachers a success that is surely sweeter and more intense than any worldly distinction, but causes many to rise up, and, with reason, call them blessed. Cheriton's outer history had for many years been unusually calm and peaceful; his inner life had consisted of a curious double conflict, not only between his character and his circumstances, but between these two sides of himself; a conflict in which sometimes his lively interest in, his fond affection for, the common things around him made it painful and difficult to him to rise above them; while sometimes, but more

rarely, passionate, ambitious, intense longings rose up within him, and made him impatient of his homely duties; and still more so of the always uncertain health that often made profound or prolonged effort impossible to him.

Life would have been much easier to him if he had let himself be only the 'squarson' which circumstances had made him; it might have been more inspiring if those circumstances had tied him less closely.

It was not a battle that could be won once for all, and the struggle was often hard enough to make the sunshiny sweetness which made him so much beloved, something more than a natural gift; for though it was as the possessor of rare powers that Humfrey Bevan had remembered and appealed to him, he first impressed people by his simple cheerful manner, his ready laughter, and invariable kindness of word and action. He seemed to Maisie Despard the very kindest person she had ever seen, when he found her luggage and rescued her umbrella and put an end to all her difficulties at Quixeter Station on the day the two sisters began their promised visit.

For they had had a miserable and unlucky journey. Gwendolen's weary emotions had resulted in a blinding, stupifying headache. She knew the journey, Maisie did not, and relied upon her sister; they missed a train at the junction, had to wait two hours on a blazing afternoon, and arrived much after Gipsy had expected them, to find the platform full of a cattle-show excursion train, and porters everywhere but where they were wanted. Gwendolen was really past caring what became of their property, or even of themselves. All her self-control was worn out, and at the sight of Quixeter Station, she actually began to cry, and even to choke with suppressed sobs, feeling as if nothing could enable her to face her friends.

'I can't—I can't,' she sobbed, 'I can't go on,' as that desperate feeling seized on her, which makes any exposure, any misery seem preferable to the one impossible effort of endurance.

As poor Maisie looked round in utter despair and saw a tall clergyman approaching and raising his hat, she felt as if a stranger's presence was the last straw, and as if life might as well be given up at once. Her great grey eyes were beginning to be tearful, too; her hair was blown into an untidy mop, she could hardly speak, and looked more utterly woebegone even than she felt.

But somehow, in another minute or two, Gwen was sitting on a shady bench, drinking a glass of water, the luggage was in a pile on the platform, a fly was ready, and Mr. Lester was talking about the crowd and the cattle show, as if it was the most natural thing possible for two sensible, modern, independent young ladies to be found crying because they had lost their boxes.

Gwendolen was really giddy and almost faint, needing to be helped into the carriage; but Maisie recovered herself directly and smiled and blushed radiantly, if rather tremulously, as she said—

‘We were just giving up entirely.’

‘Oh, it’s generally worth while to hold on just one more minute. It’s getting cooler, and my sister-in-law’s tea is quite ready.’

‘We’ve had none,’ said Maisie. ‘It was all on the other side at the Junction—it didn’t seem worth while to go after it.’

‘Ah, I expect that was a mistake,’ said Cheriton, and something in the commonplace, matter-of-course tone set Maisie quite at her ease, and she looked round at the new place with awakening interest; while Gwen showed her revival by silently pulling her veil over her face as they drove up the High Street, and beneath it she shut her eyes.

She was fit for nothing but to go to bed, and had but one thought, to shut out Gipsy, her loving sympathy, and the look of puzzled distress that began to come into her eyes as she recognised a change in her friend far beyond what a temporary headache could cause.

The sadness on Maisie’s sweet little face was right and natural. She had been her lost father’s pet; her sudden blushes were quite accountable in a stranger left to make her own way with her sister’s friends. But what could be the matter with Gwendolen? Her father’s death was not so desperate a grief; and, if it had been, a faithful and favoured lover was waiting to console her. She had not had to bear the dreadful night-watch in the marshes—she had not seen her father die.

Cheriton, who knew how she had refused Humfrey, was of course silently observant. But if this distress came from a conviction of her lover’s unworthiness, or from shame at a change in herself, why had she come to Quixeter?

He was full of pity for the pretty little sister, who seemed so quiet, and had such sweet, misty, sorrowful eyes—which, nevertheless, looked as if they were intended to sparkle.

Maisie blushed and was shy, because, for the first time, she felt that she had a secret to keep.

She said all that was needful about going abroad, and the ladies that Mrs. Ingleston thought they might join; but when Gipsy, puzzled beyond measure, said—

‘But it—it will be very lonely for you, won’t it? What has made you think of it?’—she felt suddenly quite stupid, and as if she could think of no plausible reason at all for wanting to winter in the Riviera.

‘It is something to have seen all that brightness and colour—something always to remember,’ said Cheriton, as he went away to leave Gipsy free to hear all the story, while Maisie felt quite grateful to him for finding an excuse for her.

‘Has Mr. Lester been much abroad?’ she said.

‘Yes,’ answered Gipsy; ‘when he was so ill. But—I think you must know that Gwen will have to answer a question before she decides to winter abroad—a question my cousin, Humfrey Bevan,

was going to ask her the very day you had to send for her. Indeed, it was as good as asked and answered before.'

'I did not know that,' said Maisie.

'It is so, indeed. She perhaps thinks he should have made some sign before; but he is only too ready now, poor fellow!'

'Things such as we have gone through make life seem all different,' said Maisie, feeling almost overwhelmed with the difficulties of the position.

'I don't think Gwen is a girl given to vague and imaginary feelings,' said Gipsy; and a wave of despair passed over Maisie as she saw what poor Gwen was 'in for,' as she expressed it to herself.

Gwendolen came down to breakfast the next morning with her headache cured and her self-control recovered. If it had not been for expectation of the Maxwells, and for the constant dread of Humfrey's appearance, the fresh scenes and faces would have done her good. But the appearance on the scene of Cheriton Lester, in the capacity of Marcia's guardian, made her feel as if a discovery might come at any moment—a discovery which she would have courted if she dared.

She was too brave and too practical, however, to shirk the necessary explanation with Gipsy, which the latter brought about as soon as she was alone with Gwen and Maisie, by saying—

'And have you *quite* decided on wintering abroad? What has made you think of doing so?'

'We have had to give up our house to the other bank partner, Henry Ingleston,' said Gwen; 'and we don't know what else to do.'

'We have never been abroad,' said Maisie, who had recovered her wits.

'And is this Mr. Ingleston a nice person?' said Gipsy, who could not exactly pick a hole in this plausible statement.

'He's our cousin. We have always known him,' said Maisie.

'Gipsy,' said Gwendolen, 'I had better say at once, and before Maisie, what has to be said. I have changed my mind about Mr. Bevan, and I don't mean to marry him now. I never did give him any promise, and I suppose it's not my duty to go on with it. You must make him understand that I cannot, if—if he does not know.'

'What has he done?' said Gipsy, not unnaturally.

'*Nothing!*' said Gwendolen, with passionate emphasis.

'Then am I to suppose,' said Gipsy, rather stiffly, 'that any other interest——'

'Yes,' said Maisie, 'all sorts of other interests.'

'Never, never in my life!' broke in Gwendolen, and then, to Maisie's utter amazement, she suddenly started up and faced round on Gipsy.

'Yes, I have changed my mind. There is something else, and I don't—I don't care about that any longer. I mistook my feelings, and all this has made me find it out. I don't want to settle down—I

want to go about and see the world. Of course one could hardly judge shut up at Paul's Warrendon; but now that Maisie and I are so well off, and can do as we like—— Marriage is not every one's vocation. I had only a fancy for Mr. Bevan, and it hasn't stood the test of change and real life. I was not so much in earnest as I supposed. Now, Gipsy, it is settled once for all, and may be dropped out of my future existence.'

'Well,' said Gipsy, 'I think that that will have to depend on Humfrey. I should not think he would be content with my report of your sentiments.'

'Gwendolen could only tell him the same thing; could you, Gwen?' said Maisie.

Gipsy was utterly puzzled, and by nothing so much as by Maisie's persistent backing-up of her sister. But for this she would really have thought that Gwendolen's nerves and brain had given way under her troubles. She knew nothing about Humfrey's college experiences, or she would probably have come to his own conclusion on the matter. But Gwendolen's positive assertions, combined with her evident misery, seemed to point to some real barrier between the lovers.

'We must make this point quite clear,' she said, and poor Gwen recognised in the tones the change from the equal friend to the married woman having a right to reprove the mistaken maiden. 'You wish me to understand that you mistook your feelings when you told me that you returned Humfrey's affection?'

'Yes,' said Gwendolen; 'I wish you to understand that.'

'Now that your fortune is your own; in fact, you see life differently?'

'Yes, now I am a rich woman.'

'Gwendolen,' said Gipsy, 'you're telling a falsehood. You have changed your mind, and you don't wish me to know why. But, if that last assertion was true, you wouldn't have said it. However, we'll drop the subject for the present.'

'There,' said Gwendolen, as Gipsy left the room, 'have I done enough? I have lost my friend, and given up my lover, and told all the lies possible, and after all we shall be found out!'

'Really, you might have managed without telling lies,' said Maisie. 'But, Gwen, you ought to have told me how things stood.'

'Lies! I don't think it makes any difference when you have to imply them,' said Gwendolen restlessly. 'I have gone in for it now, and perhaps I shall get to be as fond of telling them as Hal himself.'

'It would be nice here,' said Maisie, sighing, 'if we had not got so much on our minds.'

'Nice?' said Gwendolen, 'you little know what it was to me. It can never be the same thing to you.'

'Gwen,' said Maisie, 'now I understand clearly about Mr. Bevan. I'm sure we ought not to have come here—you ought to have told

me. It's not fair on him if you are going to refuse him. And I don't see how, being here, you *can* resist him.'

'I can if I will,' said Gwen coldly.

'We're in a false position,' said Maisie. 'Mr. Lester will suspect us of something, and that other Mr. Lester I am sure will find us out.'

'What, because he is the Maxwells' guardian, and so mixed up with Hal. It's very unlucky that he is here, of course.'

'He seems very kind, too,' said Maisie; 'but his eyes look so—so comprehending. I think one would have to tell very clever fibs to take him in, somehow,' she added, with a nervous little laugh. 'You had better leave it to me, for you tell them very badly.'

'They are more in your line,' said Gwendolen.

Maisie winced, rather at the tone than at the words; a little time back such plain speaking would not have hurt her at all, especially when she knew all that was come upon Gwendolen. But her little childish soul also was feeling the pull of a great responsibility. Going among strangers made her feel how she had changed.

'I want daddy!' she thought, and went away by herself and cried bitterly.

CHAPTER XI.

HONOUR?

THERE was no escape for Gwendolen. She had faced Gipsy, and she had to face Humfrey himself. She perceived indeed that she had put herself into an impossible situation—that she never ought to have come near Quixeter. Why had she come? 'To find out if Humfrey was very angry with her.' 'Because she could not bear her life any longer without one look at him.' And now Maisie's words had made her realise that she was ill-treating the Lesters' cousin and friend, and that her presence in their house was almost impossible. Oh, how she hated Hal Ingleston, how she scorned Maisie, how passionately she resented the fate that had given her such a father. As for telling lies, when any one was mixed up in such a coil of wickedness, what did that matter? She had persuaded herself that Humfrey would not try to see her, that it would be much kinder if he did not; but of course she respected him far more and loved him far more intensely, when she found that he was not satisfied with her unsatisfactory letter.

Gipsy brought him to her, as she was sitting in the morning room, soon after their conversation, and said gravely—

'Gwendolen, my cousin is here. After what you said to me before you went away, I think you must let him speak for himself.'

Gwendolen turned round, and whatever Humphrey had himself felt or suffered was driven from his mind by the sight of the anguish

on her altered face. The blooming bright-faced girl was thin, white, and haggard. Her clear untroubled eyes had grown defiant; but they did not droop or shrink.

She got up and came towards him, as Gipsy went away, and spoke before he could utter a word.

'I *can't* marry you,' she said, looking him full in the face. 'It can't be done. I have changed. I can't do it.'

'You did mean to give yourself to me,' said Humfrey, grasping her hand.

'Yes, I did.'

'You—you think me unworthy. You have heard something about me.'

'No, I have not,' said Gwendolen, surprised. The poor truthful girl stuck to the falsehood she had nerved herself to tell; but never thought of availing herself of this much better false excuse. 'I don't mean—I don't wish to marry you now,' she said. 'I've changed my mind.'

The effect she produced on Humfrey was a curious one. He felt certain that she was not telling the truth, that the words she was speaking were false, and yet he never suspected her of original falseness or inconstant change. His own past went out of his head, a sudden impulse seized him.

'Do you know how *I* love *you*?' he began, and pleaded and entreated, giving way to the passion he had meant to control till he had convinced her that he was a worthy lover.

'I love you. I love you, Gwendolen. I know you love me. I will not hear what you say. I will not give you up. I love you.'

'No, no, no!' sobbed Gwendolen, shrinking away from the clasping arms, hiding her face from the eager eyes. 'No, no, no! I *will* not. Don't—you will kill me.'

Humfrey yielded to the agony of her tone, and drew back.

'I don't believe that you do not love me,' he said.

'No, I do not,' said Gwendolen; 'I don't love any one. I never shall again.'

'Once more,' said Humfrey, 'ask me any question you will. Give me a chance of satisfying you. Can you tell no one what you mean? Not Gipsy? No? Cheriton Lester has been my friend for years—more than my friend. I thought to tell you something of what he had done for me. Could you tell him what this trouble is? He knows already how we have stood together.'

'No, no, he'll find it out.'

Humfrey was desperate. He heard Cheriton's voice in the passage, and with a sudden impulse he rushed out and called him.

'Come,' he said, 'there is some extraordinary mistake somewhere. Come, it is our only hope. I'll not leave a stone unturned. Come.'

He dragged Cheriton into the room, face to face with Gwendolen, whose eyes met him, with an eagerness that seemed like a sort of hope, and so absolutely without confusion, or embarrassment, that

Cheriton himself hardly felt the awkwardness of the situation; but spoke at once, taking her hand.

'What is this terrible trouble?' he said, as if the telling it was quite a simple thing.

'I can't marry him,' said Gwendolen, 'and I can't tell him why.'

'Will you tell me this. Is the fault on his side?'

'No, no!' she said passionately. 'It has nothing to do with him at all.'

'I think,' said Cheriton, 'that there is hardly anything which ought to make you refuse to listen to so faithful a lover.'

'Nothing, nothing?' said Gwendolen, 'not even wrong and wickedness?'

'Nothing—without explanation on both sides. Certainly no wickedness of any one else.'

'It is never *all* other people, and I have told him that I don't love him.'

'That is not the truth,' cried Humfrey passionately; 'I defy you to tell me that again. You do love me.'

'I do not, I do not. That is all I can say,' cried Gwendolen, with almost frenzy in her voice. She turned and walked quickly away, then suddenly added, as she paused at the door, 'If you can, find out!'

They were defiant words; but the tone was one of passionate appeal.

Cheriton checked Humfrey's eager question. 'Not now,' he said. 'Miss Despard, perhaps, we *shall* find out. Till then, Mr. Bevan will say no more to you. Do at the moment what you think right; and believe me nothing is hopeless. Give your troubles time. There is a way out of the worst, you know—if we go the right way to work. And He sends them after all.'

Gwendolen burst into tears, and the dreadful sense of reeling judgment, of over-mastering impulse passed away. She had had no notion what facing Humfrey would be like, nothing had really taught her before the strength of the first passion she had ever known. The agony of resisting it had almost turned her brain, and she had never thought of softening the blow to Humfrey or to herself. Even now, in the eyes which she lifted to Cheriton, there was wrath, rebellion, and bitterness.

'*God* did not send my troubles,' she said.

Cheriton did not contradict her as she supposed he would.

'Still, He will show the way to bear them, or He will take them away,' he said. 'And, Miss Despard,' he added, with a sudden impulse, and in a tone not meant for Humfrey's ear, 'we shall try to find out.'

She gave him another strange look that he saw was not all of fear, and fled without another word.

Humfrey turned round to him with a gesture of despairing appeal.

'What—what does she mean?' he said, pale and agitated, more with the misery of seeing her extreme distress than with the loss of his own faint hope.

‘I think it has nothing to do with you,’ said Cheriton. ‘She has heard nothing I am sure to your discredit.’

‘I don’t believe she has ceased to love me,’ said Humfrey, in broken accents.

‘Nor I—at all. I think she does love you!’

‘You don’t think,’ said poor Humfrey, ‘that her troubles have so upset her, that she does not know herself what she thinks—that her brain is excited?’

‘No—no,’ said Cheriton; ‘I think not. Not in the sense you mean. She is very much excited; but she knows what she is about. I think you must let her alone. I don’t think she is under a delusion; but she is not calm enough, I am sure, to judge fairly. Gipsy will take care of her, and may very likely come to some understanding about it.’

‘I will avoid her sooner than cause her such distress,’ said Humfrey, with difficulty.

‘Yes; I fear you must. I’ll look in on you by-and-by,’ said Cheriton, as Humfrey, hearing a footstep, rushed off by a door leading to the boys’ part of the house, just as the anxious Gipsy came into the room.

She had tried to get something out of Maisie, with entire want of success.

She knew that Cheriton had been formerly a kind friend to Humfrey, and she was not surprised that he had been appealed to now.

‘Oh, Cherry! what do you think?’ she said.

‘Do you really know all about Miss Despard, Gipsy?’

‘Yes. What do you mean? What do you think?’

‘Well,’ said Cheriton reluctantly, ‘of course any sort of former entanglement *might* account for her extraordinary conduct. If she is bound by any promise which she had, perhaps, half forgotten——’

Gipsy sat down, looking very serious.

‘If that’s so, Maisie knows it, and backs her up,’ she said.

‘Her sister knows her reasons? That does look very like it.’

‘Well, Cherry,’ said Gipsy, ‘of course I see that it does look like it. But I have known Gwen very well, and for a long time. I don’t believe anything had ever happened to her before in her life. I am very much puzzled; but I don’t *think* it is as you say. Does Humfrey think so?’

‘I don’t think the idea has crossed his mind. The implicit confidence which the young lady inspires is the oddest part of the business, especially as I am quite sure she was trying to-day to deceive us.’

‘Oh, yes!’ said Gipsy, ‘she is trying to deceive us now, certainly. But, Cherry, anything would be more credible to me than that Gwen had had a mysterious history. Besides, she is twenty-five, and not at all weak or silly. It would have to be something very serious that would keep a hold on her.’

‘Well,’ said Cheriton, ‘I hope the idea won’t occur to poor Bevan. But I should say he could hardly help thinking of it. All her present circumstances are quite clear, I suppose?’

‘Oh, dear, yes! She has a thousand a year, and so has Maisie. She is quite independent; it is all as straight as possible. She never ought to have come here.’

‘Ah, no!’ said Cheriton; ‘she ought not. But I suppose it is Bevan’s best hope that she did.’

Poor Gwendolen was so much accustomed to tell the truth, so much accustomed to implicit belief, that in spite of Humfrey’s passionate protest, she expected that both he and Gipsy would believe her falsehood. She did not know how badly she did her work of deception.

But Maisie, listening to her story to Gipsy, had seen that words and manner were alike incredible, and realising fully her relation to Humfrey, felt how very serious the predicament was.

‘Didn’t Gwen tell you about my cousin?’ said Gipsy, rather stiffly, as she came back from her interview with Cheriton.

‘I knew there was some one here—rather interesting; but not even his name. And lately, since our troubles, she has never talked about him at all.’

‘Then you suppose she really doesn’t care for him?’

‘She says not,’ said Maisie; ‘and she always tells the truth.’

‘Then I think she has used Humfrey very ill.’

‘It’s not always a girl’s fault when she does that,’ said Maisie; ‘and—and now—things are so different, you see.’

‘Maisie,’ said Gipsy, ‘all this is much too serious for trifling. If you can explain Gwen’s conduct, will you do so before my brother-in-law. He is Humfrey Bevan’s friend, and the only person who can help him to bear this terrible disappointment.’

‘Well,’ said Maisie, with an heroic sense of telling all the fibs instead of Gwen, ‘if you wish it I will.’

But she felt almost powerless to speak as Cheriton came in at Gipsy’s call, and sat down, looking at her with grave and courteous but most observant eyes, and secretly much disliking the whole situation.

‘Gwen has changed her mind,’ faltered Maisie. ‘She really has. I suppose she liked Mr. Bevan partly because all this place was so delightful to her. She was very much out of it at home, poor Gwen! But the great shock has made us find things out. Indeed, she does not wish to marry him now. I know she doesn’t. But she is ashamed of having misled him. I am sure that is partly what makes her so strange.’

‘I think,’ said Cheriton, ‘that this is quite conclusive. We must believe what you tell us, and you ought to know.’

His tone was very kind and gentle. He felt quite sure that Maisie was telling the truth as she knew it, however much he might reserve his judgment as to Gwendolen. He could not bear to distress

this tender little sister, whose great soft eyes had such a perplexed, appealing look in them, and feeling the difficulty of the situation, he left Gipsy and Maisie alone. When he was gone, Maisie repeated, in a distressed tone—

‘We ought to go away, Mrs. Lester. Indeed, we ought not to have come; but I don’t quite know where we can go till August. Then we are going to Cromer, to an old servant of ours who keeps lodgings; but she is full till then, and we haven’t got any home to go to. Hal Ingleston wanted to come in at Midsummer. What do you think we can do? Is there anywhere we can go?’

‘You must stay on here,’ said Gipsy impulsively, touched with the forlornness of the two young creatures. ‘I agree with you it will be awkward for Humfrey and Gwen, naturally, to meet after all this; but you are neither of you fit to throw yourselves upon the world till you have recovered yourselves a little. Anyhow, I can’t let you go. Humfrey must just keep away for the present.’

‘Oh, thank you—thank you!’ said Maisie ardently. ‘I know now what she meant by saying you were all such good people! Somehow’—and she began to cry—‘we seem to have so many fewer friends than other people, friends who will take us in when we want it. I shall never forget how good you are!’

And a kiss passed between the two, the first real approach to cordiality between Gipsy and Maisie.

It was partly in consequence of this new pitifulness called out in Gipsy, that she fought her guests’ battle so gallantly against Jack, who thought it most improper that Gwen should think of staying on at Quixeter after refusing Humfrey.

‘It’s my doing, Jack. If anybody’s shown a want of delicate feeling, I am the culprit. They have both talked to me about going, and I said I was not going to let them. They have positively nowhere to go. Maisie was miserable about it—I mean about the whole thing, and she cried with relief when I said I should keep them. Now, Jack, you know you couldn’t turn the poor things out into the cold!’

‘Jack’s bark is worse than his bite,’ said Cheriton. ‘The poor girls seem very lonely.’

‘That’s right, Cherry, back me up. They *are* nice girls, aren’t they, in spite of this extraordinary crank of poor Gwen’s? And extremely pretty, both of them?’

‘That’s true enough,’ said Jack; ‘and I’m sure I hope they’ll be careful not to try to turn any more of the young masters’ heads if they stay.’

At this remark, curiously enough, Cheriton felt a momentary irritation rise in his mind against his brother. He felt as if the idea were somehow insulting to that sweet-faced, grey-eyed girl with her troubled expression.

(To be continued.)

'LOST IN THE FINDING.'

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER IV.

POOR Margaret's forebodings were justified! Prayers at 8 A.M. were an invariable custom in a Lisbon merchant's household, probably originating in the daily service, which, up to the time of Charles I., was habitual in the English Church, and for which this would be, to the exiles, the nearest equivalent. But in vain did Margaret look for Humphrey to make his appearance, as he had promised, at that hour the next morning.

Breakfast passed without any reference to him; and when Margaret was afterwards free to go to her mother's room, she found the latter still in bed, suffering from a bad headache, and quite unfit for conversation; so she had to be contented with the whispered assurance that she should hear all that Mrs. Hawthorne herself knew later in the day, and that, in the meantime, she must not expect to see Humphrey.

Little did she think that she would soon look back upon the few hours of doubt and uncertainty which seemed so intolerable then, as among the last of the happiest portion of her life!

Need we say that 'afternoon tea' was an unknown institution on the earth's surface in the year of grace, 1755! But it would seem that Lisbon, at all events, had so far advanced on the path of civilisation as to discover that something was wanting to break the monotony of the long afternoon, and form a rallying epoch between the one-o'clock dinner, and supper at 9 P.M. Accordingly custom had instituted 'Fruit at four,' and at that hour, or a little sooner, the whole population awoke and arose from the midday sleep in which it was customary for even men of business to pass the hottest hours of the day.

Possibly Madam Hawthorne was in no hurry to communicate bad news to her daughter; or she may have hoped that that news might be bettered by circumstances and explanations as the hours of the day wore on; but it could no longer be deferred when they at last found themselves alone together in the Terrace room, with a small table, covered with delicious fruit and flowers, between them.

Small appetite had Margaret, however, as she questioned her mother with beseeching eyes; the latter shook her head.

'You must be brave and patient, my child,' she said, 'and above all, trust to, and obey your father implicitly.'

'But Humphrey?'

'His conduct has grieved your father greatly; not so much the immediate cause of his return, though even that he considers as a sample of the hot-headed indiscretion which we hoped that age and experience would have lessened, ere now; but the accounts contained in Mr. Faversham's despatches are far from satisfactory.'

'Oh, mother! How so?'

'He seems to have worked well at first, as we know that he had been doing here; but latterly his attendance at the office has been irregular, and he appears to have taken no pains to conceal his dislike to the business, and thorough distaste for all his surroundings.'

'But, mother, who can wonder, after what he told us? Did you tell my father?'

'I did, and—oh! Madge, that seemed to anger him more than anything. He deemed it even dishonourable to betray such matters.'

'But my father himself spoke against such doings only yesterday evening!'

'True; and I think that possibly this was the first intimation he had had of them on the part of any one connected with our firm, and that his annoyance on this head partly accounts for his anger. Still, my child, I cannot but feel with him that it would have been wiser had Humphrey kept silence to us. At all events, he seems firm in his present decision, which he bade me announce to you. He considers that Humphrey has broken the conditions of your engagement, and that it must be at an end.'

A low cry of pain broke from Margaret, as she buried her face in her mother's lap. The latter stroked her head fondly as she went on, wisely and kindly telling *all*, even at the risk of present pain.

'He says that he cannot give his daughter to one who is "unstable as water." To one whom he deems so bent on his own wilful way as to be willing to risk, on a chance, the comfort and happiness of what he is most bound to love and protect, sooner than face a disagreeable necessity himself; to one who is—I must tell you all he said, my Margery—willing to live in idleness on the fruit of the labours of others.'

'Mother! you know it is not so! It is not that. Humphrey is *made* for a soldier. If he might do that.'

'But it is no question of *prevention*, Margery. He knows as well as any one that it is impossible. He would not, if he could, serve under the present dynasty in England. Here again, his views and your father's are at variance. As you are well aware, our hereditary predilections are in favour of the Stuart cause; but your father deems that the "Powers which be are ordained of God;" and that Providence has plainly indicated God's will in this matter—a will to which we owe submission. It seems to me that it would be unseemly for you and me, his wife and daughter, to cavil at his

opinions. But once married, the case must be changed. It would be natural and right that you should share your husband's views; and oh! my child, if you had seen and known as I have the miseries which such differences of opinion in a family may lead to!

'Dearest mother! as if *anything* could raise dissension between us! Besides, even Humphrey himself owns that the Stuart cause is well-nigh hopeless now.'

'Who can tell! Ever since I can remember I have heard that said,' and Madam Hawthorne sighed wearily.

Margaret was accustomed to read her mother's face, and could see how unfit she then was for discussion or even prolonged conversation. Hard and rebellious thoughts were struggling in her mind against the good angel who whispered 'patience and prayer!' Those watch-words of a woman's life!

It was a dull, heavy evening, and the want of elasticity in the air no doubt helped unconsciously to weigh down Margaret's spirits as it did her mother's health. Yet both were too pre-occupied to observe anything unusual till Mr. Lester and his nephew, coming in an hour or two later, called their attention to the sunset, asking whether the extraordinary appearance of the heavens was usual at that hour. The sky was blood-red; the setting sun looking like a ball of rayless fire as it slowly sank; over the town hung a dull vapour; and the waters of the Tagus rolled in in waves, and beat against the shore with a heavy splash, which seemed utterly unaccountable in the total absence of wind.

'It is strange,' said Margaret. 'Our sunsets are generally so lovely! However, I hope you will still see plenty of the right sort; I should think there must be a storm coming to-night.'

'I hope it will be over before to-morrow,' said Sir Godfrey. 'We really ought to see what a sun-rise is like, which I own is not much in my line!'

'Why? What are you going to do?'

'The consul has asked us to breakfast at his house, and has promised to secure good places for us to see the ceremonies in the cathedral, if we can be there early enough. He actually proposes to breakfast at seven o'clock!'

'But we told him that we must in that matter be guided by your convenience, dear madam,' added Mr. Lester, turning to his hostess.

'It will in no way inconvenience us, I assure you,' she answered. 'My husband and daughter are often out in the garden at that hour, though I am unfortunately obliged to be somewhat later.'

Again Mr. Hawthorne avoided all mention of Humphrey in speaking to his daughter, so that she had to depart to bed uncertain whether he and her father had even met. Depart to *bed*, but not to *rest*; though it was not till after an hour spent in vain turnings and twistings that it gradually dawned upon Margaret that she was going to lie awake! How often she had heard her mother speak

quietly of having had 'a bad night,' and had answered lightly with a word of regret, but without the faintest comprehension of what that sentence meant: now she began to understand something of that most miserable of brain or nerve fevers, (which is it?) which to many is the most unendurable part of life, and in which the weariness and aching of the over-tired body is as nothing compared to the mental torture, in which even the smallest mole-hill of trouble magnifies itself into a mountain, the most insignificant words and sentences exaggerate themselves into fatal importance, while morbid introspection and self-accusation run riot unchecked, and the only part of the mental organism which apparently dwindles instead of increases in power, is the very part most needed, namely—*will*.

Three hours of this—then, when quite despaired of—sudden sleep; then, as sudden an awakening, accompanied by a sensation of gentle rocking, as though Margaret's bed had turned again into the cradle of her babyhood! She sat up with a start, and almost instantly recognised that it must be an earthquake—no new sensation to her, however; she had been accustomed to feel such slight shocks at times ever since she could remember, and attached no importance to it on this occasion, beyond a feeling of some resentment at being recalled to the realities of life sooner than need be. But this time sleep was kinder to her, and soon returned.

Breakfast was over early that morning, so as to give Mr. Lester and Sir Godfrey some refreshment before they started for the city. After prayers, Margaret joined her father on the Terrace, where he was busily at work, making the most of what was necessarily a holiday for the Protestant as well as the Roman Catholic population. She had determined to break the ice, and herself speak to him about Humphrey; but somehow it seemed difficult to begin when it came to the point, and she stood still for a moment hesitating, at the very spot where she and Humphrey had last talked together, with her arms resting on the low wall on which he had sat, while she gazed dreamily over the busy scene below. Unusually busy and gay to-day, for Lisbon was in gala mood in honour of All Saints' Day, and at this hour almost every one was either within or flocking towards the many churches, from the towers of which the bells pealed forth invitation and welcome.

Only near the river was there any sign of the usual occupations of everyday life. There a ship was about to set sail, (this being a lucky day), from the marble quay of Terreiro do Paço; and numbers were embarking or waiting to see the last of their friends. In the clear morning air, Margaret could distinguish quite distinctly the minute distant figures; but her thoughts were far away, and she started when her father called to her to come and help him by holding the vine which he was tying round a stone pillar on the opposite side of the path; this pillar formed one of several surrounding a large stone basin, half full of water, in which gold fish were swimming about.

Suddenly, while thus engaged, a loud subterraneous rumbling became audible; the ground under their feet heaved and shook, the water in the basin rose and dashed over the edge; and, involuntarily clutching at the nearest pillar, Margaret felt it give way under her hand, falling away from her to the ground.

All this was the work of an instant.

'An earthquake!' shouted her father, starting up, and rushing towards the house. 'Stay where you are!' he called back to Margaret, who was following, 'and stand as far from the edge as possible.'

He was gone to save her mother. As she turned back in the instinct of obedience, Margaret saw the wall on which she had been leaning two minutes before, disappear as if by magic. The tiles were rattling off the roof of the house; the multitudes of sparrows which built there, flew chattering through the air towards the country; two fierce dogs, freed from the loosened rings to which they were chained, ran up to her whining, and cowered at her side; and, looking further, the whole town seemed to be rocking and heaving below her; the bells, which had ceased a few minutes before, pouring forth afresh a wild and involuntary alarm. She could see that the quay was now *black* with human beings, who seemed to be crowding on to the shipping; but, in an instant, oh, horror! the river itself seemed to rise out of its bed in one huge wave, engulfing all before it, and there was no mistaking the awful death-cry of anguish, which, even from that distance, rose up to Heaven above the din of overwhelming waters; while the latter, rushing in beyond the quay and bar, dashed down the very houses before them as though in cruel chase after the flying crowd.

Then followed an interval of three minutes comparative calm; in which, to her infinite relief, she saw her father returning from the house, making his way slowly over and through the various obstacles which now beset his path, and carrying one end of the flat tray-like sofa on which her mother was usually moved from place to place, and the other end of which was held by Antony, a faithful old servant. Even in that moment of bewilderment and confusion, Margaret was struck with astonishment at her mother's aspect. There was no trace of fear on *her* face! On the contrary, she seemed to be looking about eagerly and hopefully, as though in search of some longed-for object; and as they laid her down in the comparative safety of the open space where Margaret was standing, she exclaimed—

'My darling! Surely this is the end? Is not *He* coming?'

Then Margaret knew what was in her mother's thoughts, and, at the contrast to her own feelings, a throb of self-reproach, mingled with prayer, rose up from her heart to God.

And now again the earth heaved under them, even more fiercely than before, like waves meeting from opposite directions; and, with an awful crash, the city itself seemed to shatter to pieces before their eyes. It was but an instantaneous sight, for, at the same moment, such

clouds of dust arose that the light of the sun was entirely obscured, and it was impossible to see each other, or to tell whether the thick substance falling around them proceeded from heaven or earth. Eyes, mouth, throat, were alike choked, so that it was a fortunate circumstance that some portion of Margaret's dress was soaked with water from the basin, and so served to relieve this first necessity.

It was (as they afterwards found), twenty minutes before daylight began to return, and the awful motion beneath them ceased, leaving only a slight tremor.

'Let us move on to the summer-house,' said Mr. Hawthorne, as soon as he could speak or see. Old Antony began a remonstrance, but his master checked him by pointing to their right hand, where, only a few yards from them, the ground itself was rent open into a yawning chasm, extending to the very edge of the Terrace.

'Death is all around us,' he said solemnly. 'It is best to get your mistress, if possible, under shelter now, and out of reach of such sights and sounds as will soon meet our eyes.'

The summer-house was still standing; a circumstance which at first appeared remarkable, since it was only built lightly of wood; but, as they soon learnt from experience, this very fact had probably been its preservation; for, whereas every stone edifice within a large radius of the city had been dashed to atoms; brickwork had suffered less, and woodwork least of all.

Most thankfully did Mr. Hawthorne and Antony again lay down their burden in this comparative shelter, while Margaret busied herself in endeavouring to restore her mother (who had completely fainted away) to consciousness; it was some time before she succeeded, and then it became evident that it was only to a consciousness of pain. Madam Hawthorne indeed opened her eyes, but she moaned painfully, and, noticing that she shrank from every touch on one arm, they examined more carefully, and could only come to the conclusion that it was broken!

'It must have been one of those falling tiles, as we carried her out,' said Mr. Hawthorne, in accents of dismay; and, indeed, what to do under the circumstances, he knew not. Even had they possessed proper appliances, neither of the three had the remotest idea how to set a broken bone, and Madam Hawthorne groaned so pitifully when they attempted to touch it, that Margaret implored her father to desist, and to try to get a doctor.

Poor child! She did not yet know the utter hopelessness of such a demand, nor indeed had Mr. Hawthorne fully realised their position, or the extent of the disaster in which they were involved. Every moment now the atmosphere was clearing, thereby disclosing the awful scene upon which the sun had shone, in all its beauty, only half an hour before. Turning towards the door of the summer-house to consult with Antony, Mr. Hawthorne saw at once that the greater part of the house—that nearest the steep side of the hill—was com-

pletely gone ; the walls of the remainder were still partially standing, but unroofed, and surrounded on all sides by masses of rock and rubbish.

Mr. Hawthorne uttered an exclamation of horror.

‘Where are the other servants?’ he exclaimed.

Old Antony shook his head. ‘The women would have been in the side next the cliff at this hour, sir,’ he said, ‘occupied in the bedrooms. Some of the men *may* be saved ; they would be mostly in the stables on the other side ; but there were only two about, the rest were gone into the town to the cathedral—as you gave leave for them to do—if you remember, sir,’ he added.

Mr. Hawthorne *did* remember, with a shuddering glance downwards upon what *had* been the city. It was still impossible to distinguish objects through the thick cloud of dust which overhung it like a pall ; but a confused sound of water was audible, of human voices raised in agony, of occasional crashes as some fresh block of buildings, shattered and shaken, gave way and fell ; and, beyond this gloomy circle, it was possible to discern figures flying in every direction over the still trembling earth ; while beyond, the waters shone and glistened as before ; and, beyond that again, the glorious hills rose up smiling and unmoved in their usual beauty. Even in that cursory glance, one thing struck Mr. Hawthorne ; not a trace of the shipping in the harbour was to be seen. As a matter of fact, not even a spar, or one human body, ever rose to the surface where the whirlpool had sucked down its prey.

‘We must get back to the house,’ said Mr. Hawthorne hastily ; ‘there may be some of our people yet living among those ruins.’

‘It ain’t possible, sir, either way,’ said Antony. ‘Look for yourself!’ and indeed it did look hopeless. The rift in the earth literally cleft the Terrace in two, just beyond the stone basin, and extended far up on the hillside above them.

‘We must climb and get round,’ said Mr. Hawthorne.

‘Excuse me, sir, but if the mistress’ arm is indeed broken, that ought to be seen to first. I don’t believe there can be a living soul left in that house now ; and to go and look would be just madness with the walls shaking like that!’

A call from within the summer-house proved the most conclusive argument. Unnerved herself, and totally unaccustomed to the sight of such suffering, poor Margaret was only anxious to hasten her father’s movements, thinking that her mother must be dying. It was evident that she could not be left alone with her for long ; and, seeing her distress, Antony proposed trying to make his way down to the town by a road which led past the back of the summer-house, in order to see whether help could possibly be procured.

But he soon returned discomfited. He had climbed over into the road, but only a few yards lower down he had found his way completely barred by a mass of rock which had been hurled across the roadway, effectually blocking the thoroughfare.

What was to be done? They were still discussing this, when once again the gentle throbbing (if we may so term it), which had never ceased beneath their feet, increased in violence; and, most literally, the earth shook and trembled, while another crash at the further end of the Terrace proclaimed fresh destruction. But this time the shock did not last long, nor was it nearly so violent as the previous ones had been; though, as they afterwards learned, it served to complete the work of destruction in the city beneath, bringing down the many split and cracked houses which till then had remained standing. It had the effect also of increasing the sense of insecurity among the survivors; for although after this the tremor of the earth ceased, all felt that fresh calamity might befall them at any moment, and many who had begun to make efforts to rescue the miserable living beings who were buried in thousands within and beneath the ruins, now gave up their labours in despair, and joined the fugitives who were flying in every direction from the doomed city.

Looking down from their shelf of safety, those on the Terrace, could see parties of these hurrying along the road below, carrying in their hands what few things they had been able hastily to catch up. Husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children; wailing and mourning as they went for their lost and dead: happy, comparatively, those who knew that their lost *were* dead!

Sometimes an image, saved from one of the churches, was carried along in solemn procession by men with veiled faces and bare feet, the poor people crowding round it as though for protection.

But yet another horror was to be added to the scene. Already, beneath the bright sun-light, a dull unnatural glow was perceptible over some portions of the town; and, as the sun gradually sank on the horizon, these increased in colour and intensity, and it became evident that the city was on fire in several places.

It was well that, of the women within the harbour, one was unable, and the other too much occupied, to notice what was going on below. To the men it was almost maddening to stand helplessly watching the flames which they knew were actually devouring living beings, who, in many cases, would watch their gradual approach. Alas! these were not the *first* fires kindled in Lisbon streets to devour human prey!

In the meantime, every possible effort had been made to render poor Madam Hawthorne's position more endurable. One end of the summer-house was boarded off and used as a sort of tool-house; this was cleared out, and in it they found two flower-tubs, on to which they lifted the sofa. Some potato-sacks, emptied of their now valuable contents, were ripped open; and, roughly fastened together with bass, old Antony contrived with them a sort of curtain with which to cover the side which, as we have said, was open to the view. For food they had, all that day, nothing but fruit from the garden and potatoes; and it was indeed providential that the spring of water

which supplied the stone basin had not been diverted from its course, so that they had a constant and plentiful supply. Common sense soon suggested to Margaret to try the effect of wet linen to relieve her mother, whose arm had grown more swollen and burning as the hours passed by.

All through the night Mr. Hawthorne and Antony took turns in watching outside the harbour. For four or five hours it was bitterly cold, and they were all thankful to wrap themselves in sacking, with some of which they also tried to make a covering for Madam Hawthorne; but, burning with fever, and probably oppressed by the weight, it rendered her so restless and uneasy that they were obliged to relinquish the attempt; till, towards morning, she sank into a comparatively peaceful sleep, and Margaret also, completely exhausted, sat down on the ground with her head leaning against the couch, and for a time became happily oblivious of her surroundings.

She was awakened by her mother's voice. Hitherto she had uttered no intelligible words; but now she spoke clearly, but very low.

'Is it over yet? Where is Margaret?'

Margaret was on her feet in an instant, and saw at once that her father was kneeling on the opposite side of the couch with his wife's hand clasped in his. The weary look in her eyes vanished as she caught sight of Margaret.

'Both saved!' she murmured. 'Thank God!—and Humphrey?'

Probably she was still too confused to realise that he could not in any case be *there*, but she had asked the very question which, in one shape or form or another, had been haunting Margaret all day. Now, as she suddenly raised her eyes to her father's face, he felt almost conscious-stricken at the agony of the mute appeal conveyed in them; and it was to her, rather than to her mother, that he answered hastily—

'I do not know. It is quite possible that he may be safe—he was with his grandfather.'

Margaret's eyes fell hopelessly, in the conviction that, if he *were* safe, he would have been with them before this. She had inwardly clung to the hope that he might have again left Lisbon; but the Copplestons' house was so close to their own that there was but little chance of the one escaping when the other was so utterly destroyed.

It was as well that she had no time now to dwell on her own private sorrow. Her mother required her full attention, for it was but too evident that she was rapidly growing weaker, and poor Mr. Hawthorne was of little use as a nurse, though he rarely left his wife. Towards the middle of the morning, to their surprise, they heard Antony's voice outside. To whom could he be speaking? For one moment Margaret's heart bounded with hope; but, alas! there was no mistaking the execrable lingo which they well knew as the nearest attempt to that 'dratted Portugee' to which Antony

would condescend; but with which, nevertheless, he could generally succeed in making himself understood.

Hastily going to the door, or rather opening, Mr. Hawthorne saw one of the Gallician servants, the coachman—and, much relieved, demanded how he had reached them.

The man's story was soon told. He had been in the stable at the time of the earthquake, and had rushed out with his fellow-servant—a groom—who had fled down the hill and been seen no more. He himself, more wisely, lay still on an open space from which he never moved for hours; and then, seeing the destruction below, had climbed upwards, till, looking down from a considerable elevation, he had caught sight of a figure on the Terrace close to the summer-house; and seeing others go out and in, had guessed who they were, and had determined to try and reach them. This proved no easy task; there never had been any path along the side of the hill at that height, and now he was constantly brought to a standstill by fallen trees, rocks, fissures, and holes; so that when night came he judged it too dangerous to advance, and was obliged to wait for daybreak.

Still it was a great point to have discovered the possibility of reaching the house; and Pasco reported that the stables were, he thought, but little injured comparatively, though the house was a complete wreck when viewed from the other side; and he fully endorsed Antony's opinion that all remaining in it must have perished.

Food was now the most pressing necessity, and of this Pasco promised abundance. There was plenty of corn in the stable; he had seen the two goats which had always lived on that side of the house wandering about, bleating pitifully, some fowls were alive and thought they could easily be enticed round, and also that they might obtain some stores from the house itself if Antony would go with him to fetch them.

But Mr. Hawthorne at once decided on going himself, which would give him an opportunity of personally inspecting the state of affairs; and, after a few words of hasty explanation to Margaret, he started off, telling her not to expect his return for at least four or five hours.

It was fortunate that Madam Hawthorne was too weak to reason or calculate; for it would have seemed inconceivable to any but an eye-witness, that such a length of time could be expended in reaching a spot which was, in reality, but a stone's-throw from them!

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DELAY NUMBER TWO.

'Who is that at the gate?' said Mrs. Drayton, who was short-sighted, to her husband, as they stood together at the Rectory door the next morning, enjoying the fresh morning air after a very sultry night.

'Why, it is Miss Seymour!' he exclaimed. 'But what can have happened?'

Agatha joined them almost as he spoke. She looked very different from the bright, energetic Agatha of the night before. She was very pale, and her eyes looked tired. Indeed, her whole appearance betrayed that something had made her outlook upon life less hopeful and happy since she parted from them at her own door.

'My dearest girl,' said Mrs. Drayton, 'you are ill, I fear—or what has happened?'

'I am quite well; but that letter. Oh, Mr. Drayton, that letter was from my father!'

'Oh, what a misfortune!' exclaimed Mrs. Drayton, without thinking. Then, getting very red, she hastened to add—'Of course, I mean, it will be a delay, will it not?'

'It may be worse than a delay,' said Agatha sadly. 'There is the letter. Please read it aloud, Mr. Drayton.'

'Come in, my dear; let us go to the drawing-room. I must get you a cup of tea. You look quite ill, Agatha.'

'I did not go to bed all night; but I have had tea and all sorts of things. Miss Susie took such care of me. Let us sit here on the step, if you don't mind. My head aches, and the air is so fresh and sweet. Read the letter, Mr. Drayton, please.'

Mr. Drayton read it, and, having done so, began poring over it intensely, studying every line of it. Mrs. Drayton remarked—

'There's no use in speaking to him when he looks like that; he'll tell us what he is thinking of by-and-by. My dear Agatha, this is most trying! So hard to see what one ought to do.'

'So hard to do what one ought, rather,' said Agatha wearily.

'Of course I must go; but it is a real trial, for it must delay my plans, and may alter them very much.'

'My love, let us wait till we hear what Mr. Drayton thinks. He may not see things as you do. And I think, too, considering how kind Bishop R—— has been, that you ought to consult him.'

'Oh, no! I do not need to consult any one. My duty is plain enough. If you think for a moment, Mrs. Drayton, you will see that. Nothing that I seek out for myself to do, no matter how useful, can be a duty that should come before my duty to my father. I am glad it came in time. Had I begun our work, it would have been far more puzzling.'

'You are quite right,' said Mr. Drayton, 'you must go. I see that. It is a terrible upset; for there is always the chance that you may come home poorer than you go; but all that must be left in God's hands. His work will not suffer, because it is still His work that you will be doing. Never mind Barbara; it is only her old longing for your vocation—eh, Barbara?'

'Well, I suppose it is,' she answered slowly. 'It does seem sad that so good a work should be indefinitely delayed, and perhaps crippled, because——'

'Because a dying man wishes to see his only daughter, and may need her help! But it is a very strange letter. There is something kept back; it is a queer letter. You must write to the Bishop, Miss Seymour, and explain.'

'I have done so. I posted my letter in the new pillar as I came here.'

'And as to your going alone, I really do not like that. Mrs. Drayton, are you prepared to proceed to Pau at ten minutes' notice? For I feel sure that this promptest of women has packed her boxes and decided on her train, etc. Or shall I go myself?'

'No,' said Agatha, smiling a little; 'for the promptest of women has done more than pack boxes and study Bradshaw. I am afraid you think me self-willed. Am I?'

'Strong-willed, not self-willed,' he answered kindly. 'But what have you settled? I do not at all like you to go alone.'

'I was telling dear Miss Susie about it all, and what do you think she insists on doing? Coming with me! and if my father is determined to receive only a maid, I am to call her my maid; did you ever know anything so kind? She would listen to no arguments, no remonstrance! I should not go alone; I should want some one I could trust, and who loved me, and if she is no great teacher, she is a splendid nurse, and quite enjoys sitting up at night; and go she must, unless I want to break her heart!'

'Well done, Miss Susie! And there is that good Madame Callé, too, so you will not be quite friendless. But what about the two children?'

'I came here to consult you about that. I am unwilling to send

them to school. Do you think they could stay where they are, and you would get me a nursery governess for them?’

‘Let them come here,’ said Mrs. Drayton. ‘I shall like to feel that I am helping you, Agatha. Shut up Sunnybank for a time. Nanny can come here and look after the children, and I will give them lessons. I have plenty of time. It will remind me of my old governess days.’

‘That, you see, was *her* vocation until I spoiled her for it. Yes; we’ll take care of the children. By the way, Barbara, you never triumphed over me about young Lisle. Two years! I did not expect it. When did you hear from him last, Miss Seymour?’

‘Quite lately. What was that about two years, Mr. Drayton?’

‘Do not inquire, Agatha. I hope he is ashamed of himself, and you would be quite shocked.’

‘Oh, then, I suppose I know what he said! Poor Willie Lisle, you did not do him justice. He was very fond of Lucy, though he—— Well, you will take care of the little ones, until I see what is likely to be before me, and it is a real comfort to me. They are very good, quiet children, and never give any trouble,’ said Agatha, with a sigh; for the fact that Lucy’s children were very uninteresting was a perpetual grief to her.

Agatha’s arrangements were soon made. Poor Sunnybank shut up and the garden committed to the care of the old man who had worked there for years; the children transferred to the Rectory; but Nanny Earle surprised her young mistress by saying—

‘I’d ha’ stayed with you, Miss Seymour, because I am so fond of you; but if you’re going to forrin’ parts for months and months, there’s Joe Denny’s been bothering me these four years, and I’d rather take him, Miss, than go minding Miss Sissie and Miss Minnie.’

So Nanny went home, Agatha giving her money to provide a bridal outfit, and sincerely hoping that Joe Denny might be satisfied with the very moderate affection his lady-love seemed to think sufficient.

A letter from Bishop R—— assured Agatha that he approved entirely of her decision, and encouraged her to look with hope upon her stay with her father.

‘Who can say,’ he wrote, ‘what work you may be allowed to do for him? And, in any case, the time spent in caring for him will be well spent.’

The last night of their stay in Market-Yoredale was passed by Agatha and Miss Susie at the Rectory. A lovely yellow moon made the lawn look so like fairyland that Mr. Drayton called the three ladies out to enjoy it; and they were still out—Miss Susie on the steps, muffled in a big shawl, Mrs. Drayton and Agatha a little way down the approach, and the Rector at the gate—when a sound of wheels was heard, up rattled a fly and stopped at the gate. The

door burst open, and out darted a tall stout man, followed by a tall thin woman.

'Wait here, driver; I must inquire. Oh, Mr. Drayton, you'll be able to tell us!—my little girls. I've been up to Sunnybank, and——'

'What—is it Willie Lisle? Welcome home! Your children are safe in my house, and here is Miss Seymour, whom you would have missed if you had not come to-night.'

'Is this you, Agatha? I can't see in this light. Let me introduce you to my wife. Miss Seymour, my dear, who so kindly took charge of my poor little girls.'

'And very kind it was, Miss Seymour,' said the thin lady in a high, slightly nasal voice; 'and few young ladies would have done it! But now we've got all things in order over at home, and Sissie must be old enough to help, if only in minding the baby.'

'How old is your baby, Mr. Lisle?' said Mr. Drayton, laying his hand as he spoke on his wife's arm.

'Five months old—the finest little fellow in the world. Well, Sophy dear, I will just run in and have a look at the little ones. They're in bed it seems, so we had better leave them where they are for to-night. Where is Agatha?'

'She has gone in; it is cool here,' said Mrs. Drayton. 'Suppose you come again to-morrow, Mr. Lisle? You may frighten the children if you go to their room now.'

'I guess,' said the new Mrs. Lisle, quite good-temperedly, 'Miss Seymour thinks you a brute to be married again, Willie. She went off suddenly enough, with her head high! But never mind, I'll be a good mother to his children, Mrs. Drayton, ma'am; and he needs a sensible woman to take care of him himself. He's twice the man he was since I took him in hand, ain't you, Willie?'

Willie Lisle laughed sheepishly (not that I ever heard a sheep laugh), and in a few moments the fly rolled off with the happy pair in it. Agatha had vanished—no one saw her again that night. In the morning she packed up the children's clothes, told them that their papa had come for them, and that they had a new mamma whom they must obey in all things, and a baby brother of whom they would soon be very fond; and having kissed them tenderly, she sent them off, box and all, to the Railway Hotel, where their father was staying.

'My pretty, loving Lucy,' she said; 'how she did worship that big, heartless fellow! No, don't defend him, Mr. Drayton. Why he must have married again almost at once!'

'You remember my prophecy, Barbara? But don't be too hard upon him, ladies. He is just the man who really wants a woman like that to look after him and keep him up to the mark. He'll get on now. Your pretty Lucy was too good for him.'

The Lises came to the Rectory after luncheon; but Willie, at

least, was obviously relieved when told that Agatha had departed. She and Miss Susie had indeed set forth upon their adventure, and not caring to retrace the route she had travelled over so happily with Lucy, Agatha made her way to Pau by the most direct way she could find. In France, after a good passage, they made a capital journey by rail, meeting with no adventures. Miss Susie, being thirsty, said she would get out at the next station and ask for a glass of water. Agatha offered to go with her, to which Miss Susie replied—

‘Oh, no, my dear! Surely after teaching French for five-and-thirty years, I can ask for a glass of water!’

So she went alone, and presently came trotting back, looking, Agatha fancied, a little put out.

‘Well,’ said she, ‘I do think the French are very odd people. I may not have the accent, but one would think they might at least let me speak.’

‘And did you not get your glass of water?’

‘Oh yes, my dear, I did. But I had only said *donnez moi* when the girl answered, “I speak English, Ma’m’selle.” But do you know, perhaps it was just as well, for when I heard my own voice I got so confused that I could not remember whether “verre” is masculine or feminine—was not that odd?’

‘Yes, it is very confusing; but the best way is to blunder on and not mind mistakes.’

Miss Susie looked thoughtful, and presently remarked—

‘I never realised before what a pity the Tower of Babel was.’

After a pause she spoke again.

‘Agatha, my dear, I am going to call you Miss Seymour for the future, whenever I can remember it, and you must call me Mrs. Anderson. I remember in some book that dear Maria and I liked so much, the lady’s own maid was always called Mrs. Something—I forget her name: and we were told it was the right thing. I’m rather glad—for Miss Susie would not do at all, and I should not like to call myself Miss Anderson, it always seems to belong to my dear Maria.’

‘Miss Susie,’ said Agatha, ‘except to my father I am not going to pass you off as my maid, and I am only just going to let him take it for granted, if he does so—he will hardly see you much at first. And I will speak of you as Mrs. Anderson, for I agree with you that neither Miss Susie nor Miss Anderson will do. It is the greatest possible comfort to me to have you with me—I only hope you will not find it very dull.’

‘Oh, my dear, there’s no fear of that! everything is so new to me that it is just delightful. When I was young I used to long to travel, and dear Maria used to say I might just as well long for the moon. But now you see I have got the moon—or at all events a little slice of her.’

They reached Pau in due time, and, having seen their luggage safely bestowed, they walked off to the quiet suburb where Madame Callé lived.

They found the old lady in her porch, knitting away, and all looked so exactly the same as when she came there first, that Agatha for the moment forgot herself, and looked up to the window of the little sitting-room, to see if Lucy's fair head was visible in the old corner. Madame Callé received her with effusion: 'Fancy her surprise when Monsieur Horatio appeared a week ago and bade her keep her rooms for Miss Seymour and her maid! and how to content the maid, that was the misery; English servants were so hard to please, much more so than the ladies they served. And where was the other dear lady? Was she also coming to Pau?'

'I have lost my friend, Madame Callé—she is dead,' said Agatha quietly. And from that hour she loved the talkative little French-woman, for she burst into real genuine tears, crying—

'Ah, the pretty one—the gentle, patient, fair little thing! I thought her quite recovered; but there! you should have remained here! It was without doubt that villainous English climate—ah, the dear child!'

'Madame Callé, I knew you would be sorry,' said Agatha, taking the hard brown hand in hers. 'But about Mrs. Anderson—the room I had before will do nicely. Mrs. Anderson is not my maid, but a very dear friend. Is Mr. Horatio here?'

'No, Ma'm'selle; but he left a note for you. It is here—*tenez donc*. Ah, the poor man! he looks very bad. Yellow as a jonquil, Meess Seymour, and thin *à faire peur*.'

Agatha opened her note.

'I am at the same hotel as before, Rue Henri Quatre.'

'Miss Susie, look at this—I must go to him,' said Agatha, in English. 'Will you come with me, or are you too tired?'

'You are too tired, my poor child, you are so pale. Let us just wait until to-morrow.'

'No, I long to have it over; but do you stay here; Madame Callé will take good care of you.'

I'll go with you; and mind now, Agatha, I am just Mrs. Anderson, and say no more about me. Do let me feel of some use.'

Madame Callé having engaged to send for their trunks and to have some supper ready for them when they returned, they set out again, and easily found the street and the inn. Agatha inquired, and was told that Mr. Horatio was there, and was at home.

'Take Mrs. Anderson to a private room where she can wait for me—yes, this will do. Miss Susie, I will try not to keep you too long. Now show me Mr. Horatio's room.'

The waiter opened a door. Agatha saw a dingy room with an arm-chair drawn into the window, and as she entered a tall figure rose from it.

'You may go,' Mr. Horatio said abruptly to the waiter. Then to Agatha, 'So you have come! Your sense of duty is stronger than I expected. I hope you clearly understand that I can repay it in no way?'

'I do, quite. I want no more than I have,' Agatha said. She was trembling, and for once her self-possession failed her a little. Something in her reply made Mr. Horatio laugh; but he then said—

'Come here and sit down. You are frightened, I think.'

Now Agatha particularly disliked being told that she was frightened, so at these words she pulled herself together and said, more steadily—

'No, I am not frightened—I am a little agitated; but I shall soon get over it.'

'Well, sit here, you'll get over it sooner in the fresh air. You're a true Seymour, Agatha! You have the Seymour eyes, hands, and feet. How old are you? I forget exactly.'

'Twenty-five in a month.'

'Have you come alone?'

'I brought Mrs. Anderson with me.'

'Oh, of course—you could not come literally alone. I shall probably not keep you very long—the doctors think me worse than I thought myself. I am as weak as water; anything and everything tires me, and I dare not allow myself the least emotion, you will therefore excuse my manner. Once for all, my daughter, I thank you for coming to me. Kiss me, if you feel that you can. You make no professions, I like that! To-morrow I'll come to you at about twelve, and stay with you till evening, if we don't quarrel. I have a good deal to say to you, if I find you what I believe you to be. Ring for your maid now, and go—you are tired.'

'I know where to find Mrs. Anderson, sir; I need not ring.'

'Call me father,' he said shortly; 'good-bye now until to-morrow.'

Agatha went back to Madame Callé's in a kind of dream. The hurried journey, and that strange interview at the end of it—she felt as if nothing about it were real. But a good night's sleep restored her to the use of her wits, and it was with something a little warmer than curiosity that she awaited her father's arrival. His voice had familiar tones in it—she wondered how she had never noticed that before. He was even a little like dear Aunt Mary, and Agatha found herself hoping that he was less ill than he supposed.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SEYMOUR.

MR. SEYMOUR, as I suppose we had better call Agatha's father now, came the next day at the hour he had named. Agatha had made Madame Callé happy by telling her how she had discovered her almost-forgotten father in Mr. Horatio, and between the romance of the story and her triumph in never having believed that he was an American Jew, madame was in great delight. She

haunted her little porch all the morning, for, as she declared to herself, 'not for worlds would she miss the meeting between the father and child.' But, poor thing, she was doomed to cruel disappointment, for neither Agatha nor her father belonged to an emotional school of nanners. Agatha had come down to meet him, seeing her near, he said, 'Well, here I am, you see'—and she replied, 'Will you come upstairs to my sitting-room, or shall we go into the garden?' and, according to Madame Callé, nothing could have been colder or more incomprehensible than their demeanour. Miss Susie repaired to the bedroom, and sat in the window, enjoying the novelty of her surroundings; and neither on that day nor on any other did Mr. Seymour ask any question about her, save one, 'Your maid is quite an old woman, I see; ought I to remember her?' Agatha said no—'And she is not my maid, father. She was my teacher at school,' to which he replied, 'A very respectable old body—you are lucky in having her.' Agatha never repeated this little conversation to any one, for she knew that Miss Susie would be rather hurt.

On this first day, father and daughter had not much to say to each other. Agatha was shy, and the feeling was new to her, and not pleasant. Mr. Seymour was observing her busily and keenly, watching her every movement, listening to her every accent; apparently he was satisfied, for he said in the evening—

'Your aunt has taken good care of you, Agatha. You would do no discredit to your name, were you to be Miss Seymour of Temple-Seymour.'

'Instead of matron—or principal, if you like that better—of an orphanage,' said Agatha, laughing.

'What do you mean?' he said quickly—indeed, almost fiercely. 'Explain yourself.'

This Agatha was very glad to do—she was longing for an opportunity to tell him how her aunt had wished her money to be disposed of. As he listened, his pale face flushed and his eyes kindled.

'Indeed!' said he; 'why not a nurse in a hospital at once? Mary was always a fool; but she might have had more feeling for the old name.'

'I do not see it in that light, father. It is well for every woman who does not marry to have some definite employment. And the meanest work done in our Master's service is good enough for any one.'

He looked at her with a queer smile, and slightly bowed, then said—

'And she took it for granted that you would not marry. Fastidious, Agatha?'

'She knew that it was unlikely,' Agatha said, colouring in spite of herself. He saw it—indeed, he seemed to see everything.

‘You have not lived among people you were likely to fancy,’ he said. ‘But there is time enough—you are young still.’

She was silent for a moment or so, and then forced herself to say—

‘It is better to be candid. I was engaged for two years. I broke it off—and now I shall probably never—see him again.’

‘Who was it? I will not torment you again, Agatha; but I should like to know this.’

‘His name was Winstanley—he was the brother of my friend Mrs. Lisle, who was here with me.’

‘She was pretty; are they the Winstanleys of Branching?’

‘No; their father was a farmer—the estate is their own—it is called Crossley Farm.’

‘H’m! What on earth was Mary thinking of?’

‘Of me, and of my happiness,’ answered Agatha, looking firmly at him.

‘Ay—and why did you dismiss him?’

‘I would rather not tell you that,’ she said.

For a moment he seemed about to insist, but with a short laugh, he said—

‘I suspect you are a true Seymour in many ways, madame. I will not risk a battle.’

He sat thinking for some time, and then said—

‘You have not set this precious foundling hospital, or whatever it may be, on foot yet, have you?’

‘No. But whatever becomes of me and of my money—or *your* money rather—of which I have always had the use, Aunt Mary’s money must go to found that school.’

He laughed again.

‘Oh, certainly!’ he said; ‘but I venture to prophesy that you will not be matron or principal, or anything else, in the said school. Come, Agatha, I think I shall go back to my inn. Will you walk there with me? Desire Mrs. Anderson to follow you, that she may walk back with you.’

For some time Mr. Seymour was principally occupied in watching his daughter, finding out her tastes, her thoughts, and the amount of her knowledge of the world. In this respect he pronounced her very deficient.

‘You are as ignorant of the ways of the world as if you had lived in the backwoods of America!’ he said. ‘Did Mary think that you were never to return to the world to which you belong?’

‘I am sure she did—and surely she was right.’

‘Ah, well, you have plenty of sense and spirit.’

‘Shall I read to you now? You seem tired.’

‘No wonder! I am getting weaker every day. Yes, read—anything you like. I do not care what. I like the sound of your voice.’

Agatha took advantage of this permission to read books which she hoped would set him thinking on serious subjects; but if they did so,

he kept his thoughts to himself. He listened in silence, and that was all.

So passed away the winter, and March came. Agatha asked her father what he thought of doing during the summer.

'I must go to Paris,' he said. 'I have business there. I did not expect to live till now; but you've taken such care of me that now you have me on your hands until next winter, I suppose. Are you sorry, Agatha?'

'No,' she said quickly, turning her dark eyes on him earnestly.

'I do believe you, child. Had your poor mother had a little of your spirit, matters might have gone otherwise with us. Agatha, I have been anything but a good man; but one thing I will tell you, and ask you to remember. I loved your mother—and I thought that I had won her love. When I found that she did not care sixpence for me, but had married me because Lady Archer told her she ought, I tried to win her even then, but she was afraid of me—and that I could not bear. It was because I saw that you had sense and spirit that I wished to know you; otherwise you would have heard of me only when I was *really* dead. I wonder why poor Mary did not believe the story of my death; do you know?'

Agatha explained, adding—

'But if you wished to know me, why did you send back my letters when I wrote to you in Paris?'

'I was not ready. I had set myself a task, and it was not completed.'

It was a lovely day, as warm and balmy as it is with us in June, when June is in a good temper. They were walking slowly up the Cours Bayard, and he was silent for some time. At last he said—

'There is no time like the present. Sit down here beside me and I will tell you something.'

They seated themselves under a shady tree, and he began in his most abrupt way.

'When I gave the world to understand that I had gone over to the majority, Agatha, I made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and to make a fortune for the child I had impoverished, and whom I never meant to see again. To tell you the truth, I disliked you because your mother doted on you, and I thought you would grow up such another gentle, timid creature as herself, so I did not care to see you. To the fact that you resemble my own family in every way, do you owe your present exalted position as nurse and companion to an ill-tempered, dying man. Great promotion! but quite as pleasant, I suspect, as manager of a charity school! Well, I easily got something to do. There was a Frenchman—a wretched miserly fellow—whose business as a money-lender had made me acquainted with him, and he was glad to employ me. I knew a good deal that was very useful to him. I made the business a far better

one, and eventually when he died, he left the house and connection to me. His money he very consistently bequeathed to various charities, in order to secure his salvation, he having always declared that he believed in nothing—not even that he had a soul—when in health. Since then I have prospered. I told you that I was poor; well, it was not true, I only wanted to see what you would do. I have made money enough to pay off all my debts of honour—they of course were not paid when Temple-Seymour was sold, for even if Mary and old Hughes had cared to do it, there would not have been money enough. But if I pay all this and leave you as I found you—what then, Agatha? I give you the choice—which shall I do?’

‘I do not quite understand. I thought your debts were all paid long ago—if they were not, how did there come to be anything left for me?’

‘There are debts that the law forces you to pay, and there are debts that the law ignores,’ said Mr. Seymour; and having briefly explained the matter, he went on. ‘My ruin involved that of two families. Lord H—— has been a pauper ever since; his son was a friend of mine, and in those days it was not good to be my friend. He had put his name to bills for me—his father paid every penny. Poor Fred! he exchanged into a line regiment, went to India, and fell in a petty skirmish with some hill tribe; but he had children; his son must be nearly of age now. The other man was an old schoolfellow—he’s dead; but I have discovered that his widow and daughters are keeping a school, earning their bread; his son is in Australia. Agatha, I am not legally bound to pay these people; but there’s no denying that I was the tempter. I don’t want to tell you more than I need, for I have a great respect for your very curious innocence; but I ruined those men as surely as if I had robbed them on the highway of every penny they possessed. What shall I do—eh?’

‘Pay them every penny, interest, and everything of that kind,’ said Agatha quickly. ‘If you left money to me, that is the first thing I should do.’

‘But suppose I linger on, a pensioner on your bounty? What about the interesting orphans then?’

‘Aunt Mary’s money will be increasing—you and I need never touch that. Come home with me, father, for the summer, we can come back here in autumn; but I do so wish you to come to Market-Yoredale for the summer.’

‘Mr. Drayton—ah, I see,’ said he drily. ‘Very good, to Market-Yoredale we will go. Your mind is made up, child? You give away this fortune freely?’

‘Very generous of me, as it is not mine to give,’ she answered, laughing. ‘But I am so glad,’ she went on, laying her hand on his, ‘twenty fortunes would not make me so happy as to know that you mean to repay this money, father.’

'Oh, I am a father to be proud of!' he said, in his dryest voice, 'there's no doubt of that. Well, let Mrs. Anderson pack your boxes, and off we go, to Paris first, then London, then Market-Yoredale and Mr. Drayton. I wish the good man joy!'

Their stay [in Paris was very short, and Mr. Seymour left his daughter at an hotel, and did not come near her again until he met her [at the railway station on the day fixed for their journey to England.

'I am known here,' he said, 'and I don't want you to be associated with Mr. Horatio.'

As soon as they reached London Mr. Seymour sent for a first-rate tailor, and provided himself with a complete and very handsome outfit, completely discarding the shabby garments worn by Mr. Horatio. To describe the astonishment of the Messrs. Hughes when their long-lost client made his appearance, in the very new character of one anxious to pay every farthing of his old debts, is really quite beyond me. Old Mr. Hughes put in a word about 'keeping something for Miss Seymour,' but was promptly requested to attend to the directions he was receiving, and to leave Mr. Seymour to take care of his daughter. When the business was fairly in train—and how utterly amazed were the recipients of those long blue letters!—Mr. Seymour gave a large sealed envelope into Mr. Hughes' hand.

'My will,' said he; 'keep it for me.' And the next day he and Agatha went down to Market-Yoredale. Agatha had written to Mrs. Drayton to engage servants for her, and to make sundry small changes in the rooms she intended her father to occupy. Poor Mrs. Drayton, groaning over the expense, nevertheless did as she was asked.

'But I know he will leave her penniless,' she said to her husband.

Mr. Seymour settled down very quietly at Sunnybank. He never asked Agatha for money, and seemed to have enough for his private expenses, which were not many. But he never offered her any help in the housekeeping expenses, letting her keep house in her own way and on her own resources. He was very courteous to the Draytons, and evidently liked the Rector's society, delighting in long arguments, in which he often, after seeming to get the best of it, and reducing his adversary to despair, would calmly remark, 'All the time, you are right, and I am wrong.' Mrs. Drayton had a perfect aversion to him, he puzzled and frightened her so much—she kept as much as possible out of his way. When the Rector spoke on serious subjects, Mr. Seymour never replied; but he listened with a decent show of respect. In spite of Agatha's care, he seemed to grow more miserably thin every day, and though he never uttered a complaint, she thought that he was often in terrible pain. He refused to see Dr. Mayne, saying that his doctor in Paris understood his case, and that he could write to him when he wanted advice.

As the summer melted away, one long quiet day following another—those quiet days from which Agatha had hoped so much—she

began to feel very sorrowful. One day she had been reading to him, and as usual he heard in silence, making no remark when she closed the book. Suddenly she rose and went over to him.

'Father!' she said, 'you break my heart. Do you not care? Do you not feel? Oh, father, I am very unhappy about you!'

He looked at her gravely—almost sternly.

'Listen to me,' he said. 'I have been a bad man. Worse than you know—and I am not going to enlighten you. But I have done my utmost to repair the wrongs that could be repaired. I bear the punishment of fiery pain without murmuring. I have humbled myself by returning to where men know what and who I am. And do you think that anything that I can say or do would make me a credit to any cause? Be content, Agatha. I repent according to my lights.'

'But—oh, dear father——'

'Well? Go on—you are a good girl, Agatha. I verily believe you have got fond of me. Ask the question that is sticking in your throat; and, for the sake of that undeserved love, I'll answer it. Though I all but vowed never to speak on such matters.'

'Father, you know what I want to ask. Do you think that this repentance and patience—and, oh, you *are* patient—but will all that save you, or do you trust in His merits, who died to save us all?'

There was a silence that seemed long to the excited girl. Then came the answer.

'Be content, my child. If I make no professions, it is for very shame's sake.'

'But, dear father——'

'No, no—no more. I've answered your question—now let me go on in peace. I am I, and not you—we are all different, and all of us poor creatures enough; but I'm not going to loose the little truth that is in me in a flood of words. Be off now, I see your sententious friend at the door—take her into the garden. I want to be quiet a little.'

When September came, Agatha spoke to him about going to Pau for the winter.

'Do you dislike it very much?' he answered, 'for you must know that it can make no real difference. It is only that the mild climate causes no suffering, and cold or damp does.'

'But that is reason enough. I would much rather go.'

'Very good. I have a couple of hundreds laid by in case we should have to go abroad again, and I shall hand it over to you. Write a line to ask Mr. and Mrs. Drayton to come here to-morrow. I want them.'

When the Draytons arrived, he took them into his sitting-room—papers lay on the table, and pen and ink.

'I want you to witness my will,' said he. 'I have been making a new one. Will you oblige me by signing it without seeing it? If

you have any objection I can get the servants to do it; but you can see that it really is my will and nothing else,' he added, half-laughing—for Mrs. Drayton had looked so alarmed.

'Yes; I see no objection,' said Mr. Drayton, and the will was duly signed and witnessed.

That night Mr. Seymour gave his daughter a large sealed packet.

'Here, Agatha, keep this carefully. You may consider my will "much-ado-about-nothing;" but I like to make things clear, so here it is, and there are a few other papers with it. When I was in Paris last, I made a will, old Hughes has it; but this, of course, invalidates it, and you will open it yourself, and do as you like with it.'

'But I did not know that you had anything to leave, father.'

'I know you did not. Don't smother me the next time I get faint in order to get possession of your inheritance, that's all.'

They left home in a day or two; Miss Susie did not go with Agatha this time, as her father's increasing weakness obliged her to take a younger and stronger woman. Miss Susie was therefore left to take care of Sunnybank.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXII.

THE REVOLUTION.

1689-1690.

JAMES II. had fled, and the Great Seal was gone. This was held by a large proportion of the politicians to be a virtual abdication and conclusion of the reign. It was true that he was still alive, and the Great Seal was drawn up by a fisherman in his net and restored to the Privy Council; but many who had taken no part in his expulsion felt that his departure solved the distressing perplexity between loyalty to his person and to Church and Constitution.

Others felt that—

Not all the water in the rude rough sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King,

and of those who had from office or profession made absolute oaths of allegiance to him, there were many who believed that nothing could absolve them save his death; and, moreover, that there was no right in the nation to transfer the succession from the direct heir.

This was, however, a comparatively recent doctrine, which had grown up during the York and Lancaster wars; for the older habit of the English had been to choose the most prominent member of the royal family as King, and a certain form of election remained, and still survives in the Coronation Service. The question of Divine right of kings was one on which good men could conscientiously take opposite sides; and while some saw, in the rising on behalf of William, flat rebellion, others viewed it as lawful resistance to a Sovereign who had broken his covenant with his people, and was ruining both Church and State. It was true that William of Orange was no more a member of the Church of England than was James; but the party feeling of the time obliterated distinctions between Protestants in their common resistance to Popery, and William's wife, the heiress set aside by the Prince of Wales, had held staunchly to the English Church throughout her residence in Holland. The visible dangers to the Church were less from the Nassau than from the Stewart.

However, no one knew as yet how affairs would end. While half the population of London was tearfully watching James descend the river, the other half were preparing to welcome William with orange-coloured flags and favours. While James was guarded by

Dutch soldiers, William entered with an escort of English soldiers, but otherwise without state, in an ordinary travelling carriage with a cloak bag strapped behind it. He arrived at four in the afternoon, drove to St. James's, and went at once to his bedroom. Princess Anne, with her husband, arrived the next day at their quarters at the Cockpit, where her uncle, Lord Clarendon, bestowed on her a very wholesome lecture on her unfeeling and treacherous conduct towards her father, and showed how deeply grieved he was at what he called his son's abominable action as a deserter.

William received addresses from the Aldermen of London, from a number of clergy, from the Nonconformists, and from the lawyers, among whom came Serjeant Maynard, the Father of the Bar, who had drawn the indictment against Strafford, and who had twice been sent to the Tower by Cromwell, led the prosecution against Vane, refused to be made a judge, and sent back a brief for the prosecution of the Bishops. He was eighty-seven years old; and when William observed to him, 'You must have outlived all the lawyers of your time,' he replied, 'Yes, your Highness, and if you had not come over, I should have outlived the law itself.'

The Dutch friends wished William to assume the crown by right of conquest; but against this he was absolutely determined. Whatever he did should be by the will of the English nation. He invited such Peers as were within reach to meet, but he left them to deliberate without him. There were about ninety, and of all minds ranging from strong loyalism to James to the most vehement Whiggery; but as nothing could be legally done without King and Commons, it was agreed that a Convention should be invited to meet on the 22nd of January, 1689, elected like a Parliament.

In the meantime, William ordered the French Ambassador, Barillon, to leave the country, removed Lord Dartmouth from the command of the fleet, and took such measures as were needful for the general safety, but carefully abstained from putting himself forward. Nor was he by any means fitted to be a popular idol. He was short and slight, worn down by asthma, and with a very prominent aquiline nose, with a dry grave manner, formed by the perpetual need of caution as the leader of a jealous people, who were always ready to resent his family claims to authority, and he was accustomed to plain habits, adverse to either grace or courtesy. He was an excellent statesman and soldier, but very little besides, and showed few tokens of being the offspring of some of the highest blood in Europe; but he combined in a remarkable manner the two usually inconsistent qualities of energy and moderation, always knew the right time to act, and could make use of men whom he distrusted and despised, and thus his life was one of remarkable success; his chief resemblance being to his ancestor, William the Silent, though without his chivalrous breeding and prepossessing manner. Bred a Calvinist, he was one of the men who seem to have little space for religious subjects in

their minds, and regard controversy and devotion chiefly as disturbing elements, he was vexed at his wife's adherence to her Church, and had often been rude to her chaplains; but out of his statesmanship arose a real principle of toleration so long as politics were not concerned. His morals were no better than those of his English uncles, or of the French Court, and though he really admired his wife, and loved her in his own strange way, he had often been so harsh and unkind to her, as well as so unfaithful, that her life in Holland had been far from happy.

She was beautiful, virtuous, and a devout Churchwoman, and it was of her that many English were thinking in the present state of doubt. Lord Clarendon, her uncle, openly proposed that the King's flight should be taken as the demise of the Crown; but William decidedly made it known that, as he said, he would hold nothing by the apron-strings, and would not hear of being Regent or King Consort.

While the elections to the Convention were going on, William guarded against anything that could appear like interference. He saw Viscount Dundee, who had once served under him and saved his life at Seneff, and asked both him and the Earl of Balcarres to enter his service. Both refused, telling him of the commissions left with them by the former King, and asking whether they could honourably take service with another.

'I cannot say that you can,' replied William; 'but take care that you fall not within the law, for otherwise I shall be forced against my will to let the law overtake you.'

However, he added that as long as they lived quietly at home, that no harm should be done to them, and no allegiance exacted, to which Dundee replied that he would live quietly unless he were forced to do otherwise, and soon after went to Scotland with the sixty troopers who had remained faithful.

No one acquainted with the facts seriously believed in an imposture; but it simplified the matter, and satisfied the populace to assume that such had taken place, and thus that a rightful heir was not being excluded. Therefore the inquiry into the subject promised by William in his Declaration was quashed, since the result would have placed many of his supporters in a dilemma.

Curiously enough, there was afloat a strange old prophecy, declaring that after one King had been beheaded and another restored, the next would go post to Rome, and there would be three Queens at once. Two there already were—the Dowager Catherine and Mary Beatrice, and the third was on her way from Holland; for as soon as William was convinced that her presence would be an assistance instead of a perplexity, he summoned her to join him, so as to receive, together with himself, the offer of the crown of England.

She had never been happy in Holland, and her joy at coming home

was so exuberant as in appearance, at least, to extinguish all pity or compunction for her father. She was only twenty-seven, in the full bloom of her dark Stewart beauty, and when she landed at Gravesend on the 12th of February, dressed in purple velvet and orange colour, she was received with an enthusiastic welcome. She proceeded to Whitehall, where her sister Anne met her with transports of affection. To her it was coming home, and there seems to have been a sort of intoxication of excitement, possibly partly to conceal other feelings than those of triumph, for she ran about from room to room, even examining the beds, as if she were at an inn. It is quite possible that she was afraid of offending her husband by evincing any regret; but, if so, she overdid her part, to the disgust even of those most adverse to King James, and leading to the conclusion on the part of John Evelyn that she was of a very good temper, but took nothing to heart. Nor did she even provide that the clothes and articles of personal property which had been left behind should be sent to her father and stepmother.

The Prince of Orange did not come to Whitehall till after her arrival. It was on that very day that the Declaration of Right was finally passed through the Lords, nearly as drawn up by Mr. Somers. It enumerated the nonconstitutional acts of James, and spoke of his flight as abdication. Then it laid down the principles that no king could dispense with the laws without the consent of Parliament, that money could not be raised, nor a standing army maintained but through the consent of the House of Commons, and after other lesser provisions, it declared the Crown to be settled on the Prince and Princess of Orange for their joint and separate lives, and upon their issue. Failing them, it was to pass to Princess Anne and her children, and failing these to William's children by a second wife. The provisions looked no farther. The parties concerned were all under forty years of age, and though William and Mary had been twelve years married without offspring, the Princess of Denmark gave birth to an infant almost every year, though none were now alive.

The next day, the 12th of February, was Ash-Wednesday, but William, who knew nothing of and cared nothing for Church observances, fixed it for the inauguration of his reign. The matter had no doubt been delayed till Lent by the long debate in Parliament, and Mary's detention by contrary winds, but the choice of the day was a shock to the Churchmen of his own party, and was a warning that, in their dread of Popery, an opposite extreme might have been brought in.

At noon, the Prince and Princess, in full dress, but bareheaded, seated themselves under the royal canopy in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, beneath the ceiling painted by Rubens for their great grandfather. Thither came a deputation of Peers, headed by the Marquis of Halifax, and another of members of the House of Commons, headed by Speaker Powle. The Declaration of Right was

read by the Clerk of the House of Lords, and it was said, that as James's errors were enumerated, his daughter had the grace to look down as if troubled. Then Lord Halifax, in the name of the two Houses, made a solemn offer of the Crown to the Prince and Princess. William said a few words of acceptance, Mary curtsied, they signed the Declaration of Rights, the Peers and Commons retired, and outside the palace, proclamation of William and Mary was made in London, Westminster, and all the other chief cities of England after the regular fashion at the beginning of a reign, bells were rung, and bonfires blazed in every street.

The absence of the Archbishop among the Peers was noted, nor had he come to pay his respects to the Prince during the previous month. Mary was very anxious to know what part he meant to take, and sent two of her chaplains to ask his blessing for her, and likewise to attend the service in his chapel at Lambeth, and report what sovereigns were mentioned in the prayers. Mr. Wharton, the Archbishop's chaplain privately asked what he was to do. 'I have no new directions to give,' said Sancroft; but Wharton took it on himself to substitute William for James, to the great displeasure of the loyal Primate, who told him that he must either continue to pray for the only lawful sovereign or quit his post, which last he did.

As for the blessing asked for the new Queen, the Archbishop sadly replied: 'Tell the Princess to ask her father's. Without that, I doubt whether mine would be heard in Heaven.'

Whatever might be thought of the general action of the nation as represented by Parliament in their choice of a new sovereign, Sancroft could not but be shocked at the sight of a daughter and son-in-law-nephew calmly assuming their father's rights. Holding, moreover, in full strength the doctrine of the Divine right of kings, and of passive obedience, and having personally sworn faith to the former king, Sancroft was resolved that he would make no oaths of allegiance to any other during James's lifetime. Ken, of Bath and Wells, had voted in the House of Lords against the Declaration, and was of the same mind, so were Turner of Ely, White of Peterborough, Lake of Chichester, making five out of the seven Bishops who had been prosecuted by James less than a year previously. To these were added Frampton of Gloucester, Cartwright of Chester, and Lloyd of Norwich. The other Bishops, Lloyd of St. Asaph, and Trelawney of Bristol, as well as Compton of London, had no scruples as to the change from the King who had persecuted them and threatened the Church. Of the prelates, Turner was far more active in a political sense than the others, who were for the most part inclined to consider that as long as they were not called on for any personal infraction of their oaths to James, they had better follow the example of the primitive Church in all the changes of Roman emperors by submitting to the 'powers that be.'

Mary's uncle, Lord Clarendon, grieved and unwell, had gone into

the country, whence he wrote to his niece a lecture on becoming behaviour to her father; but his wife, to whom it was entrusted, durst not deliver it, as the Queen manifested much displeasure towards both her uncles, Clarendon and Rochester, probably to satisfy her husband that she disapproved this project of making him regent in her name.

The Presbyterians at Edinburgh had risen in tumult on the first tidings of James's flight, frightened the Roman Catholic Chancellor, Lord Perth, out of the city, and attacked Holyrood Palace, where the chapel was used for the Roman rite, and there was a press for printing tracts on the controversy. The guard was insufficient, and the chapel was sacked and desecrated, not merely the adjuncts of the Catholic ritual destroyed, but the monuments of the kings broken open and plundered, and the skeletons left exposed to public view, so that they continued to be a gazing-stock up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In many other places Roman Catholic chapels were attacked, and two hundred Episcopalian clergy in the five western counties were rabbled and expelled. The people rose, dragged the curates to the churchyards, exposed them as condemned criminals, forbade them, under pain of death, to preach again in the parish, tore their gowns over their heads, and burnt their Prayer-books.

On Christmas Day ninety Cameronians went about committing outrages in Ayrshire. They did not kill, but robbed, spoiled, tormented the clergymen's families, women and all, often breaking in on them at night.

Mr. Bell, of Kilmarnock, was taken out of his house with a musket to his head. When he asked whether these proceedings were sanctioned by Scripture, he was told that the doom of all malignants was there plainly set down. He was, by these men, prohibited from discharging any duty in his church, and, by about two hundred musqueteers, escorted to the Market Cross, where one of the speakers denounced him as a 'spectacle of ignominy,' saying that they were obliged to do so by the solemn League and Covenant. Then, setting fire to the Prayer-book, they raised it on the point of a pike, calling it full of superstition and idolatry; and cut the gown to pieces with their swords, while shouts of 'Down with prelacy, idolatry, and superstition!' arose on all sides. They tried to exact a pledge that Mr. Bell would never again act as a minister, but this he sturdily refused, even though, he said, they should tear his body like his gown.

Elsewhere, the people had for the most part come to be contented with the Church, and in dread of the wild hill men; but the vicissitudes of the late times had brought the country to such a state that it was calculated that no less than 200,000 sturdy, masterful beggars were roaming the country and levying contributions, and a political writer actually advised a revival of domestic slavery. The lawyers

of the College of Justice, however, protected Edinburgh by forming themselves into a sort of guard, and, by William's request, the Estates were to assemble to consider of the disposal of the Crown.

The English Convention met as appointed, and, there being no Lord Chancellor, Halifax was chosen to preside in the House of Lords, while Mr. Powle, a decided Whig, was Speaker in the House of Commons. There could be no regular opening of Parliament; but a letter from William told the two Houses that it was their part to effect a safe settlement for the preservation of their religion, their laws, and their liberties, reminding them that the Protestants in Ireland were in great danger, and that delay in coming to a decision might be fatal.

Each House responded with an address of thanks to the Prince for what he had done; and then followed a debate in the Commons, in which the following resolutions were carried: 'That King James, having endeavoured to subvert the Constitution by violating the fundamental laws, and, having withdrawn himself from the kingdom, had abdicated the Government, and left the throne vacant. Also, that it was inconsistent with the safety of the Protestant realm to be governed by a Popish prince.'

This was the address of the Commons, who were mostly Whigs; but there was more Toryism among the Peers. Prayers in the House had had to be dispensed with in order to prevent James's name from being mentioned; and the Lords changed the word abdicated to deserted, and struck out the declaration that the throne was vacant.

In the meantime, Lord Clarendon proposed a regency, to be conducted by William, with Mary as Queen Regnant; but the Prince made known in private that he 'would not hold anything by apron-strings,' and the Princess had in Holland intimated that she would not be crowned without her husband. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that she had not been permitted to appear in England until the matter was settled. Still, in the Lords the Regency Bill was only lost by a majority of two, and only two Bishops, Compton and Trelawney, voted for the vacancy of the throne. The Prince of Wales was tacitly set aside.

On the 17th of February William published his list of Privy Councillors, beginning with the Prince of Denmark and the Archbishop of Canterbury as a matter of course. The Duke of Norfolk, the Marquess of Halifax, the Earl of Danby, were the most important names on the list. No Lord Chancellor was appointed, but a Commission was to do the work of that office, with old Serjeant Maynard at the head of it, for he was as keen and alert as ever. On the 18th the Convention met as a Parliament, and William made a speech from the throne; after which, suffering much from asthma, aggravated by London air, he withdrew to Hampton Court, and saw as few persons as possible, only coming to London on Council days, and showing much irritability, to the great disappointment of the people, who had

been used to the free and gracious manners of the two last sovereigns, though the Queen did her utmost to make up for her husband's moroseness and ungraciousness.

On the 1st of March the Peers took their oaths of allegiance as at the beginning of the new reign. There refused, or were absent, the Archbishop and the Bishops already mentioned, also the Earls of Clarendon, Lichfield, and Exeter, and several other Peers and commons. The Scottish Church had sent two Bishops to confer with their brethren in England, and solicit protection for their Church. Bishop Rose of Edinburgh describes his interview with Henry Compton of London.

'My Lord,' said the latter, 'you see that the King, having thrown himself on the water, must keep himself swimming with one hand. The Presbyterians have joined him closely and offer to support him, and, therefore, he cannot cast them off, unless he could see otherwise how he can be served. And the King bids me tell you that he now knows the State of Scotland much better than he did when he was in Holland, for while there he was made believe that Scotland all over was Presbyterian; but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy, and it is the trading and inferior sort that are for Presbytery. Wherefore he bids me tell you that, if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the Church and Order, and throw off the Presbyterians.'

Bishop Rose was too straightforward not to give it as his opinion that, though he could say nothing in the name of his brethren, he did not believe that they would conscientiously accept the Prince as he was accepted in England, and that, for his own part, he would give up everything rather than do so.

'So,' said Compton, always polite, 'the King must be excused for standing by the Presbyterians.'

Rose saw William himself before returning. This was what passed.

'My Lord, are you going for Scotland?'

'Yes, sir, if you have any commands for me.'

'I hope you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England.'

'Sir, I shall serve you as far as law, conscience, and reason allow,' was the Bishop's answer, in some doubt, he says, how to be 'both mannerly and discreet,' and William turned sharply away from him.

The Prince was not yet accepted by Scotland, for the Estates did not meet till the 14th of March, when William wrote them a letter expressing general attachment to Protestantism, without entering on the question of Episcopacy or Presbyterianism; but showing a strong desire that the two kingdoms should be united as one, and repeating much of what he had said to the English Convention.

Bishop Rose began by prayers for King James, who certainly had

not fled from Scotland, nor been in any way set aside. The first thing to be done was to vote for a President. The Whigs were for the Duke of Hamilton, the Tories for the Marquess of Atholl, and, as the former was elected by a large majority, it was plain that the acceptance of William and Mary would be carried, although the minority was far larger than in England.

The heirs of these two nobles, by way of securing the family estates, took opposite sides from their fathers, Lord Arran being a Jacobite, Lord Tullibardine a Whig. It was declared that there could not be free deliberation while the Duke of Gordon, a Roman Catholic, held Edinburgh Castle, so that the Parliament met exposed to its fire. Lords Lothian and Tweeddale, his personal friends, were sent to propose to him to surrender. He demanded a night for consideration, and late in the evening Balcarres and Dundee came to him, showing him their commissions from James, and telling him that, if things did not go well for that King, they should summon a fresh Convention at Stirling; and Dundee further signed a paper, authorising him to hold out the Castle.

Two heralds came the next day with a summons, to which Gordon replied that he had a commission from their master, and would not deliver up his trust, adding a gift of money to drink King James's health; but saying that, when they came with the King's coats on their backs to declare loyal subjects traitors, they ought in all decency to turn them.

He would not, however, fire on the city, and the deliberations were continued. A very foolish and impolitic letter was received, signed by James, but written by the Earl of Melfort, the most unpopular of all James's advisers, and not sent through Balcarres. It gave no promises of security for the religion or liberty of the malcontents, merely promised pardon if they returned to their allegiance in a fortnight, and threatened them violently if they did not. The consternation of the King's supporters was great, for, if an enemy had forged the letter, it could not more effectually have alienated the doubtful. Most threw up the game, reserving themselves for a meeting at Stirling, and thus left the Whig influence to predominate unchecked in the decisions of the Convention; who were further strengthened by a body of seven or eight hundred Cameronians, who, under the direction of the Earl of Leven, watched the entrances to the Parliament Houses, insulting the persons whom they thought adverse to the cause, and threatening the Bishops.

The Convention then agreed on an address in many respects similar to that of the English Parliament, but declaring James to have forfeited, instead of abdicated, the crown, and finally declaring 'that Prelacy, and the superiority of any office in the Church above Presbyters, had been, and still is, a great and insupportable grievance and trouble to the nation, and contrary to the inclination of the generality of the people ever since the Reformation, they having been

reformed from Popery by Presbyters, and therefore ought to be abolished.'

This declaration received the final assent of the Convention of Edinburgh on the 11th of April, the day of the Coronation in England. There was much to make that Coronation a painful and sinister one. Archbishop Sancroft, though earnestly solicited by Lord Danby and others of the new Cabinet, had refused to officiate, and, when warned that this would probably lead to his deprivation, he replied, with a smile: 'Well, I can live on fifty pounds a year.' Compton, Bishop of London, who was one of the men heart-whole and sincere in approving the change, was to perform the ceremony in his room.

On the very morning, just as the robing was finished, arrived the news that in Ireland, which had never acknowledged the Revolution, King James had just landed at Kinsale, and had been welcomed everywhere except in the North. Moreover, Mary received from Lord Nottingham the first letter her father had written to her since his escape. In it he told her that he had hitherto made fatherly excuses for her, believing her to have acted in obedience to her husband; but that the act of being crowned was in her own power, and, if she were crowned while he and the Prince of Wales were alive, the curse of an outraged father would light on her, as well as that of the God who commanded duty to parents.

William began eagerly to declare that he had used no authority to obtain his wife's consent, but that he had done nothing but by her advice and approval; and Mary, perhaps nettled and alarmed, retorted that, if her father came back again, it would be all his fault for letting him go.

This strange prelude to the Coronation delayed the opening of the service from eleven o'clock till half-past one. The attendance was very scanty, only five Bishops and four judges being present; and by no means all the peerage. When the presentation to the people for election took place, Compton presented the King; Lloyd of St. Asaph the Queen; and the people, led by the Westminster scholars, shouted their acceptance.

When the offering of twenty gold pieces was to be made, it turned out that they had been forgotten, and Lord Danby had to supply them from his own purse. Both Sovereigns kissed the Bible, as had not been done at the previous Coronation, nor was the Holy Communion as in that case omitted. Burnet, who had been appointed to the See of Salisbury, preached, and the new Coronation Oath was taken by both King and Queen, undertaking, instead of guarding the Church as in the time of Edward the Confessor, 'to maintain the Scripture and Protestant religion as established by law.'

The unction was given to both, but the sword and spurs bound on William alone; and when the Sword of State was offered on the altar they held it between them. The actual crowning did not take place till four, and afterwards the banquet was held in Westminster

Hall. Mary came out looking flushed and wearied, but when Anne observed on it she answered: 'A crown, sister, is not as heavy as it appears.'

The lateness of the hour not having been provided for, no lights were ready when darkness closed in on the banquet, and it was twilight, while still Sir Charles Dymoke of Scrivelsbay, the hereditary champion, had not appeared. At last, in the gloom, his son rode in on a war horse, and, waving his sword, uttered the challenge to any one who presumed to deny that William and Mary were King and Queen of England.

Then, as was generally said, as he threw down his gauntlet, it was picked up by an old woman on crutches, who retreated instantly in the darkness, leaving in its stead a lady's glove, containing a cartel, and appointing Hyde Park as the place of combat. It was further averred that a gentleman, armed with a sword, did pace up and down Hyde Park for two hours the next day, but no one came to meet him.

There could be no Coronation for Scotland, as the regalia were in Edinburgh Castle, held for James by the Duke of Gordon; but the oaths were taken before the Earl of Argyle and Sir John Dalrymple of Stair, whom Edward made Lord Advocate and afterwards Earl of Stair. Osborne, Earl of Danby, became Marquis of Caermarthen; Churchill, Earl of Marlborough. The representative part of Monarchy was a burthen intolerable to William; partly from ill-health, and partly from his strange want of manners. He was only really familiar with his Dutch friends, and had as little intercourse with the English nobles as possible, letting them stand behind his chair at dinner without speaking to them, or inviting them to sit down and share the meal, as had been the custom of Charles and James.

Mary would willingly have kept up the old easy and popular habits, but his jealousy of her possible predominance prevented this. On the whole, however, he left her to deal with the Church, except where politics were involved, and the recognition of their joint sovereignty. Conveniently for them, no less than six Bishops died in that winter of their arrival, including Thomas, Lake, and Cartwright, three of those who had refused assent to the Declaration.

The first ecclesiastical appointment was to the See of Salisbury, Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the Scotch chaplain and historian of those times. Sancroft at first refused to consecrate him, but finally issued a commission for the purpose.

At Lord Clarendon's house many consultations were held between the Bishops, whose conscience, opinion, or interest led them different ways. It was announced that such of the clergy as did not take the Oaths of Allegiance to the new Sovereigns before the 1st of August should be suspended. The Lords wanted to make the tendering of the oath depend on the will of the King; but the Commons insisted on its being required from all, only permitting the reservation of a third of the income of the benefice for such as should be deprived.

In the meantime, William attempted to redeem one of his promises of bringing about an agreement between the Church of England and Dissenters, and a Bill was brought into the House of Lords for comprehension and union, altogether overthrowing the distinctive character of the English Church. The Archbishop and his companions seem to have been too hopeless, or too determined not to recognise the present Government to oppose it, and it actually passed the Lords; but the Commons were alive to the impropriety of bringing in such a Bill without consulting the clergy, and, instead of discussing it, and, though they passed the Toleration Act, giving Nonconformists liberty of worship, voted an address to the King, calling on him to observe the ancient usage of the State, by summoning Convocation to be advised with in ecclesiastical matters. The King took counsel with the clergy he most trusted, especially Dr. Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, and it was determined to consider of such modification of the Prayer-book as would render it acceptable to the Dissenters.

The Commissioners, including Doctors Tenison and Stillingfleet, met in the Jerusalem Chamber, and proposed—to make all ceremonies indifferent—to abolish all in the Liturgy unpalatable to Dissenters, including almost all the collects, which were to be re-written, to change the word priest for minister, and acknowledge foreign-presbyterian Orders! Convocation met, and began to perceive that the Church had not gained much by the change from a Roman Catholic to a Calvinist. Dr. Jane, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, was elected Prolocutor by a majority of two to one over Tillotson, and, in his first address, made it plain that the Church of England was not going to accept any changes. Moreover, it was discovered that the Royal Commission for recasting the Liturgy was invalid, lacking the Great Seal, so there was a prorogation. On meeting again on the 4th of December, the Bishops who were not under suspension showed themselves willing to conform by thanking the King for his zeal for the Protestant religion; but the Lower House insisted on modifying the address, and it became perfectly clear that a very considerable body of clergy and laity might indeed accept William and Mary, but only on condition of their leaving untouched the Church and Prayer-book. And thus this open attack was dropped.

However, the Archbishop and a number of clergy had refused the oaths on the 1st of August, and, after six months' grace, remained still resolute, on the 1st of February, 1690. Therefore accepting loss and poverty rather than do what they felt as an infringement of their loyalty, and a breaking of their oaths of supremacy to their lawful King, six Bishops, Sancroft, Ken, Turner, Frampton, Lloyd, and Cartwright, and about four hundred clergy, were thus deprived, and received notice of ejectment, some of them being the most distinguished of the ministry, such as Ken, the poet and saint;

Frampton, the Eastern scholar; Kettlewell and Hickea; Jeremy Collier, the Church historian; Robert Nelson, author of 'The Fasts and Festivals,' and promoter of many good works which languished till modern times.

The loss to the Church was terrible, and weakened her for many years, but it was not put in force for another year, and an offer was even made them to dispense with these oaths if they would mention the reigning sovereigns in their prayers; but this was against their conscience, and they only remained in their palaces on sufferance.

In Scotland, the Bishops were summarily expelled; but William acknowledged the Presbyterian body as the Establishment, recommending, however, great moderation towards the Episcopalians.

Full half Scotland had become attached to the Church—all, indeed, beyond the Tay, and the Universities were almost wholly of Churchmen. But the Estates made visitations, and turned out all who owned Episcopal Orders, even if they were willing to accept William and Mary. Many clergymen were turned out for using the doxology, and giving their people 'Scougal's Catechism' and the 'Whole Duty of Man'! The King expressed his displeasure at these severities, but in vain, the Presbyterians made it penal for an Episcopal clergyman to marry or baptise in private, and of course he could not do so in public. And thus the Church of Scotland became a suffering and persecuted remnant.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.
GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

THE ANTONINE PERIOD.

DURING the reigns of the good emperors known as the Antonines, there was, comparatively speaking, little persecution. It was true that ancient laws existed against secret societies, and compelling homage to the established worship, and these might at any time be enforced.

A governor of a province might, if he chose, thus excite a persecutor, or the spite of an Informer might drag his neighbour before the tribunal; and, on any great disaster, there was a cry that it was the Christians who offended the gods, and that their blood must be shed in expiation.

Smyrna is a city specially subject to earthquakes, and here apparently the popular fury first broke out. The history is given in a letter from the Smyrniot Church to their brethren in Pontus, which Eusebius has preserved. The facts are thus certain, but the year is uncertain, and much criticism has been expended on it; it probably was in 155.

According to this letter, there were at first barbarous scourgings, laying bare even the very bones, but endured with unshaken resolution, until the bleeding victim was thrown to the wild beasts, ever kept in dens around the circus for fights or for executions. A fine young man, named Germanicus, incited the pity of the Proconsul who argued with him, and entreated him to spare his youth, but Germanicus would not listen, and even excited the rage of the animal who destroyed him. Another young man, Quintus, came from Phrygia in hasty enthusiasm to offer himself as a martyr, an action which the Church always condemned as presumptuous tempting of God, and in this case the sight of the preparations overcame him, so that he entreated for mercy but was not spared.

And now the cry arose for Polycarp, who was by this time a very old man, and at the outbreak of the persecution had yielded to the entreaties of his flock, and had withdrawn to a little village a few miles from the city. Thither he was pursued by the officers, who began by seizing on two Christian children, whom they commanded to lead them to his place of retreat. One brave child allowed himself to be beaten to death rather than betray the Bishop, the other yielded.

Even then Polycarp had warning sufficient to have fled, but he would not, saying, 'The Will of God be done.' He caused an excellent meal to be set before the officers, begging them meantime to grant him an hour's retirement for his devotions.

After this, he was placed on an ass, and on the way to Smyrna met a magistrate named Herodes, driving in a chariot with his father Nicetas. They took him up with them, and exhorted him to acknowledge the divinity of Cæsar, and consent to offer sacrifice, but when he refused they pushed him out so roughly that he fell and hurt his leg.

On coming to the amphitheatre, the Proconsul, Statius Quadratus, called on him to have pity on his own grey hairs.

'Deny your Christ, swear by the genius of the Emperor, say "Away with the godless."'

With a sigh, the old man looked up to heaven, and said, 'Away with the godless.'

'Swear!' said the Proconsul, 'and I will release you—revile your Christ.'

'Four score and six years,' said Polycarp, 'have I been His servant, nor did He ever use me unkindly. How, then, can I blaspheme my Lord and King?'

He was threatened with the beasts.

'Let them come,' said Polycarp; 'Christians do not change from better to worse, but from worse to better.'

'If you despise the beasts, you shall be burnt with fire.'

'Your fire will be spent in an hour, but there is an eternal fire which you know not.'

'And still the throng more eager grew,
And still with quickened pace
On rolled the mighty living mass
Unto the public place.

As waters mingle in one sea,
Most strange it was to view,
How thronged the amphitheatre,
The Gentile and the Jew.

The Roman with his cold, proud lip,
Half curled in cruel scorn,
The Syrian soft, the polished Greek,
The slave and the free born.

The high souled and the sensitive,
They filled that fearful spot,
Ah, Mercy hath no place on earth
Where God's true love is not!

There beauty sat with jewelled brow
And rolled the large soft eye,
And, conscious, stretched the neck of snow
To see an old man die.

And the best blood of Asia
Sat smiling at her side,
Alas! for human nature,
And alas! for worldly pride.

An ancient man with long white hair
And noble mien was he,
On whom the people came to gaze
In his last agony.

He looked on all the faces round,
Stage rising over stage,
And some grew pale with terror,
And some grew white with rage.

His was the only placid brow,
The only eye serene,
So calm looks out the clear blue heaven,
Dark rolling clouds between.

All cold! all proud, all pitiless,
He turned to the kindling pile,
And his steady lip one moment moved
As with a conqueror's smile.

Then up and down, and through the crowd,
One voice rose, wild and high,
"Away with the godless Christian!
False Polycarp to die."

The multitude shouted that a lion should be let loose upon the old man; but the lions had done their part, and were not again to be roused. So he was not to meet the same fate as his friend Ignatius, but to be burnt, and there was a general rush, in which the Jews were particularly active to collect faggots from the baths and houses. When the pile was ready, he took off his shoes, bending with effort, for, out of reverence and honour, this office was almost always performed by his' disciples. The executioners were about to nail him to the stake, but he begged to be left free, saying that He who would support him under the pain would enable him to stand still.

Then, standing on the pile, he prayed aloud, 'Blessed be Thou, O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of Thee, O God of Angels and Powers and of every creature, and of all the just that live in Thy Sight, blessed be Thou that Thou hast made me worthy to attain to this hour, that Thou hast made me a partaker among Thy Holy Martyrs of the Cup of Thy Christ, that my soul and body may be reunited to the Eternal, being sanctified by Thy Holy Spirit. Oh, grant, I beseech Thee, that this day I may be presented before Thee among the Saints, a rich and acceptable sacrifice, according to Thy Heavenly Will, and as Thou, O God of truth, hast revealed to me. Wherefore, O Lord, I adore Thee for all Thy mercies, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, through Thy Only-Begotten Son, the Eternal High Priest, Christ Jesus, through whom, in the unity of the Spirit, to Thee be glory now and for evermore. Amen.'

The fire was kindled, but in the eyes of the loving disciples there was a miracle, for the flame rose in sheets, forming an arch of glory around the martyr, but not burning him; upon which one of the executioners pierced him with a sword, and the blood extinguished the fire. It was by no means improbable that a gust of wind would have such an effect on flame kindled on light faggots of aromatic woods hastily heaped together, but the Christians might well rejoice that the worst suffering was spared, when, as John Bunyan expressed it, 'Polycarp played the man in the fire.'

His thanksgiving is so sacred that I should have hesitated to repeat it here, save for the sake of letting you observe the way in which it chimes in with our own Eucharistic Thanksgiving in the *Gloria in Excelsis*, as though Polycarp were using the very words which he sung in his morning hymn; for in the first *written* Eastern liturgies this is a morning hymn. Also some Irish monks, who left a liturgy to Luxovium in Gaul, sung it in the very part of the Communion Service where our Church has placed it; and, as I have said, the Celtic Church was closely connected with the East.

Can the expression, 'As Thou hast revealed to me,' refer to the message from our Lord, delivered long ago by St. John to the angel of the Church of Smyrna, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life?' Polycarp might, however, be thinking of a dream that his pillow was on fire, which he had had a few days before his capture, and which he had then pronounced to be a warning.

He was the last who had actually had intercourse with St. John; except the equally aged Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, and Papias, a credulous old man of Hierapolis, who left some books of the information he had collected from persons who had known the Apostles, and in especial from the daughters of Philip, the Deacon, at Cæsarea. Neither Eusebius nor Irenæus, who had seen these writings, thought them worthy of much notice, except for his explanation of the relationship between our blessed Lord and His so-called brethren, the sons of Cleophas, and of the blessed Virgin's sister. It is on his authority likewise that we are told that the Gospel of St. Matthew was first composed in Hebrew, and that St. Mark wrote his for Roman readers, under the direction of St. Peter. Internal evidence makes it probable that here he was correct; but he told other more doubtful tales, and was the first known believer in the Millennium, or reign of Christ for a thousand years after the first Resurrection. Moreover, he believed in a promise that vines should bear each ten thousand branches, each branch ten thousand twigs, each twig ten thousand clusters, each cluster ten thousand grapes. This may have arisen from an ignorant repetition of some of the parables. Papias was martyred at about the same time as Polycarp.

At this time we get the first Christian canon of the Old Testament. Melito, Bishop of Sardis, made a journey to the Churches of Palestine, to obtain complete copies of the Books; and he gave a list of those

which he had procured, which was copied afterwards by St. Jerome. It includes all the books except Esther.

Melito also wrote a defence of Christianity addressed to Marcus Aurelius, and a letter came from that Emperor which slackened the persecution in the East. It is very curious, as showing the manner in which he regarded the faith.

‘The Emperor, Cæsar Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus, Pontifex Maximus, Tribune of the people for the fifteenth time, Consul for the third time, to the commonwealths of Asia, Greeting :

‘I know that the gods themselves are careful that this sort of people should not lurk in concealment, since they are more concerned than you in punishing such as do not adore them. By bringing these people into trouble, you confirm them in accusing you of impiety. They prefer being accused and dying for their God to living. Thus they are the conquerors, pouring forth their lives rather than yield to what you require. As to the earthquakes, past and present, it is well to remind you that you are terrified when they occur ; yet you compare yourselves to those who only trust the more in their God, while when there is no danger you neglect your gods and the adoration of the immortal, and then persecute to the death the Christians who honour it.

‘Many governors of provinces wrote to my divine father respecting these people, and he answered that they were not to be molested unless they attempted anything against the State. I have made the same replies. If a man be accused of being a Christian, let him be released and pardoned, even if proved to be such.’

Certainly Aurelius was sensible of the moral grandeur of the Christian’s attitude. Their apologies and the fact that more than one philosopher, ‘feeling after God,’ had found Him, and with Him rest for the soul, impelled an Egyptian Epicurean, named Celsus, to write an attack on them. This is what Dr. Smith tells us of his work : ‘It is a mixture of self-sufficiency, ignorance, and inconsistency. In one place the author reproaches the Christians as slaves of a blind belief ; in another with their numerous sects and ever-varying opinions. Sometimes he speaks of them as slaves of their senses ; on another occasion as persons who rejected all external worship whatever.’ He had read the Scriptures, but carelessly, and confounded the new and old dispensations, and, though he did not deny the miracles of the Gospel, he attributed them to magic, of which he thought the Sacraments a continuation. His treatise was probably the ablest produced by the adversaries of the faith, for it continued to be a sort of text-book to the objectors for many years.

Justin continued to write his arguments and apologies until his martyrdom, the date of which is somewhat doubtful, but it took place at Rome. He had had an argument with a cynic philosopher, Crescens, whom he refuted, and, in revenge, his opponent plotted his death, so that it does not seem to have been actually during a perse-

cution, though he is always distinguished by the special title of Justin Martyr. Most probably it took place during the Emperor's absence from Rome.

In the year 169 Aurelius had to march towards the Danube to meet a huge confederacy of the wild border tribes, of whom the Quadi and Marcomanni, no doubt, in their own tongue, March men, or borderers, were the most distinguished. It seems to have been a most trying campaign, beginning in winter; so that the battle was fought on the ice of the frozen Danube, where the Romans had to stand upon their shields to keep their footing.

Apparently the war was carried on in a succession of forays of the enemy, for the next time we hear of the Roman army it was in the height of summer, when the cunning enemy had beguiled it, in the pursuit, into a narrow rocky valley, shut in on all sides by precipices, and entirely devoid of water. The Roman legions were in agonies of thirst, and their enemies kept every outlet closed. The Christians, who formed a large proportion of one of the legions, threw themselves on their knees and prayed aloud. Clouds suddenly darkened the sky, a beneficent rain refreshed and invigorated the parched and exhausted Romans, while the fury of the storm beat upon their enemies; and in the ensuing combat the Romans had so much advantage that the Quadi were reduced for a time to submission.

The early Church historians go on to tell us that the legion was ever after known as the Thundering Legion.

Unfortunately there had been a Legio Fulminata in the time of Trajan, though of the fact of this shower there can be no doubt.

On the column erected by Marcus Aurelius in commemoration of his life and victories, which still towers at Rome, the incident is preserved. The soldiers are holding up their shields and helmets to catch the drops that are pouring down upon them; but here Jupiter Pluvius is seated on the cloud above. Did the Emperor, or did his sculptor attribute the beneficent tempest to the heathen divinity, or, like his historian Dion, to the charms of an Egyptian magician?

Tertullian, the great Christian author of the next century, declares that he had actually seen the letters of toleration issued by Aurelius in consequence, and we may, on the whole, accept the story, though needless doubt is cast on it by calling it the 'Miracle of the Thundering Legion.' An answer to prayer is by no means necessarily a miracle, and in a mountainous country nothing is more frequent than fitful thunder storms, brought by sudden gusts of wind.

We must remember that the ancient mind was as willing to believe in a miracle as the modern mind is to disbelieve one. Even Celsus, the philosopher, did not dispute the facts that wonders were worked in both dispensations; and it is probably quite true that, in many heathen sanctuaries and oracles, something really, or apparently, supernatural took place. Whether this was done by direct Satanic

power, or through those wonderful and mysterious agencies on the nerves and imagination which we call spiritualism and mesmerism, there is no knowing; but the similarities of these with the effects of what the Apostles and their successors condemned as witchcraft and the work of demons, are such that it seems to me highly questionable whether it be either right or safe even to play with such things, far less to deal with them in earnest.

It is quite certain that one great grievance of the heathens against the Christians was, that their presence had the same effect upon omens as that of sceptics in spiritualism avowedly has on its manifestations; whether because tricks became less easy, or because they really silenced the promptings of the demons. The former supposition is certainly borne out, not only by the old story of the consequences of Camillus's message to the Augurs that the sacred chickens must eat or die, but by Aurelius having, more with grief than indignation, actually beheld a man—who had promised to transform himself into a stork—hide behind a tree while the stork flew from his bosom. The world may have grown too clever for old deceptions, yet it is certain that haruspices believed themselves to fail when Christian soldiers made the sign of the Cross; and that many of the old oracles ceased to answer their inquiries, so that Milton's beautiful words are literally true—

‘The Oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.’

NOTE ON ‘THE DATE OF ST. POLYCARP’S MARTYRDOM.’

BY BOG-OAK.

• VARIOUS DATES ASSIGNED.

- 147. Pearson, Dodwell, Gallandi.
- 155. Waddington, Zahu, Renan, Hilgenfeld, *Lightfoot*, Letronne, Borghesi, de Rossi.
- 156. Lipsius.
- 158. Pagi.
- 161. Baratier, Idotius.
- 163. Paschel Chronicle (10th cent. MS.).
- 164. Greswell.
- 166. Clinton, Norris, Tillemont, Masson, Wiesseter, Ulhorn, *Wordsworth*.
- 167. Valesius.
- 168. Eusebius and St. Jerome (as some think).
- 169. Baronius, Mosheim, Ussher.
- 175. Petit.

Aristides the rhetorician gives us an account of himself and his own times, and in particular of a curious illness from which he suffered

for many years. He implies that a certain Julianus was Proconsul of Asia in the second year of his malady. Now, we know that Julianus was Proconsul from May, 145, to May, 146. This is certain from an inscription of Antoninus Pius at Ephesus, stating that Julianus was Proconsul in 145, and from a medal commemorating the wedding of 'Marcus Verus (M. Aurelius) and Faustina, Julianus, Proconsul,' and this wedding was in 146. The Proconsuls of Asia held office from May to May.

Next, Aristides says *Severus* was Proconsul in the tenth year of his malady, which, if he gives the years correctly, must be 153–154.

In another place he says he thinks Severus was Proconsul 'the year before my friend.' The whole context goes to prove that by 'my friend' he meant Statius Quadratus, whose proconsulate would then be May, 154, to May, 155. And, as St. Polycarp suffered in the spring, it must have been the spring of 155. But, as the years of the 'malady' do not quite range with the years of the proconsulate (May to May), there is room for an error of *one* year, and thus Lipsius may possibly be correct.

The objection Wordsworth and others make to this is that the emperor was evidently in Syria during the proconsulate of Quadratus, and that a war with the Parthians was going on, whereas Antoninus never left Rome, and was *not* at war with the Parthians. But Aurelius was at war with them, and did go to the East. This is answered by Malalas, a Byzantine historian of the sixth century, who distinctly mentions Antoninus's doings in Syria, and by an inscription at Sepino (a Samnite town) mentioning one Neratius entrusted by this emperor with preparations *ob bellum Parthicum*; so it seems to be a popular delusion that he did not leave Rome, and if he had not a war with the Parthians he prepared for one.

As for the old date of Anicetus, which stands in the way, even Bishop Wordsworth admits there are reasons for suspecting his Pontificate was some years earlier than the received date.

Also, till 1633, every one took 'eighty-and-six years have I served Him' to mean the years of his life, not of his conversion. Now, if he were eighty-six in 166, he would be too young to have been consecrated Bishop by any of the Apostles; not so if he were eighty-six in 155.

This is an abstract of the arguments in *The Date of St. Polycarp's Martyrdom*, by T. Randell, M.A. [Studia Biblica, Oxford, 1885, No. ix.]

EASTER-EVE.

'Sleep'st Thou indeed? or is Thy spirit fled
 At large among the dead?
 Whether in Eden bowers Thy welcome voice
 Wake Abraham to rejoice.
 Or in some drearier scene Thine eye controls
 The thronging band of souls;
 That, as Thy blood won earth, Thine agony
 Might set the shadowy realm from sin and sorrow free.'

JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, Who was perfect God and perfect Man, Christ, the God-Man, the very 'Word of life,' the 'Bread of life,' 'Who giveth life to the world,' suffered *death*!

He had truly emptied Himself of His glory, and, having taken upon Him 'the form of a servant,' He was made 'in all things' 'like unto His brethren.' Sentence of death had been passed upon mankind, and He, 'being found in fashion as a man, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death.' He 'tasted death for every man,' tasted it in its full bitterness, for the 'terrors of death fell upon Him,' 'the sorrows of death compassed Him,' 'the snares of death' came upon Him, and He 'found trouble and sorrow.' Yet, though He thus walked 'through the valley of the shadow of death,' He feared no evil, for God was with Him: His rod and His staff they comforted Him; and, being in all things made like unto His brethren, He is in all things their Example. They can suffer nothing which He has not suffered. By whatsoever paths they have to go, He has gone before them. Through all He is their 'Guide, even unto death.'

And what is death? A deaf man is dead in respect of sound; a blind man is dead in respect of light; 'knowledge' at these entrances being 'quite shut out' from the soul. So, too, one who has lost the use of his other members is dead, so far as motion, speech are concerned. His will remains, but has no power to show itself by action; his mind has no means by which to express its thoughts. All these conditions are those of partial death; and death in its fulness is, to the body, the loss of all power, all sensation; and to the soul it is separation from the body, a going forth, we know not whither, a closing of all the gateways of knowledge, by which in life it held intercourse with the material world.

Whatever, in this condition, be the soul's means of receiving impressions, or holding communication with others—and there is nothing to show that it does not possess these—they are not those originally bestowed by God, when He pronounced man 'very good,'

nor are they those which man shall possess hereafter, when he receives his spiritual body, made like unto Christ's glorious body.

Death is, therefore, a condition of imperfection; and into this condition our Blessed Lord came, as we say in the Creed—'He was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into Hell.'

In the Greek Church, the following versicle is used in the service of Easter Eve: 'Thou wast present as on this day, O Christ, with Thy Body in the tomb. With Thy Soul Thou wast in Hades, fulfilling to the thief Thy promise that he should be with Thee in Paradise; and on the throne Thou wast abiding with the Father and the Holy Ghost, filling all things, and uncircumscribed of any. Glory be to Thee; O Christ!'

His Body was really and truly deprived of life. Death separated Body and Soul in Him as in other men; but He was God as well as Man, and in His Divinity He was never separate from either Soul or Body. When we speak of one dead, we say truly that *he* is gone, while his body is still in our sight; but of Christ we say in the Creed, not only that *He* was crucified, but that *He* was dead, that *He* was buried, and that *He* descended into hell. Once united, His Divine nature and His human nature were evermore inseparable; and when His soul left the body, when He laid down His life of Himself, He forsook neither Body nor Soul.

As throughout His Passion, we see the overruling Hand of God upon 'Herod and Pontius Pilate with the Gentiles and the people of Israel,' restraining them from doing anything but what His 'Hand and counsel determined before to be done'—anything but what 'He had showed by the mouth of all His prophets that Christ should suffer:' so was it with His burial. He was buried, 'that the Scriptures might be fulfilled;' but contrary to the usual custom; for the Roman law did not ordinarily grant burial to those who died the shameful death of crucifixion.

'He was cut off from the land of the living;' He humbled Himself even to the grave, submitting that His body should be consigned to the place of corruption, trusting only in the promise of the Father, Whom * He had set always before Him, for preservation and deliverance. With Him at His right Hand, He was not moved. His Heart was glad and His glory rejoiced. *Why?* Because death and the grave are beautiful, and to be desired in themselves, as some would have us believe?

No; but because His Flesh rested in *hope*; for 'He knew that God would not leave His soul in hell, neither would He suffer His Holy One to see corruption, but would show Him the *path of life*.

We speak of man commonly as consisting of body and soul—the one material, the other immaterial, not formed of what we call matter, but spiritual. This spiritual part we speak of sometimes as spirit, sometimes as soul; but, though we have no ground for

* Ps. xvi. 8-11.

supposing them to be separable, Scripture distinguishes between the two, and speaks of soul *and* spirit. The spirit is the seat of man's personality, veiled and hidden from all but God; the soul is the intelligent and animating faculty, the seat of reason, sometimes also spoken of as mind. Man was made in the image of God; and, whatever else may be involved in that mystery, we cannot but see in his threefold nature a reflection of the Triune nature of God. 'The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath' (or spirit) 'of life, and man became a living soul.' Of the angels we are told—'He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire.'* Their substance, whatever it be, is distinct from what we understand by matter; they can do all that they were created to do without the help of matter. Man, on the other hand, was created to receive ideas of external things, and to act upon and communicate with external things by means of a material body, apart from which, he is in an unnatural state. For the separation of soul and body is death; and he was not created to die. Death is God's judgment upon sin.

Heathen philosophers, indeed, and others professing Christianity, have spoken of death as the release of the soul—a setting it free from the chains of the body by which it is bound to earth; but, though St. Paul desired 'to depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' if His coming was to be delayed, he did *not* desire to be 'unclothed, but clothed upon' with the house from heaven; and, though he spoke of it as a 'vile body,' he did not look forward to being rid of it, but to having it *changed*, and made like unto the 'glorious body' of his Lord.

'A spirit,' said our Lord, 'hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have;' and His taking again of His body is the great proof that it is in the body only that man can perfectly fulfil the ends for which he was created. The Son of God took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took the manhood into God; and, with the Godhead, human nature is now for ever inseparably united in the Person of Christ.

It is true that we sin in and with our bodies; but it is *we* who sin; they are but our instruments. It is true, also, that death removes from us temptations and opportunities of sin; but it makes no change in the evil will. It is true that 'we groan, being burdened' in these poor bodies, which suffer in so many ways because they have been made the instruments of sin; but we are 'waiting,' not to be rid of them, but 'for the adoption, to wit, the *redemption* of our body.'

To hold, with some, that matter is in itself evil, is to question God's wisdom when He pronounced it 'very good;' to imagine that, to be rid of the body, is the way to perfection, is to doubt the truth of the Incarnation and Resurrection of the Lord, and to let go the hope of the Gospel. For the right faith is that He is now at the right Hand

* 2 Kings ii. 11; vi. 17; Ps. lxxviii. 17.

of God, in the same Body in which He suffered on earth—the same, made of the dust of the earth, for He is Very Man—the same still, though glorified; and in Him ‘earth is lifted up to heaven,’ indeed.

Moreover, though He took our flesh ‘for the suffering of death, and it was only ‘through death’ that He could ‘destroy him that had the power of death;’ yet, it is quite evident, that the glory of His body, when He received it again at His resurrection, was not in any way necessarily the effect or consequence of His having endured death. For, in the mount of Transfiguration, ‘as He prayed, the fashion of His Countenance was altered,’ ‘and His Face did shine as the sun;’ and the Apostles with Him ‘were eye-witnesses of His Majesty; for He received from God the Father honour and glory.’ And, as St. Paul says, *we shall not all pass through death, though we shall all share in the resurrection-change; for ‘He shall change our vile bodies,’ ‘in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.’*

Death is not a momentary event but a condition; and therefore we say in the Creed, that our Lord not merely died, but ‘was dead.’ He remained for a while in the condition of death, being made ‘like unto His brethren’ in this, as in all else. He was held for a time by the ‘pains of death,’ or as it is in the revised version, ‘the cords of death;’ death was for a time suffered to hold Him, to have dominion over Him, to triumph over Him; though his own defeat and overthrow were thereby secured. He was holden of the cords of death until God loosed them. And yet He is described prophetically, as being during this time ‘glad,’ ‘resting in hope,’ * ‘dwelling confidently.’ † For, though death is a state of deprivation, imperfection, and restraint, it is no more inconsistent with joy and perfect hope than is our present mortal condition, in which ‘we groan,’ ‡ longing for the perfect thing, while at the same time, ‘though sorrowful,’ we are, or should be, ‘always rejoicing,’ ‘rejoicing in hope,’ holding fast the ‘rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end,’ ‘filled with all joy and peace in believing,’ that we ‘may abound in hope.’

We cannot suppose that the martyred souls, slain for the word of God—whom St. John saw beneath the altar, whom he heard crying with a loud voice—were in a condition of peace and repose, less blessed than that of other departed spirits, though they thus cried out. Rather, the more we are filled with the Spirit of Christ, the more earnestly, whether living or dead, shall we long for that which He longs for.

Our Blessed Lord ‘descended into hell,’ the place of departed spirits called, in the Hebrew, Shēol—meaning originally, ‘the place inquired after;’ in the Greek, Hades, that is, the invisible; in the Latin, Inferi, signifying originally ‘those beneath,’ though now associated with the idea of the place of torment, like the English word hell, which means really ‘a concealed place,’ and answers exactly to the word Hades.

* Acts ii. 26.

† Ps. xvi.

‡ Rom. viii. 23-26.

It is evident from Scripture that the three great divisions of space were supposed to be heaven, the abode of angels; earth, the abode of men; and 'under the earth,' the abode of departed spirits; and, whether this manner of speech be figurative, or expressive of an actual reality, there is evident reference to it in Phil. ii. 10, where it is said, 'that, at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, of those in heaven, and those in earth, and those under the earth.' And it is in harmony with this, and with Eph. iv. 9 and Rom. x. 6, 7, that the framers of the Creeds have given us, 'He descended into hell,' as one of the articles of the faith.

Shëol or Hades, of which hell is the English equivalent, were used to designate the general abode of departed spirits, whether good or bad; another, or an additional word being used to distinguish that part of Shëol which was the abode of the wicked. Shëol was the place to which the saints and patriarchs expected to go, and though apparently always used to express a place or condition of restraint, the idea of torment was not by any means necessarily associated with it, as is evident from such passages as: Gen. xxxvii. 35; Job xiv. 13; Is. xxxviii. 10; Hos. xiii. 14.

Into Shëol, or Hades, our Lord, like other sons of men, descended; but we have no evidence from Scripture that He went to that part of it, sometimes distinguished as 'the pit,' or 'the lowest pit,' where abode the spirits of the wicked. In thus sharing the common lot, He was proved to be indeed truly Man, and when He ascended up on high, He could become 'Lord, both of the dead and of the living,' perfectly fitted to enter upon His High-Priestly office in the heavens, knowing all our needs, both in life and in death, able, from His own experience, to sympathise with all, a 'merciful and faithful High Priest,' 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

But is this all that was accomplished by His descent into Hades?

When we consider the way in which death is spoken of in the Old and New Testaments, we are struck at once by the contrast between the two. Even the most faithful of the holy men of old spoke of it with dread, and viewed its approach with shrinking and reluctance.* Death and Hades were the great instruments by which Satan exercised power over the children of men, who, 'through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' But to St. Paul, 'to depart' was 'to be with Christ,' to have some nearer, closer fellowship with Him, some more intimate sense of His spiritual Presence, which, though not the perfect thing, not the seeing 'face to face,' is still 'far better' than what we can know upon earth. He speaks of the dead saints as being 'dead in Christ,' 'sleeping in Jesus;' and the whole tone of the New Testament tends to show that the condition of the faithful departed before the Lord's coming was very different from that of those who now fall asleep in Him, who have been quickened, in Baptism, by the life of Him 'Who dieth no

* Job x. 21, 22.

more ;' who live *by* Him and are His, whether they live or die,* living 'together with Him.' This condition of blessedness could not be attained by holy men of old before the death of Christ ; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given, by Whom we now are made His members.

But as regards some of those whom He found in Hades, we have distinct teaching in Scripture ; for it is said of Him that, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in Spirit, endued already with resurrection-life, 'He went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which aforetime were disobedient, when the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was a preparing ;' and again, we are told that the Gospel was 'preached even to the dead.' These were they who were disobedient *while the ark was preparing*, who gave no heed to the preaching of Noah ; but Scripture does not say that they *died* in disobedience, and we have no right to assume that they did so. We have no warrant for believing that there is any place of repentance beyond the grave for those who die in wilful sin and impenitence ; but dare we positively affirm this of any, even of those cut off, as it seems to us, in the midst of their sins ? Under certain circumstances time seems to stand still ; an earthquake-shock, lasting but a few seconds, may seem, to those who experience it, to continue for half an hour ; drowning men have seen, as in a vision, the whole of their past lives spread out before them in the few minutes before they lost consciousness ; and, if so, can we say that they might not even then truly repent ?

We may believe, then, that these 'spirits in prison,' to whom the Lord brought the glad tidings of redemption, had repented ; too late, indeed, to escape the general destruction, but not too late to save their souls. And in this they remind us of another company in those last days, which are spoken of by our Lord as resembling the times of Noah, at the close of the first dispensation. 'For, as the days of Nöe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Nöe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away ; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. Then shall two be in the field, the one shall be taken, and the other left.' 'Watch ye therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.'

There are those who stand with the Lamb upon 'Mount Zion,' where there 'shall be deliverance,' or 'they that escape,' † who are 'hid in the day of the Lord's anger,' ‡ whom 'in the time of trouble He shall hide in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle,' setting 'them upon a rock.' And there are those who pass *through* the time of trouble, and *come out* of the great tribulation with their robes made white.

* John viii. 51 ; Rom. xiv. 8 ; 1 Thess. v. 10. † Ob. 17. ‡ Joel ii. 3.

But St. Peter, when he speaks of the Lord's mission to those who were disobedient at the close of the first dispensation, no doubt had others also in his mind. His epistle, though addressed to the Christian Church in general, is also especially addressed to Jews, 'the strangers, or sojourners of the Dispersion of Pontus,' etc. He knew that for their sins the ten tribes had been removed, no one knew whither, 'into a land of darkness and the shadow of death,'* and that soon the Jewish dispensation would be brought to a close by God's judgments poured out upon Jerusalem, which had not known the time of her visitation, and was even then rejecting the preaching of the Gospel, while the ark of the Church was building, wherein they might have found refuge.

He knew that they were about to be removed and dispersed throughout all nations; but he knew, too, of the mercy which should visit them in their outcast condition. For 'God hath not cast away His people whom he foreknew.' 'Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in;' but then 'there shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.'

But are we to believe that our Lord visited only those spirits who had been disobedient in Noah's time, during His sojourn in Hades? Wherever there was a work of God to be accomplished, there we may be sure He went; and though the case of these spirits was in some respects peculiar, we cannot easily believe that He rejoiced them with the glad tidings, and passed by faithful Noah. St. Peter's words, 'For, for this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead,' do not seem to be necessarily limited to those spoken of in the previous chapter; and it seems natural, and in harmony with what we know of the love of God, that the good news should have been made known at least to all those who had looked, and longed, and waited for it; to Adam and Eve, who had received the first promise of the Redeemer; to Abraham, in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed, who had rejoiced afar off to see His day; to David, who had prophesied of Him, and had, by the Spirit, composed the very Psalms which He had used; to Isaiah, and all the prophets who had inquired and searched diligently concerning the salvation of which they spake, 'searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;' to all the 'great cloud of witnesses' who 'died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar,' 'God having provided some better things concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.'

Surely upon these faithful ones, dwelling 'in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined;' and they were made to know that 'God had visited and redeemed His people,' 'as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since

* Ps. cvii. 10, 11.

the world began.' And there, too, surely He would gladden the spirit of faithful Simeon, who had waited for the consolation of Israel, and had had grace to recognise in the helpless Infant Whom he held in his arms, the light which should lighten the Gentiles, and be the glory of Israel. And with him would there not be the 'more than prophet,' the faithful forerunner, John the Baptist, who had presented Him to the people as the 'Lamb of God;' who had seen the Spirit descending from heaven upon Him; who, as the 'friend of the Bridegroom,' had rejoiced greatly, 'because of the Bridegroom's voice.'

But more than this; our Lord Himself has said that many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven; while also He said of John the Baptist that, though, among them that were born of women, there had not arisen any greater, still that 'he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he'. The patriarchs and saints of old could not receive the grace of the new birth, which consists in resurrection-life, until the Lord Himself had received it, and become the Quickening Spirit; they were converted—they had turned to God, but they were not regenerate. Apart from us, they were not to be made perfect; but the same writer who says this, says also, 'Ye are come . . . unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem . . . to the general assembly and Church of the first-born . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect.' And the Fathers of the Church hold that the faithful saints of the former dispensations are now in the communion of Christ, members of the One Body, and partakers with us of the hope of the kingdom; though it is certain that they could not be regenerated during their lives on earth. But the epistle to the Hebrews seems to imply some change. They *were* not perfect, or complete. Now they are so. May we not believe then, that our Lord's ministry in Hades prepared them to receive the quickening power of the Spirit in common with those who had received His words on earth; and that, when the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost, they too were incorporated in the Body of Christ? 'For *to this end* Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.'

But, deeply interesting as this is, the great and important truths which we learn from our Lord's descent into Hades, are, that, by it, He was made in this, as in all things, like unto us, His brethren, perfectly able to sympathise and to intercede; and that, though He has not provided that none of His saints should thenceforth be held by the restraints of death; though death still remains the 'enemy who shall be destroyed,' yet, he has lost his sting; and the spirits of Christ's saints now rest in Him, in the communion of the Holy Ghost, waiting in sure and certain hope of the resurrection, and, like their Lord and Master, quickened already in spirit, living together with Him.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

BY ISABELLA WEDDLE, JOINT AUTHOR OF 'DAVID ARMSTRONG,' ETC.

Preface, Being a tale with a moral and an immoral.

ONCE upon a time a pretty little cottage stood on the outskirts of a country village, just near enough to be reached by the shouts of the children at play on the green, the rattle of carts, crack of whips and scund of the blacksmith's anvil on the one hand, or the song of the soaring lark or cry of the brooding peewit on the other.

In summer-time the rustic porch was a mass of climbing rose and honeysuckle, and the walls gay with scarlet-runners, or ablaze with gold and crimson nasturtium, while the thatched roof was overgrown with olive-green moss and house-leek, which even in the winter-time gave colour and warmth to the whole.

One bright May-day, a boy sat outside the porch, where the brightest sunshine fell.

Just a common little country lad: his corduroy trousers were patched at the knee, and his blue checked pinafore at the elbows, but it was clean, and his curly hair looked golden in the sunshine, and his blue eyes were filled with wondering delight, for they gazed on worlds of radiant beauty, fair and strange as ever poet dreamed or artist pictured.

A tiny girl was propped up with pillows on a seat beside him, her cheeks pale and thin and her eyes languid, but now and then she smiled and clapped her little wasted hands. On the grassplot sat a chubby youngster sucking his thumb and looking contentedly first at his own little bare toes, and then turning from the contemplation of them to the iridescent worlds that were dancing in the air above his head.

Thud, thud. Splash, splash came the noise of busy poss-stick and steaming washtub from the kitchen where the house-mother toiled cheerily; the bright spring sunshine would dry her clothes; so, thank God for a fine day, thought she.

Willie, outside, however, couldn't help wishing she wouldn't poss quite so loud; he couldn't hear the song of the distant larks for the noise she made.

Spite of that though, his happiness was all but perfect, as he puffed his rosy cheeks and blew through his farthing pipe, and from nothing but a basin of soap and water there rose at his will those spheres of fairy-like beauty.

What a mighty magician he felt as he called them one by one into being, such lovely things from such unpromising materials.

Surely the ecstasy of artistic creation was his at the moment, and mounted to his brain, for suddenly he was aware even of a more exquisite vision, and a song sweeter than that of heaven-seeking lark sounded in his ears.

A tiny ethereal form floated above him, a golden crown on its head, and its robe was of the whitest white, while its wings vied with the rainbow for brilliance of varying colour.

'Then such delicate little feet were never known. Why as the fairy poised herself daintily for a brief second now and again on his own fragile miniature worlds she did not break them; indeed they only shone the brighter that they reflected her lovely image.

And now while she floated above them they grew bigger and bigger, and more and more beautiful and ever the fairy's song rang in his ears and told him there should come one ere long that should outshine all the others and last for evermore, a thing of joy and beauty.

'Lazy boy, lazy boy!' said a sharp voice at his side, 'why don't you help your mother to wash her clothes, and there are two of your brothers fighting in the street, and you do nothing all day long but blow soap-bubbles and waste good soap enough to wash a kerchief or a pinafore. Take that, you bad boy.' And Mrs. Grundy, the village school-dame, gave poor Willie a smart blow with her walking stick, dashing his pipe to the ground, where it was broken in a thousand pieces.

Alas, alas too, his basin of water was spilled, and in spilling, some of it fell on the fairy who had floated downward on the wreck of Willie's shining worlds and stood mournfully regarding the shattered instrument of their creation.

Now she lay fainting on the ground, and Willie's tears fell so fast as he tried to raise her that the poor little delicate creature would have been drowned had not the kind sun that sees all things, sent down a specially bright beam, and dried both her wings and Willie's eyes at the same time.

Then the fairy glided back to Heaven on the sunbeam, only, ere she was quite out of sight, Willie heard her song again, and he thought she promised to return some bright day when Mrs. Grundy should not be near.

So the boy keeps looking up for her, and though he has never seen her since, he often thinks he hears her singing, and that is nearly as good, for she still promises that some day his eyes shall rest on a beautiful world which no cruel fate shall destroy.

'Why don't you bring up your boy better, neighbour? They are but silly things, soap-bubbles, for a lad to spend his time on, and he is old enough to be of use now,' said Mrs. Grundy reprovingly, as dame Lovechild made a curtsy to her visitor and dried her hands on her

apron before setting her best chair for the old woman, who thought herself much above the rest of her neighbours, because she had once been to London, and because her aunt's niece's half-sister was scullery-maid to a real court-dressmaker.

She was a gentle soft-voiced woman was dame Lovechild, and didn't like to contradict so great a person, so she answered meekly enough :

'Aye, they are silly, no doubt, but they are bonny while they last, and they serve to keep the bairns quiet, and so I get on with my work.'

Thereupon came a cry from the garden where Tommy had found out that sucking his thumb wouldn't do for dinner, and little sick Milly chimed in because her head ached, and there was nothing to make her forget it, and the two together made such a hubbub that Mrs. Grundy couldn't stand it, and so went off to tell some other neighbour how badly dame Lovechild brought up her family.

As for the poor dame herself, she didn't get her clothes dried that day, because before she got Tommy pacified and Milly soothed the sun had set, and so she hoped Mrs. Grundy would not call again in a hurry, specially on a washing day.

Moral (which may be skipped if the reader chooses).—Don't blow soap-bubbles when Mrs. Grundy is about, or she will be sure to say you are neglecting your duties and not helping to keep the world clean, or that you are wasting soap, or letting your little brothers fight, or anything else she would rather tell you to do than do herself; for there are certain things Mrs. G. is quite too respectable ever to neglect—and these are other people's duties.

Immoral (not to be skipped on any account).—Nevertheless, soap-bubbles and some other 'silly things' are bright while they last, and have their uses, even if it be only keeping the children quiet and helping them to forget that they are hungry or that their heads ache.

CONVERSATION ON FOREIGN BOOKS.

Spider. You have brought back a cargo of books from Paris. Here is one by Madame Henri Greville, *Louis Breuil, Histoire d'un Pantouflard*; what does that mean—a slippered stay at home?

Arachne. That is about it; the word is expressive, but you will not find it in a dictionary. *Louis Breuil* is a pleasant, easy-going fellow, who does not at all see why, when the Franco-Prussian war breaks out, he should endanger his precious life, so he carries off his reluctant wife into Switzerland, enjoying the scenery, and hearing as little of the terrible war news as possible.

S. I suppose he felt about it as that prince of egotists, Goethe, did about the sacking of Hamburg by the French—‘The worst part is that one is so bored by hearing perpetually about it.’

A. Exactly. The feelings of his patriotic young wife, a fine creature, as she gradually realises what kind of man she has married, and his, when he cannot soothe or caress her into being satisfied with his line of action, or rather of inaction, are forcibly drawn. He is stung at last into a spasmodic little burst of patriotism, and gets killed, fortunately, and finally she marries the man whom she ought to have loved to begin with.

S. Is this other story by Madame Greville, *Angèle*, a good one?

A. You may read it, but it is a very painful one. We have a bad wife, and a heartless mother; her husband leaves her and dies in America. *Angèle* is brought to her grandmother by a woman with whom her mother had left her, soon ceasing to pay for her keep. The child droops, but a good, kind village girl brightens up her life; this Marianne, with her affectionate nature and unconscious heroism is the redeeming point of the book.

S. I suppose the mother reappears?

A. Yes; after the grandmother dies, and *Angèle* inherits money. *Angèle* can feel neither love nor respect, and is the sadder that she loves the good fellow who has hastily betrothed himself to her friend Marianne, finding out too late that his heart is *Angèle*’s. The quiet self-sacrifice of Marianne is well given, and ends the imbroglio happily, but it is impossible to believe in the very tardy awakening of motherliness which induces the mother to consent.

S. What charming illustrations there are to this book!

A. Theuriet’s *Sous Bois*? Yes, graceful illustrations and entomology mingled with wanderings in those woods, which no one describes so well as Andre Theuriet. It is evidently suggested by George Sand’s *Promenades autour de mon Village*, but I confess to

preferring Theuriet's. There is no story, but touches of life, with its comedy and pathos, enliven it. It is a great pity that a writer of such merit should mar his novels by very coarse plots.

S. Les Révoltes de Sylvie. Ah, that is sure to be a good schoolroom book, since it is by Madame Colomb.

A. Apparently the nineteenth century feeling that all bonds imply bondage has reached French girls, for Sylvie is quite an instance of it. Another remarkable change in French life is also shown in this story—the way in which girls of good family now marry rich plebeians. I see it among my French friends, and here we have Henriette de Robay, on the loss of her father's fortune, immediately accepting a wealthy young miller, with his awkward manners and his very vulgar mother, and her family are all very much pleased with her.

S. I hope you have found some plays for us to read or act.

A. Well, you might read *La Patrie en Danger*, but it is rather a picture of the Revolution than a drama, and much less sparkling and more serious than one could expect from such lively and immoral authors as Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, but it is worth having as an historical study by authors who knew the time well with which they deal. The affection between the humbly born Perrinet and Blanche de Valizon reminds us of the lovers in what I think a far cleverer play, 'Le Lion Amoureux,' an excellent study, and not broken up by years being supposed to pass between the acts—always a fault in art—one sympathises with the spectator who, being told as the curtain dropped on the first part of 'Rip van Winkle' that twenty years passed before the hero reappeared, 'I really cannot stay till then,' and left the theatre.

S. Do you not think that we could adapt Guillemot's 'Une heure en gare'? It is very gay and pretty—husband and wife have quarrelled, and meet accidentally at a railway station, she on her way to her mother, he to seek her. There are only three characters, husband, wife, and lady's-maid.

A. Yes, it might easily be arranged for English drawing-rooms, and you might do something with Lambert's 'Brune et Blonde,' very slight, but with good acting it would do. There are only two characters, a gentleman and lady. For lively schoolroom reading, little children would like Mrs. Hugh Bell's *Petit Théâtre*; but the tiny plays have too little story to be good acting ones, except *La Dispute*, which can be made very amusing. There are some slips, which should be amended in the next edition; for instance, a French child would not say 'rappelé de' some one, but 'souvenu.' Madame de Witt's *Femmes Historiques* (Hachette), a collection of bright characteristic biographies of celebrated women, well illustrated, would be capital reading for young people.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IX.

MACBETH.

WE do not know precisely when *Macbeth* was written; but the balance of evidence, both external and internal, is in favour of the supposition that the date of its first representation cannot have been much earlier than 1606, or later than 1610. Dr. Simon Forman, in his *Book of Plays and Notes Thereof*, gives a careful and accurate account of the plot of the drama, as he saw it acted at the Globe on April 20, 1610, and the following reference to Banquo's ghost in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611) seems to show that it had recently been produced, and was still fresh in people's minds. The *Knight* is a burlesque, and one of the characters called Jasper, being introduced as his own ghost, 'with his face mealed,' thus addresses Venturewell:—

'When thou art at table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine;
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself.'

Macbeth itself contains three allusions which seem to afford clues as to the date—two in the second, and one in the fourth act. The first two occur in the speech of the porter, and are thought to refer respectively to the low price of wheat in the summer and autumn of 1606, and to the trial of the Jesuit Garnett on April 28 of the same year. The porter is imagining himself to be performing his office in the infernal regions, and speculates as to who can be thundering at the door. 'Here's a farmer,' he says, 'that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.' And then, alluding to the doctrine of equivocation as propounded by Garnett, 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O come, in equivocator' (Act II. Sc. iii.). The third allusion is to the union of the three kingdoms under James I., and is made by Macbeth when beholding the vision of Banquo's descendants:

'Some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.'—Act IV. Sc. i. 120.

Other internal evidence, less definite, but fully as important and interesting, is to be found in the versification, the style, and the general character of the drama. Professor Dowden, as is well known, has divided Shakspeare's literary career into four periods, the first

extending from about 1590 to 1596; the second from 1596 to 1601; the third from 1601 to 1608; the fourth from 1608 to 1613. It is with the first three periods that we are now concerned, since it is to these that the tragedies chiefly belong—*Romeo and Juliet* (the tragedy of love) having probably been written towards the end of the first period; *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet* (tragedies of reflection) at the end of the second, and *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth* (probably), and *Coriolanus* (tragedies of passion) at various dates within the third. The versification of the first period differs from that of the last in the greater frequency with which rhyme is employed, in the somewhat marked and monotonous regularity of the blank verse, and the completion, as a rule, of the sense with the line. These characteristics are less marked in the plays of the second period, while in those of the third there is avoidance of rhyme, frequent introduction of extra syllables, variation of pauses, and a carrying on the sense through several lines as if the object were to conceal the mechanism of the verse. Again, in the early plays, we find long declamatory speeches, and the thought drawn out, expanded, dwelt upon at length. Gradually there is a gain in dramatic power, and though there are still the long speeches, suitable for delivery apart from the context, these are declamatory in a good sense, without impeding the action of the play. There is the same fullness and pregnancy of thought, but greater compression and condensation than in the first period. The later plays show a further decrease in the number of declamatory speeches, and such a compression of language as results in obscurity of thought, each extra word being apparently felt by the writer to detract from the force of dramatic expression.

A study of *Macbeth* in the light of these facts tends to confirm the other evidence as to the date, and to place it within the last of the three tragic periods.

When, however, we speak of the play as a tragedy, we must remember that in the eyes of Shakspeare and of his audience, it was probably a history as well, since there is no reason for supposing that Holinshed's *Chronicles* (first published in 1577) were considered less reliable in the account which they gave of Macbeth's usurpation than in their relation of more recent events. On the contrary, they doubtless commanded the same respect which is accorded in the present day to the latest historical discoveries of Dr. Mommsen, or Professor Stubbs. Shakspeare then followed Holinshed exactly in his account of the revolt of the 'merciless Macdonwald,' with his 'kerns and gallowglasses,' the invasion of Sweno and the Norwegians, and the successful campaign of Banquo and Macbeth. In Holinshed, too, we read of the 'straunge and uncouth wonder' which happened to the triumphant generals as they journeyed towards Forres; how 'there met them three women in straunge and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentively behelde, wondering much at the sight. The first of them spake and

sayde: "All hayle Makbeth, Thane of Glammis" (for he had lately entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Synel); the second of them said, "Hayle Makbeth, Thane of Cawdor;" but the third sayde: "All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland." The further utterances of the weird sisters are also in the main to be found in the *Chronicle*, which equally coincides with the drama in its description of the effect produced upon Macbeth's mind by the prophecy, the ambition of his wife, his own cruelty after ascending the throne, the prophecies as to his death, and the final triumph of Malcolm, aided by Siward. In the details of Duncan's murder, Shakspeare partly follows Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald.

The source from which he drew is thus clear enough, and it remains to inquire whether any writer besides Shakspeare was concerned in its composition. The reasons for supposing that this may have been the case are, firstly, the existence of a play, by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch*, and containing certain points of resemblance to *Macbeth*; and secondly, the un-Shaksperian character of certain scenes in the play as we have it at present. The date of Middleton's work is uncertain; the MS. was not discovered till 1779, and Professor Dowden thinks that it must have been written at a later period than *Macbeth*. It is a coarse and unattractive performance; the witches are grosser and more material than in Shakspeare's drama, and Hecate is an old woman instead of a spirit. There are, indeed, parallel expressions in the two plays, and in Davenant's edition of *Macbeth* (1673) verses from *The Witch* are inserted to supply the deficiencies of the folio of 1623, in Act III. Sc. v. 33, 35, and Act IV. Sc. i. 43, where the stage directions are—'*Musicke and a song. Sing within, "Come away, come away," etc. Musicke and a song. Blacke spirits, etc.*' These facts do not, however, prove that Shakspeare borrowed from, or worked with Middleton, though they probably show that after his death, or when he had retired from the theatre, some editor or stage manager revised *Macbeth* and interpolated it with passages from *The Witch*. The three scenes, concerning the authorship of which most doubt is felt, are the second of the first act, the third of the second act, and the fifth of the third act. The style of this last certainly does resemble that of *The Witch*, and, as the Cambridge editors remark, 'if it had occurred in a drama not attributed to Shakspeare, no one would have discovered in it any trace of Shakspeare's manner.' It is harder to give up the Porter scene in Act II.; there is absolutely no proof that it was not written by Shakspeare, and the only argument against it appears to be the 'feeling' of commentators that it is out of place after the tragedy of the murder. To judge, however, from his custom in other plays (*King Lear*, for instance) Shakspeare saw no incongruity in the mingling of comic and tragic scenes, and surely the effect of the latter is only heightened, and at the same time made more natural by their juxtaposition to the former. On the other hand,

the bombast of the Serjeant, his vehement declamation with its metaphor 'spent swimmers,' 'valour's minion,' and 'Bellona's bridegroom,' is not like Shakspeare's maturer style. Excessive vehemence was the sin of the Elizabethan drama; but in Shakspeare violence of expression is carefully worked up to; it comes of strong emotion, and does not produce the effect of rhetorical effort gone wrong. There is no better instance of this than Macbeth's meditation before the murder of Banquo, beginning:

'To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.' *

In this we see how, beginning calmly, with the consideration of Banquo's character, Macbeth gradually fans the passion of jealousy till it reaches white heat, his expressions become more vehement, and he ends with the metaphor of the duel with fate, which might appear strained and bombastic had it not been so skilfully led up to. Again, at the conclusion of Macbeth's soliloquy in Act I. Sc. vii., the image of tears drowning the world is extravagant in itself, but still tolerable here, where it is the one outburst in a speech expressing serious meditation at a tremendous crisis of life.

This tremendous crisis,—the events which led up to it, the way in which it was met, and the results which it brought about,—these things constitute the subject of the tragedy, which, however, may be more briefly defined as the downfall, the moral ruin of a noble nature. The first and second acts tell of the Temptation and the Sin; the third act of the Triumph of the Sin; the fourth and fifth acts of the Punishment of the Sin. The immense moral interest of the subject is thus apparent from the outset. The great theme then of the earlier acts—the Temptation—brings us face to face with the problems offered by the supernatural element in the drama; who and what are the weird, awful beings with whose appearance, amid thunder and lightning (from the very depths of a thunder-cloud, indeed, in the modern presentation of the play), the action begins? Are they simply, as Gervinus holds, 'the embodiment of inward temptation?' Or have they an objective existence; are they, indeed, beings no less real than malignant, and as visible to the eye as they are repugnant to the imagination?

There can, it would seem, be little doubt that Shakspeare intended the latter; disbelief in the possibility of supernatural appearances was probably as uncommon among educated sixteenth-century men as disbelief in the existence of matter, while the ordinary state of opinion on the subject is sufficiently indicated by an enactment of the first Parliament of James I. to the effect that, 'if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit . . . or shall practice or exercise any sort of witchcraft . . . every such person being convicted shall suffer death.'

* Act III. Sc. i. 47. The substance of these remarks is taken from a lecture recently delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge.

According to Nash's *Lenten Stuff* (1599), six hundred witches were executed on one single occasion in Scotland, one of the charges against them being that they had 'stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests, as will be spoken of there, whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region.' This reminds us of the dialogue between the witches in *Macbeth*:

'I'll give thee a wind
* * * * *
And I another.
* * * * *
I myself have all the other.'

And Macbeth's adjuration (Act IV. Sc. i.), in which occur the lines:

'Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up.'

Shakspeare's witches are, however, of very different stuff to the witches of common report in his day, such for instance as those pourtrayed in the dramas of Dekker and Rowley, and described by Charles Lamb as 'the plain traditional old-woman witches of our ancestors . . . the terror of villages . . . themselves amenable to a justice.' It is impossible to conceive of the weird sisters in *Macbeth* as domiciled in a village, pelted with stones by boys, and ducked in horseponds by their fathers. These creatures are immaterial, intangible, one moment visible, the next vanished into thin air. They live and breathe in a moral atmosphere of 'fog and filthy air,' their instincts, their impulses, their actions are hopelessly, unmixedly, wretchedly evil; they could excite nothing but abhorrence in a mind on which evil had no previous hold. We have lately had from a modern author, fresh testimony to the belief in individual and occasionally visible embodiments of evil. 'Side by side with the human crowd,' writes Mr. Shorthouse in *The Countess Eve*, 'there is a crowd of unseen forms, principalities and powers and possibilities. These are unseen but not unfelt . . . Human beings (who yield themselves up to their bondage) are subject to a violence and tyranny abhorrent even to themselves; impalpable and inevitable, as it would seem, even to the confines of despair.' That a similar kind of belief was held by Shakspeare may perhaps be inferred from the supernatural element in *Macbeth*, and after all the existence of such powers of evil is so much more an important order of truth than the possibility or impossibility of their appearance, that we need not concern ourselves overmuch as to this last question, or attempt to define precisely how much of his own faith Shakspeare expressed through the medium of the witches, or how much he conceded to the popular superstition of the day.

The appearance of the witches in the first scene 'gives the keynote,' says Coleridge, 'to the whole drama.' The next scene, interpolated or not, introduces us to the character of Macbeth, paints him in glowing colours, and prepares us to expect a great hero, a mighty

conqueror, a loyal subject. Then we are transported to the witch-haunted heath, and after the ghastly evil-prompted dialogue between the weird sisters :

**'A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.'**

His first words, 'so fair and foul a day I have not seen,' are striking, from their similarity to the utterance of the witches in the opening scene, and they have been taken to show that the connection between his soul and these powers of evil is already established. Banquo's address to Macbeth, after the thrice repeated 'hail' of the witches, shows that the ideas which this salutation was calculated to inspire, were not new to the successful soldier, the kinsman of Duncan, and so far his superior in strength, skill and generalship :

‘Good sir,
Why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?’

‘Macbeth’s mind,’ says Coleridge, truly, ‘has been rendered temptible by previous dalliance of the fancy with ambitious thoughts. . . . So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation.’ Contrast the attitude of Banquo. He interrogates the witches too; his ‘noble partner,’ he says, ‘seems rapt withal’ (and thus Shakspeare brings before us, in a second, Macbeth’s awestruck amazement at hearing his guilty desires expressed in words):

‘To me you speak not;
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.’

From these words, and from all those to which Banquo gives utterance, the impression derived is that of a man actuated by natural but not excessive curiosity, a man who waits bravely and passively upon the decrees of fate; there is none of Macbeth's feverish anxiety as to the how, when, and where of the prophecy's fulfilment, none of the hurried eager questioning :

'Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more,
 Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence.
 Speak, I charge you.
 Would they had stayed!'

If strange good-fortune is to come to Banquo, it must come as naturally and inevitably as the plant springs up from the seed ; he could do nothing to force or bring it on ; there is never more than one plain course open to him. And the most striking part of the witches' prediction regarding him, is that, as compared to Macbeth, he shall be 'not so happy, yet much happier' ; for this amounts to a confession on the part of the wretched instruments of evil, that the

good to which they are antagonistic does yet constitute real happiness ; no other meaning can be attached to the words, since, in so far as their outward lots were concerned, Macbeth was far the more fortunate, both meeting with sudden death, but Macbeth in fair fight : Banquo by the hand of an assassin, Macbeth after having gratified his ambition, Banquo with no assurance that the honours foretold to his race should ever come to pass.

Tracing his character throughout the play we find that Banquo gives utterance to no word that can belie the frank uprightness by which he is distinguished from the first. When Macbeth asks :

‘Do you not hope your children shall be kings?’

his reply is that of a man on his guard against temptation. The prophecy has come true, inasmuch as Macbeth is Thane of Cawdor, but, he says, warningly :

‘That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the throne
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But ’tis strange,
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles to betray ’s,
In deepest consequence.’

The same kind of guardedness is shown in his prayer, when overcome by drowsiness on the fatal night in the castle :

‘Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.’

Watchful of himself, he is at the same time unsuspecting of others, and when Macbeth is lost in guilty meditation, Banquo accounts for his abstractedness by the supposition that his new honours have bewildered him. Macbeth, on the other hand, can hardly believe that the witches’ prophecy has not had the same influence upon Banquo as upon himself, and when Banquo mentions that he has dreamed of the weird sisters, is prepared to bribe him into furthering his own ambitious plans :

‘If you shall cleave to my consent, when ’tis
It shall make honour for you.’

Mr. Irving (in his rendering of the part) puts a world of meaning into that monosyllable *’tis*, which conveys all Macbeth’s guilty ambition, and the still more guilty means by which it is to be accomplished. In Banquo’s reply, one is struck by the different sense in which the two men interpret the word honour :

‘So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear
I shall be counselled.’

Just before his own murder, suspicion of Macbeth’s honesty seems

to have dawned on Banquo's mind, and when he has set out upon his fatal ride, we have, from the mouth of Macbeth himself, a last striking testimony to the nobility of his character, as well as to the fear which he was capable of inspiring as an adversary :

‘Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of Nature
Reigns that which would be feared; ’tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.’

The noble figure of Banquo serves to bring into stronger relief the degeneracy of Macbeth. Degeneracy is emphatically the word that should be used, for *facilis descensus Averni* is the moral of this play, and we have the testimony of others as well as his own utterances, to show us not only his high character before it was corrupted by ambition, but the strong bias towards good, the strong craving for the peace born of righteousness, by which he was possessed after his fall to the day of his death. That he is ambitious, is apparent at once from the ready ear which he lends to the suggestions of the witches, but how that ambition is qualified, we are told by the one who knows him best. Lady Macbeth thus apostrophises him, after reading his letter :

‘I do fear th nature;
It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great:
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou’ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou have it;”
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.’

The difficulty which must be felt in deciding whether Macbeth was or was not by nature a brave man, is only one proof of Shakspeare's marvellous power of delineating character; such a question would be easy enough of decision, in the case of characters drawn by most other hands, but with regard to Macbeth, it has excited commentators to fury, so opposite are the views which it is possible to take. The verdict is not, one would think, to be given unreservedly in favour of either view; that that high-hearted courage, which will face any danger at once, and override all obstacles, was Macbeth's predominant characteristic, can hardly be felt, when we consider his discussions with Lady Macbeth, the stinging, sarcastic exhortations which she found necessary; and again, his own meditations, his dread of failure, his excited tremors, when ‘every fear appals him.’ He was distinctly not above all things a brave man, as, for instance, Coriolanus was brave, and Brutus, and Henry V. This, however, by no means implies that he was a coward, for it must be remembered that he was profoundly imaginative, and that

courage must necessarily be a far harder matter to imaginative than to non-imaginative persons. The man to whose mind is present only the end to be gained, only the deed to be done, suffers far less, requires far less stimulus than he who sees painted in vivid, appalling colours all the attendant horrors of the deed, the pity and terror which it will excite in other minds. Macbeth realised his horrible action to the full, and yet he perpetrated it. We cannot call this cowardice. Lady Macbeth presents the strongest contrast to him in her power of fixing the mind solely upon the work to be done, the object to be achieved. All she says is lucid, direct, effective; no long metaphorical soliloquies, but a cool deliberate estimate of facts, and the actions they necessitate.

‘He that’s coming
Must be provided for.’

‘Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.’

‘We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we’ll not fail.’

Contrast her reflections when waiting to hear that Macbeth has done the deed, with those to which he gives utterance but a few seconds earlier, while expecting the fatal signal. His excited imagination anticipates the crime, and sees the dagger—if dagger it is, and not a false creation—‘proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain’ already defiled with blood; he is intensely conscious of the situation, the solemnity of the hour, the awful scenes that it may be witnessing elsewhere. What are Lady Macbeth’s thoughts?

There is a sound within, and she expresses her dread:

‘Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And ’tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss ’em.’

And then, lest we should imagine that her wonderful resolution and unflinching courage spring from callousness and insensibility to emotion, rather than from strength of will applied to the iron repression of specially deep and vehement affections—then comes one of those beautiful human touches, which awaken sympathy and pity for the character, the blacker parts of which are thus thrown into stronger relief:

‘Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done ’t.’

Every one knows the striking account which Mrs. Siddons gave of the way in which, on first studying the part of Lady Macbeth, she was affected by these terrible scenes. ‘I shut myself up as usual,’ she writes, ‘when all the family were retired, and commenced my study. . . . I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for

me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and I threw myself on my bed without daring to stay even to take off my clothes.'

The imagination is greatly assisted to realise the horror thus vividly described by such representations as that which may now be seen at the Lyceum. There is the inner court of the old Scotch castle, with a massive tower on either side, connected by a kind of open gallery, to which a stone staircase leads from the court. In one of these great towers are the king's apartments. It is a fearful night; the wind is howling and whistling, as it does howl and whistle in northern regions on wild winter nights, and through the open tracery of the upper corridor dark clouds may be seen scudding swiftly across the sky. There is but little light save that given by the flickering torch of the servant whom Macbeth dismisses. Macbeth's face is wild and haggard, almost grey in its tortured tension. There is a moment of breathless suspense before he begins to speak; deep groaning sighs burst from his lips. Then a kind of ghastly smile overspreads his face, and in the soliloquy which follows it seems almost as if the strain were relieved by imaginative wandering, amounting to momentary insanity. With a start he is recalled to reality by the sharp clang of the fatal bell, and then comes the fearful struggle before he can summon resolution to mount the narrow winding stair that leads to Duncan's chamber. As he places his foot upon the first step, a tremendous clap of thunder peals above the castle, and seems to shake it to its foundations. Light streams from the king's apartments, and when the murderer has disappeared, we still see his dark shadow against the wall. And now there is another presence in the court—Lady Macbeth, all fire and resolution, absolutely free from dreams and wandering, the very essence of will. Again she listens, there is a renewal of suspense, and the silence is broken by the ghastly half human cry of the night owl. Then Macbeth's voice is heard within, and in another moment he is at her side, a terrible sight with his white face, his bloody hands, and the dripping daggers. Once more the impression given is of one whose mind is wandering from excess of horror and wildness of imagination, and in proportion as these increase, Lady Macbeth deals her swift stinging strokes of satire, and all tenderness of emotion set aside, carries her reckless courage to the pitch of doing what was yet needed to complete her husband's deed. The terrible interest and pathos of this extraordinary scene reaches its climax when loud hurried knocking is heard at the outside doors, and Macbeth, still half mazed, still unkindled by his wife's fire, breathes forth the bootless wish:

'Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I wish thou couldst!'

The comic scene of the Porter is a positive relief, and has nothing of incongruity, rather serving to enhance the horror of what has gone before, and of the knowledge of that which lies in the tower chamber. Strange and effective is the meeting of Macbeth with Lennox and Macduff. To our surprise we see that his self-composure is fully regained; he is calm, cold, courteous—only we notice that his hands are kept hidden, as if by instinct, in the folds of his long scarlet robe.

Then comes the discovery and the outcry, the inrush of attendants, the questions, the explanations; Lady Macbeth is horrorstruck: with womanly sensibility she faints, and is borne away. Through all, Macbeth's manner is perfect. Finally with great waving of flaring torches, brandishing of swords, and outbursts of deep revengeful shouts, this wonderful act is brought to a close.

The Temptation and the Sin accomplished, we are shown the Triumph of the Sin. What misery! Never did prosperity produce less happiness, successful crime result in less content. It is not always so of course. Children are taught that to be good is to be happy, and though this is ultimately most true, it is unluckily equally true that a good deal of solid satisfaction has been derived from villainy, ephemeral no doubt, but solid while it lasts. Some villains there have been and are who view murder and other crime as 'a fine art,' to borrow De Quincey's phrase, and derive corresponding satisfaction from the exercise of it. Such villains were Richard III., Iago, and, to borrow illustrations from another sphere, the murderer Williams and the burglar Peace. Macbeth does not belong to this class. His punishment begins at the same time as his triumph; nay, it begins before: when

'He had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in his throat.'

External punishment may be averted, and so long as it is averted, and in proportion as he is brave and reckless, the criminal may be happy, but for internal punishment there can be no help but in inward purification, and Macbeth has put himself beyond the reach of that. Almost all his utterances from the beginning of the third act to the end of the play, are characterised by a profound wretchedness, and this, together with his natural repugnance towards sin, and the righteous leanings of his fine emotional nature, retains our sympathy so that pity outweighs censure throughout. It should be noticed, too, that the firmness and decision which he must have had to be the successful general we are told that he was, and which had been temporarily shaken to the roots by the tremendous shock of the temptation, return to him when once the fatal step has been taken. He does not hesitate to compass the murder of Banquo, he will not even admit his wife to knowledge of the plot—he does not need her exhortations now.

The appearance of Banquo's ghost produces a recurrence of the

strange fearful wandering to which he is subject. And now for the last time we see Lady Macbeth in her strength, with her keen apprehension of the needs of the moment, her stinging incisive satire, and iron resolution unimpaired. All this could not endure. Already in Act III. Scene ii., we see that the reaction has set in, and the first words of depression fall from her lips:

‘Nought’s had, all’s spent
When our desire is got without content;
’Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.’

The way in which her manner instantly changes on Macbeth’s entrance is very striking, and he is allowed to see no sign of flinching or regret. But the banquet scene is a final effort, and it is strange that while her last words in these seek to account for Macbeth’s weakness by the supposition of insufficient rest:

‘You lack the season of all natures, sleep,’

the next thing we hear of herself is that she, too, is experiencing the fatal loss of repose, the terrible restless nights caused by the sting and retrospection of a guilty conscience.

Her weakness is physical, not mental; it is true that her mind is diseased, but this is because body reacts upon mind, and her body refused to bear the strain required of it by the imperious, exacting will. The keen sword wore out the frail scabbard. Inexpressibly pathetic is the sleep-walking scene as rendered by Miss Ellen Terry, though one cannot help feeling that the pitiful change, the weak helplessness of the hitherto masterful unyielding spirit would have been more striking if there had been greater repose and dignity, less excitability, more stern sarcasm as opposed to vehement entreaty in the earlier phases of the part.

The end of the tragedy is approaching; the fall from righteousness was accomplished by the end of the second act, the fourth and fifth acts portray the fall from material prosperity. Bitter blows fall upon Macbeth; first his wife’s terrible sickness, and then, at the moment of the English advance, her death. Those who have witnessed it will not soon forget the scene within the Castle of Dunsinane, when there arises a wild wailing cry of despair, and to Macbeth’s inquiry as to its portent, the answer is given:

‘The queen, my lord, is dead.’

There is a long silence; Macbeth stands stunned and motionless, then he gives utterance to the half-conscious reflection which is uppermost in his mind, and it is surely intensely true to life that at such a moment of deep stunning sorrow his first words should relate to the obvious, the external fact of the present impossibility that what we should perhaps call ‘proper’ time cannot be given to mourning and lamentation. But he next breaks into one of his inexpressibly

sad musings, and we feel that the springs of life have too long been poisoned for any fresh blow to make much difference.

‘Renown and grace is dead,’

he had said, after Duncan’s death :

‘The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.’

And after ordering Banquo’s murder :

‘Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.’

Again, when the English force is drawing near :

‘I have lived long enough ; my way of life
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age—
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.’

His daring grows with his despair. There is daring in his voluntary resort to the weird sisters, and in his attitude when the oncoming of the enemy is announced we see nothing of cowardice, though it may be difficult to define precisely how much of his bold language is due to innate fortitude, and how much to reliance upon the supernatural promises. All doubt, however, may cease when we come to that last conflict, and that death, which has been called rather a sacrifice than a murder—when Macbeth, with nothing left to hope for, faces and falls by the hand of the injured Macduff, rather than live :

‘To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.’

A few words more as to the representation of this great tragedy at the Lyceum, to which much interest must necessarily attach. The way in which the supernatural element is managed, is one point concerning which curiosity will be felt. On the first rising of the curtain, the stage appears to be perfectly dark, then there is a flash of lightning in the background, and against this, three weird wild figures are momentarily visible in the illuminated sky. Darkness again, and then the mysterious beings, clad in shadowy garments which look as though woven from grey mist, appear in the foreground, and begin their dialogue. I am sorry to say that the moment they open their lips, the supernatural illusion is destroyed ; one does not know, to be sure, with what kind of intonation witches habitually speak, but there is something unmistakably mortal and modern about the voices of these three. This is, Mr. Irving tells us, the first time in which these parts have been performed by women.

The scene on the heath is very effective; there is a wonderful blood-red sky, against which low hills stand out in black relief, while the three shadowy figures are grouped on some rising ground, immediately facing Macbeth and Banquo as, after a sounding roll of drums, they make their entrance. Macbeth looks like an active, well-knit, wiry soldier, who has hardly arrived at middle life, and the way in which he seems to age as the action of the play goes on, is very remarkable. I do not think that justice is done to the part of Banquo, who gives one the impression of being rather a stolid uninteresting character upon the whole. Macbeth does not start as one would expect, when saluted as future king, but perhaps this is intended to show how far from unaccustomed was the thought of such a possible fate. He soon becomes rapt and musing, and when Ross and Angus bring him in the news of his first instalment of honours, he seems fairly dazed, and utters his words of courtesy—

‘Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered,’ etc.,—

in total oblivion of the fact that his companions have withdrawn to another part of the stage. Indeed, Mr. Irving’s rendering of the part gives a distinct impression of abstractedness and mental excitement amounting at times to insanity, and this feature in Macbeth, which will, I think, be novel to most persons, is especially marked in the scenes immediately preceding and following Duncan’s murder, and again in the banqueting scene. If this is an innovation, it is, at all events, one which has its recommendation, but the same will hardly be felt with regard to the new conception of Lady Macbeth. It goes without saying that there is much gracefulness and charm in Miss Terry’s performance, but when we expect the strength, the dignity, the calm force, the deep subdued passion of a high-souled and powerful woman, it is not easy to be contented with a rendering which suggests the excited impetuosity, the restless vehemence, the coaxing self-will of a passionate, uncontrolled girl. It is not very obvious why Macbeth should be influenced by the arguments and attacks of his wife, in which there is no stinging sarcasm, no withering contempt, but a sort of wilful scolding, a perverse upbraiding which makes it astonishing that he does not either leave the room or insist upon her doing so.

The sleep-walking scene is, however, as already said, very touching and pathetic, though the white girlish figure and clear, sweet utterance rather suggest Ophelia than Lady Macbeth.

Another effective scene is that in which Duncan is welcomed to the castle, and its mistress in her wonderful serpentine beetle’s wing dress, comes forth on to the bridge to welcome him, and seems like a beautiful evil spirit decoying him to his doom. But little space remains in which to speak of the minor characters, to none of whom, however, does special interest attach. Enough cannot be said of the beauty of the scenery, notably the moor and mountain scene in which

Duncan is first discovered, and the lonely English country lane in which Macduff and Malcolm are walking at the opening of the fifth act.

The witches' cave in Act IV. is effective, with the boiling cauldron, and the heavy overhanging rocks, but I think most people will deprecate the transformation scene with which it closes, and which, in spite of the radiant moonlight and the inland loch shut in by rocky heights, recalls a pantomime with irresistible force. A word should be said of Banquo's ghost, a grey, ghastly figure which rises through the boards and is very satisfactory, possessing over the witches the advantage of not having to speak.

It is, after all, round Macbeth that most of our interest centres, and those who visit the Lyceum, will feel that though they regret many things, and among others, the absence of that force which comes from quiet as opposed to vehemence, and a simple natural utterance as opposed to what we can only call ranting, yet they have seen a great performance and have learnt much which they would not be without.

It is, I think, to be regretted that Mr. Irving has thought well to depart from Shakspeare's stage directions, according to which Macbeth does not die upon the stage. Stage deaths—never countenanced by the Greeks, as is of course well known—must, almost necessarily, be either painful or grotesque, and the latter effect is that which is most often produced.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—X.

SHAKSPERE'S MACBETH.

Questions.

63. Mention any external and internal evidence as to the date of the play.

64. Is the Porter's scene, in your opinion, an interpolation? Give instances from other plays of the way in which Shakspeare intermingles the tragic and comic elements in (a) the same play, (b) the same character.

65. Analyse the character of Macbeth, or Lady Macbeth.

66. Sketch and illustrate by quotations not more than *two* of the following characters: Banquo, Duncan, Macduff, Malcolm.

67. For what purposes and on what occasions in this play does Shakspeare make use of (a) prose, (b) rhyme?

68. Give some account of the state of the English language at the time of Shakspeare's authorship.

69. Explain and assign to their respective speakers the following passages:—

- (a) 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.'
- (b) 'The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home.
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.'
- (c) 'No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.'
- (d) 'All you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.'
- (e) 'A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.'
- (f) 'Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.'
- (g) 'They say he parted well and paid his score,
And so God be with him.'
- (h) 'But in them nature's copy's not eterne.'
- (i) 'The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.'
- (j) 'Champion me to the utterance.'
- (k) 'If the assassigators
Could trammel up the consequence and catch
With his surcease success.'
- (l) 'To all and him we thirst.'
- (m) 'To beguile the time
Look like the time.'
- (n) 'He has no children.'
- (o) 'He should have old turning the key.'

Explain this use of the word *old*, and quote similar instances of it from other plays of Shakspeare.

70. Give the meaning and, where you can, the derivation of the following words, quoting the passages in which they are found: *foison*, *patch*, *anon*, *paddock*, *doff*, *gospel*, *affeer'd*, *whiles*, *minion*, *limbec*, *calendar*, *largese*, *germens*, *jovial*, *cheer*.

71. Show that the following words are used in *Macbeth* in senses different from their present meaning: *fantastical*, *still*, *speculation*, *careless*, *modern*, *illness*, *mere*, *security*, *very*, *husbandry*, *single*.

72. Explain and illustrate from Shakspeare the grammatical peculiarities in the following quotations:

- (a) 'The near in blood,
The nearer bloody.'
- (b) 'Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
'Than pity for mischance!'
- (c) 'The golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.'
- (d) 'Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father?'
- (e) 'This report
Hath so exasperate the king.'

Exemplify Shakspeare's use of—

- (1) Adjectives for adverbs.
- (2) Words with a different accent to that now given them.
- (3) Words with the prefix cut off.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Abbott, *Grammar of Shakspeare*. *Macbeth*, Clarendon Press Edition.
Dowden, *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art*. Hazlitt, *Shakspeare's Characters*.
Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakspeare*. Lowell, *Shakespeare Once More* (Essays
on the English Poets).

January Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	99	Sybil		Cornflower	
Bee	96	Maia }	84	Secnarf	
A. C. Shipton. }		Snapdragon	81	Wolferstan	
Greta }	95	Cordelia		Bunny	75
Irene	89	Fides		Eugenie }	
A. I. P..	86	Kleine Katze		Hilda }	73
Patty	85	White Hawthorn		M. E. Ackerley }	
		Mu, Mu, Kappa	77	Joiner	70

Second Class.

J. C. K. 63 | May 50

N.B.—Those who have not already sent their subscriptions for the second literature Course, are requested to do so.

As the series of Papers on the general history of English Literature was concluded in January, it has been thought advisable to award the prizes on the results of these seven papers; thus causing a slight alteration in the division of the year, the order of the prize-winners not being affected.

The second series of questions (dealing only with the special subjects set for the Camb. Higher Local Examination in June, 1889) will, therefore, in again awarding the prizes, be reckoned as having commenced in February, instead of January, as before proposed.

Prizes.—1st. *Lisle*, 674 marks; 2nd. *Bee*, 641; 3rd. *A. C. Shipton*, on consideration of closeness of competition.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

ARE Tact and Worldly Wisdom compatible with Ideal Perfection of character?

Chelsea China is rather sorry that she added the word Tact to this question, as she thinks that the discussion would have been more definite if Worldly Wisdom had stood alone. She gives *Bog-Oak's* and *Lucciola's* papers, as taking the clearest views given to her, together with a few extracts from other papers. Worldly wisdom gives, in a great measure, the knowledge of consequences and probabilities, and the sense of proportion. It is not, Chelsea China thinks, essential to *greatness*; but it must be to *completeness* of character, and therefore to perfection. But it is possible to possess it, and yet to know that there is such a thing as a call to disregard it.

Elcaan.—No man can sympathise with that of which he knows nothing, and therefore the greater our knowledge of the world learnt and employed in the fear and love of God according to His will and direction, the more widespread and understanding will be our sympathies.

Surely, then, Tact and Worldly Wisdom, woven together and united into one by the bright bond of an unselfish love, is indeed compatible with—aye, and essential to—‘ideal perfection of character?’ And thus may we, too, *increase in wisdom*, that in *all points* our hearts may find sympathy for others.

Corisande.—Tact and Worldly Wisdom can hardly be called one and the same, yet they border so closely upon each other, that to draw a distinction would be to include under the one many characteristics of the other, and *vice versâ*.

Tact includes a considerable amount of charity, and acts as a regulator in conversation and every-day life, while Worldly Wisdom suggests rather a far-seeing and calculating mind, which, though adapting itself to any condition of life, asserts itself diplomatically in everything with which it comes in contact, without the consideration and forbearance towards others, required in Ideal Perfection of Character.

Surely in so far as any character, however perfect, is wanting in this, just so far is it imperfect in the finer shades of a truly Christian

character. Is St. Paul's too sacred a character to take? How beautiful is his tact before rulers and kings, finding always the good in every one to appeal to, remembering with graceful courtesy the right thing to say. To Agrippa, 'I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions;' and then his personal appeal to him, 'I know that thou believest;' or the exquisite courtesy with which he suddenly remembered the one likeness to himself which was undesirable for his hearers, 'except these bonds.' In his address to the Athenians, 'I see that in all things ye are greatly religious,' was more likely to secure a hearing than an immediate attack on their idolatry. And what but Worldly Wisdom could we call the way in which again and again he vindicated his rights as a Roman citizen? To manage people by tact and such wisdom may be the wisdom of the serpent, rather than Divine Wisdom, yet are we not commanded to be 'wise as serpents.' Those who are not blessed by nature with the good gift of Tact, know how hard (though not impossible) it is to attain, and must envy those to the manner born. It is only when tact becomes *finesse*, and worldly wisdom degenerates into worldly subtlety, that they mar the simplicity of a truly perfect and noble character.

If those who do not possess Tact glory in its absence, they are not overwise; but if any who has the gift despises it and fears to use it aright, one can only compare him to a certain well-known character, described at length in the Book of Proverbs. For surely Tact may be described as the science of fitness, and is not 'a word fitly spoken like apples of gold in pictures of silver'?

BOG-OAK.

Lucciola.—One could fancy the question had been grounded on C. Rossetti's exquisite words, 'Tact is a gift—it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or to acquire it.' I myself can scarce imagine ideal perfection of character unaccompanied by the gift of tact developed by charity into a grace. For the ideally perfect man would surely be able to touch, without breaking, the bruised reed, and to handle, without quenching, the smoking flax—could he hope to do this without Tact? Worldly Wisdom has a less dignified sound, but has it not, too, its noble side? 'Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,' was the text of one of the finest sermons I ever heard. The preacher made the striking suggestion, that if people are *not* wise as serpents, they *cannot* be harmless as doves. Good is oftener hindered by the folly of its friends than by the malice of its enemies. Have we not seen the highest aspirations marred for want of a little common sense? the best intentions made nugatory by unpracticalness, refusal to 'count the cost,' to accept the limitations of God's Providence? *Optima corruptio pessima*; tact may degenerate into untruth, worldly wisdom be a mask for selfishness,

still I cannot imagine a character approaching to ideal perfection without a large admixture of both these ingredients.

Papers also received from *Gray Squirrel*, *Lamir*, *A Sussex Rabbit*, *Molly*, *Amyas Leigh*, *Myra*.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

As you have touched on the question of the *supernatural*, I wonder if it would be possible to give a word of warning. I think some of the papers are written by younger women than I am, and I should greatly like to deprecate, not the telling of ghost stories, but any and all experiments on that borderland, where spiritualism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, thought-reading, fortune-telling, 'the willing or wishing games,' and every sort of 'uncanny' performances, whether half in fun, from a morbid curiosity, from a sort of recklessness, from a search for novelty, from a slight sense that if it is not quite wicked it is rather near it.

I think all these questions resolve themselves into three categories.

The real message that God may sometimes see fit to send by unexpected messengers, as Samuel was sent to Eli. This is too sacred to speak of here, and certainly could never be discussed in any mixed party as an amusement.

Secondly: All *paid for séances*, where there may or may not be a mixture of charlatanism, deception, conscious or unconscious, etc. These are only fit subjects for investigation by medical men or lawyers.

Thirdly: Disease. I believe that few, if any of the manifestations that do sometimes occur among occult (to use that word for want of a better) experiences, are not also known as signs of brain disease.

GRAY SQUIRREL.

Chelsea China thanks *Lucciola*, *Muffin Man*, and *Gray Squirrel*.

SUBJECT FOR APRIL.

Is it always best to keep the Golden Mean?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China before May 1st, care of the Publisher.

There is no subscription to *Debatable Ground*.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE GREAT DOCTORS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

Questions for April.

13. Name the four great Eastern and four great Western Doctors with dates, offices, and some works of each.
14. A life of St. Gregory Nazianzen.
15. Some account of Valens' Epiphany at Cæsarea; 'Festal Epistles'; the 'Sermon on the Statues'; the 'Council of the Oak.' (About ten lines each.)
16. A full account of the last days of St. Chrysostom.
- Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by May 1st.

January Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda	39	Charissa	35	Fidelia	32
Speranza	38	Water Wagtail }		Bluebell }	
Thistle	37	Miss Muffet }	34	Ierne }	31
Papaver }	36	Violets }		Frideswide }	
Sycorax }		Erica	33	Decima (Pet-Lamb) }	30
Edina	35	Wylmote	32	Countess }	

Second Class.

King Cole	29	Vorwärts }	25	Portia }	
Verena }	28	Mary }		Cecilia }	23
Veritas }		Hegesippus }	24	Box }	
Καθολικος	27	Mervarid }		Cox }	
Budgerigar }	26	Vivia }		Snapdragon	21
Hazelnut }					

Third Class.

Millstone	17	Elk	12	{ Malacoda (one answer only) }	8
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REMARKS.

1. Best answers by *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Frideswide*. It is unfair to say, with *Countess* and *Καθολικος*, that St. Lucian of Antioch was 'a follower of Paul of Samosata,' without adding that he was restored by Tyrannus (Patriarch from 303 to 314), compiled a celebrated edition of Scripture; and was martyred by starvation in 311. St. Athanasius testifies to his orthodoxy, and our Church celebrates him on January 8th. *Charissa*: it was

Eusebius of Nicomedia who was his pupil. Eusebius of Cæsarea's master was St. Pamphilus. *Malacoda*: It was Alexander, not Peter of Alexandria, whom Arius accused of Sabellianising; under Peter, Arius was a Meletian, and broached his own heresy later. *Καθολικος*: Nicæa must be reckoned as the *First* Œcumenical Council. The Apostolic Council of Jerusalem was so in a very limited sense, only Jerusalem and Antioch being represented, 'the habitable globe' could hardly be considered as having a voice. Anyway, it is no more counted among General Councils, than 'the persecution which arose about Stephen' is reckoned among the Great Persecutions. *Elk* should give fuller answers. *Vivia*: Arius died the year before Constantine, so it was he, and not Constantius, who ordered his reception (at Constantinople, not *Nicomedia*, as *Millstone* says).

2. *Edina* and *Sycorax*: It is not certain who presided, but Neale and Bright, on the whole, believe it was St. Eustathius of Antioch, Hosius of Cordova being chief of those who drew up the Creed. The Patriarch of Rome being absent, and he of Alexandria a contending party, Antioch would rank first. The Council of Antioch (264 and 269) not merely did not use, but rejected, Homöousion. St. Athanasius showed that the Faith of Antioch was the same as that of Nicæa, the word having been used by Paul of Samosata as if the Father were consubstantial with the Son after the Incarnation in a carnal sense. *Charissa*: There were no British Bishops at Nicæa; possibly Nicasius of Die represented the British, as he did the Gallic Churches. *Ierne*: It was Eusebius of Nicomedia, who 'made a lie,' by inserting an iota and turning ὁμοούσιον into ὁμοιούσιον. Eusebius of Cæsarea seems to have signed in good faith. *Frideswide* alone mentions that the body of St. Spiridion is now at Corfu, where it is exhibited on all Festivals. It is believed to be authentic, and the hand of the simple shepherd Bishop, the hand that signed the Nicene Creed, is still perfect. *Hazelnut's* answer is good, only Homöousion means 'of one essence or substance,' not 'of like substance,' which was heretical. Perfectly done by *Etheldreda* and *Speranza*.

3. Most clearly done by *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Wylmcote*, and *Cecilia*. *Edina* and *Countess* say Easter was to fall on the fourteenth day of the moon after the Vernal Equinox; this was the quaterdeciman custom, now abolished, and the *Sunday after* the full moon was settled for ever. *Mervarid*: The Golden Numbers were not 'instituted by this Council,' being part of the Metonic cycle discovered by the Athenian Meton, B.C. 433, and written in letters of gold on the Temple of Minerva. The Pope of Alexandria informed other Churches of the right date each year in a 'Paschal Epistle.' *Verena* and *Frideswide*: It is important to distinguish between Decrees of Councils, which are part of the unaltered constitution of the Church, and Canons or Rules, which may sometimes be altered. *E.g.*, Canons 4 and 16 of Nicæa are Church-law still; 7 was altered at a

subsequent Council; 3 and 20 have not remained in literal force in many parts of the Church.

4. Best done by *Speranza* and *Decima*. Ordinary text-books say little of St. James of Nisibis, but a little off the beaten track he may be found in Alban Butler on July 11th, or Baring-Gould's 'Lives,' under July 15th. Theodoret and St. Ephrem are authorities. The siege is given by Gibbon, chap. 18; and a good account of the Saint in Dr. Neale's 'Church History for Children,' and in 'Landmarks of Ancient History.'

Subscriptions for 1889 received from *Wylmcote, De Maura, Edina, Thistle, Papaver, Snapdragon, Hazlenut, Erica, Bluebell, Violets, Fidelia, Espérance, Charissa, Veritas, Καθολικος, Vorwärts, Countess, King Cole, Frideswide, Malacoda, Sycorax, Portia, Cecilia, Ierne, Hegesippus, Etheldreda, Verena, Box, Cox, Vivian, Mervarid, Miss Muffet, Mary, Elk, Water Wagtail, Budgerigar, Decima, Millstone, Trudle, and Polypodium.*

In answer to several correspondents, Bog-Oak is sorry to say it is quite impossible to have the best answers printed, owing to want of space.

P.S. Bog-Oak finds that, though '*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*' is not in the *De Unitate* of St. Cyprian, it is in his epistle (73) to Jubaianus in the form '*Salus extra ecclesiam non est.*' This passage is also quoted by St. Augustine against the Donatists. This seems near enough to make it as certain the expression is meant for St. Cyprian's, as those think they are quoting Hudibras who say—

'A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,'

when Butler actually wrote—

'He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.'

Notices to Correspondents.

Our readers will, we think, for the most part, agree with us that 'Friday's Child' is well worthy to be the prize story in the Christmas number.

Muriel.—The derivation of this name from the Greek is not satisfactory. The termination directs us eastward—at least, to Oriental languages. I conclude it came to us from Spain, where dwelt both Jews and Moors. If it were accepted as purely Jewish, the derivation might be the same as that suggested for Moriah, and then the name would be equivalent to the Greek Theodoria. But I think a broader and more universal idea among Orientals, and a word common to all their dialects, is more probable, and then the name would signify 'My dowry [is] God.' I. S. I. S.

Is there any trace of Muriel or Meriel ever having been Jewish? It seems to have been an old name in English families. ED.

The sonnet quoted by *Granny* is by Filicaja. If *Granny* wishes for the sonnet, *E. C. E.* will gladly copy it for her, on receiving her name and address.—*E. C. E.*, 130, Ebury Street, S.W.

Can any correspondent fill up the blank in the following lines, say whence they come, and give any information regarding the victim—a Baron Throp? The murderer was of course Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general.

'Who is this _____ brawler?
Is it _____ no, 'tis Waller:
See his _____ visage drop,
Just as when he murdered Throp.'

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Wanted, a list of the published writings of Mrs. Thomas Mozley.
E.

ERRATUM.—For 'Parcere subjectos debellare superbos,' read 'Parcere subjectis debellare superbos.'

Hebron.—Grace Stebbing's books are not High Church, but not absolutely the other way. The only tales of Wickliffite times that the Editor knows are Miss Holt's, which are decidedly Protestant, and unfortunately are never without warnings against present doctrines and practices.

Can any one, familiar with the poetry of the earlier part of this

century, supply the missing lines in the following, and so give much pleasure to a lady, now in her 96th year—

‘As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is sever’d from the heart,
Till loosened life, at length but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to pass away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o’er every friend laid low.’

M. C. M. would be glad to know the author and source of the following lines :—

‘Not *she* with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not *she* denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, when Apostles fled, would dangers brave,
Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave.’

Can any one kindly tell me if there is any small book which gives an account of the Cathedrals of England with their dedications, or how I can find out the different dedications. V. C. A.

Theodora.—‘Jerusalem, my happy home,’ is greatly abridged and modernised by Dr. Neale from a long hymn, beginning, ‘O Mother dear, Jerusalem,’ by Francis Augustus Baker, a Roman Catholic priest, in 1565, very quaint and beautiful. I have a MS. copy which came from Dr. Neale’s, too long for insertion here, but I could have it copied for you.

J. I. M. much wishes to recover a story which she believes was called ‘Marion Fay,’ and was in a volume of ‘Peter Parley’s Annual’ about fifty years ago. It was of a child who, floating down the Ohio, fell into the hands of some Red Indians. Can any one tell her the sequel, or lend her the book?

Letters are waiting for *Amanda Jane*. Will she send address.

Words of two Irish songs wanted—

and ‘Down by the bubbling water,’
‘I wish I were on little Ram Island.’

ERRATA.

CONVERSATIONS ON BOOKS—*March, 1889.*

Page 272—8 lines from top, for ‘Mrs. Hutton,’ read ‘Mr. Hutton.’
 „ 272—12 „ „ bottom, for ‘spices,’ read ‘pieces.’
 „ 273—7 „ „ top, for ‘conventiality,’ read ‘conventionality.’
 „ 274—14 „ „ „ for ‘think,’ read ‘little.’
 „ 275—21 „ „ „ for ‘Craiefechan,’ read ‘Ecclefechan.’
 „ 277—7 „ „ „ for ‘thing—as,’ read ‘thing:—As.’
 „ 277—9 „ „ „ for ‘sees. So,’ read ‘sees, so.’
 „ 277—10 „ „ „ for ‘would,’ read ‘can.’
 „ 277—11 „ „ „ for ‘Divine life,’ read ‘Divine Existence.’
 „ 277—19 „ „ „ for ‘G. IRELAND BLACKBURN,’ read ‘G. M. IRELAND BLACKBURNE.’

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XII.

CHERITON'S 'holiday tasks' were certainly varied and somewhat incongruous. He had to walk and talk with the banished Humfrey, who felt that Gipsy's drawing-room was a fairer Paradise than even Arden's, and that his exclusion from it would have been quite unbearable without such friendly consolation. He fulfilled his promise of entering into the 'subjects' of that constant visitor, Mrs. Tanner, and wasted his time, as Jack thought, by listening to her views on every conceivable and inconceivable topic, moral and metaphysical, often, to Gipsy's secret enjoyment, teasing her more than she guessed, but sometimes taking the trouble to prove himself, as she put it, worth convincing. She thought him intelligent, though rather frivolous; but, like most other people, found his company agreeable, and enjoyed bestowing on him the new lights which she thought he needed. He made himself pleasant to his brother's pet pupils, and especially to the prime favourite, Archer, who was often on the scene, and when Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter Marcia arrived, in accordance with Gipsy's invitation, he listened to all her lengthy perplexities as to the children's education and her own affairs, was kind to Marcia, who set up an enthusiasm for him, and was proud to call him 'Cousin Cherry,' and gave enough attention to the boy Frank, who spent all his leisure intervals in the Lesters' house during his sister's and stepmother's visit, to decide that nature had not intended him for a learned profession. Mrs. Maxwell was much in favour of the Paul's Warrendon Bank, and talked so much of her confidence in 'dear Hal,' and of how delightful it was to see little youthful errors so entirely retrieved, that Cheriton decided that he must make 'dear Hal's' personal acquaintance before trusting his ward in the hands of a gentleman who had had little youthful errors to retrieve. Jack grumbled, and said that his brother was always

taken up with other people, and got none of the rest which he always needed; but nothing seemed to come amiss just then to Cheriton, and Jack secretly rejoiced at seeing him so well and bright.

He noticed Gwendolen carefully on Humfrey's behalf; but she never responded to the kindness of his manner, and her sense of secrecy towards Gipsy so worked on her defiantly open nature as to make even the forms of friendship impossible to her. She was gloomy and silent, bitter towards Maisie, whom she regarded as the cause of her trouble, and scornful of the younger girl's reviving spirits; for Maisie was naturally a very merry little person—the new scenes, and still more the new friends, brought gradual healing to her sore heart and shaken nerves, and gradually restored her more and more to her old self. She missed her 'dear daddy' constantly, and wept many tears for his loss; but this Quixeter visit, little as she had expected it, was a real revelation to her of a new kind of life and new powers of enjoyment. Maisie, who had lived in a very commonplace circle, who had thought that all intellectual society must be dry and stiff, and all clergymen dull and stupid, found herself in an atmosphere of joke and laughter that was quite new to her.

'Bevan's "fair cruelty" is very handsome,' said Cheriton, very early in the acquaintance; 'but it is the little sister who can see a joke.'

And soon his jokes were frequently pointed by a glance that made Maisie's grey eyes sparkle and shine again. He had tried to cheer her up from instinctive kindness; but he soon grew to look for that answering flash, and the moment when she ventured on a little joke, and peeped up at him in her turn to see if he noticed it, was strangely memorable to both. He was rather a talkative person, and somehow Maisie found out from him more about the Lester family in three weeks than Gwendolen had in all her intercourse with them in three years. When he mentioned a book she felt an impulse to read it, found out that she was very ignorant, and wished herself as well read as Gipsy. Gwendolen was so far right that it was quite true that Maisie at first almost forgot their trouble in this new awakening of mind and heart. But life at the Lesters' was not all on the surface, and through all this healing warmth and glow there came the sense of a far deeper stirring. One special afternoon stood out afterwards in Maisie's memory as the time when the sting and throb of deep misgiving first peered through the sunny surface mist, and when her promise first weighed upon her soul as a possible sin, as well as upon her mind as a difficult secret.

It had been a specially delightful day, the last of Mrs. Maxwell's visit, and several of the party were having tea under the one tree that was tall enough to afford any shade in the Jack Lesters' still new and shrubby garden.

‘A relic of the primeval forest,’ as Cheriton called this one elm, which had existed before the arrival of the Hornworkers; ‘a survival of savage life,’ he said, and Archer, who was there with Frank Maxwell, looked as if he agreed with him.

‘Do you suppose it was planted in the time of the ancient Britons?’ asked Mrs. Maxwell, with an intelligent smile.

‘Oh, no!’ said Cheriton gravely. ‘I meant before Quixeter had a grammar school.’

‘Well, sir,’ said Archer, who was a small lad with a large nose and spectacles, ‘we must have made a great difference in this little place. We stirred them up.’

‘We have, indeed,’ said Mrs. Tanner, who had dropped in as usual. ‘There was no intellectual life in the place, I am sure, formerly.’

‘In fact, Eton without the school would be only a suburb of Windsor,’ said Cheriton, perceiving that Jack and Gipsy had moved away, and were politely showing off their border of herbaceous plants to Mrs. Maxwell, so that Archer had the field to himself.

‘We consider ourselves more advanced in some ways than the old foundations,’ said Archer, with an amiable patronage in his tone, which highly entertained Cheriton, himself an old Eton boy. ‘Of course, we have not got the antiquity and all that; but then we have shaken ourselves free from the old abuses.’

‘Such as——?’ said Cheriton.

‘Oh, well, you know, all the things you read about! Here, you know, the dons and the fellows are on awfully good terms. Mr. Lester is awfully popular; the fellows are awfully devoted to him. He’s so awfully friendly, you know. I think, myself, he’s almost too friendly with the little chaps. Makes them presume, you know, sir.’

‘And which masters do you consider next in order of popularity?’ said Cheriton, much amused, and perceiving Maisie also to be considerably tickled.

‘Well, Bevan’s very much liked. They say he’s to have the new boarding-house, and the report got about that he was going to be married; but I hope that’s not true.’

‘Why?’ said Maisie. ‘Mr. Lester is married, and you don’t seem to think it lessens his popularity.’

‘Oh, Mrs. Lester’s young and pretty, and awfully kind when any one’s seedy! That’s different. But we none of us think it would be good for Bevan. You see, except in quite rare cases, ladies are a mistake in a place like a school. It lowers the scholastic character of the place. Don’t you think so, sir?’

‘Well, I had hardly looked on it in that light,’ began Cheriton. While Mrs. Tanner struck in—

‘No place of education can do its work properly without women. In some respects their intellect has superior qualities to men’s. You may be glad that you are in a school which is not arranged on the pattern of a monastery.’

‘Perhaps Mr. Archer doesn’t agree about women’s intellect,’ said Maisie, with a mischievous look, and Mr. Archer at once replied—

‘Well, no, Miss Despard, I don’t. I think it’s an awful mistake to put women’s intellect on an equality with men’s. They have always been inferior——’

‘I say, Archer, what was that awful swell sentence you came out with at the debate on female degrees?’ said Frank Maxwell, who had fun enough in him to appreciate the situation.

‘Oh,’ said Archer, with conscious bashfulness, ‘I suppose you mean “Man is a rich oil-painting—woman is a feeble water-colour!”’

‘I wish I had heard that debate,’ said Maisie. ‘Don’t you, Mrs. Tanner? We should have known then how to look upon ourselves.’

‘I should never dream of taking myself at a schoolboy’s valuation,’ said Mrs. Tanner, walking off with evident indignation, while the others all laughed uncontrollably, to Archer’s evident surprise. He laughed feebly himself, but an inkling of the fact that he was making himself ridiculous seemed to dawn upon him, and it was perhaps a relief that at this moment the bell for the roll-call sounded, and the two boys went off. Soon after Jack came across the lawn, while Cheriton and Maisie were still laughing together.

‘What’s the joke?’ he said.

‘I say, Jack,’ said Cheriton, ‘have you been making your boys write essays on the evil of regarding everything from a ludicrous point of view? That was formerly a favourite subject of his, Miss Despard.’

‘No,’ said Jack; ‘of course not. I see no harm now in a moderate use of the sense of the ludicrous.’

‘Can’t you communicate it? I think now that a few lectures on the subject with illustrations——’

‘In oil and water-colours,’ ventured Maisie.

‘What are you talking about?’ said Jack. ‘I wanted Archer to have a chat with you.’

‘He has been giving us a great deal of information,’ said Maisie gravely.

‘Mixed with amusement. But the misfortune was that all the jokes were unconscious. However, he was good enough to give us a good report of you, Jack; and you’ll be glad to hear that though he doesn’t approve of ladies in a scholastic institution, he tolerates Gipsy.’

‘Cherry! You don’t mean to say he was such a fool as that?’

‘Indeed I do. Miss Despard will bear me witness. He was *too* rich, Jack; do send us in a few more like him. I am so glad to see what, as he puts it, are the forms of advance on the old foundations. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. He recalls the days of our youth. If I had had the advantage of being a Hornyman or a Hornet—what title does Archer think best?—what might I not have

become? No! Physical force isn't fair,' as, to Maisie's great astonishment, the solemn Mr. Lester sprang up from his seat and seized on his brother, forcibly stopping his mouth.

'Mrs. Tanner's coming!' said Cheriton, and Jack started up and stiffened himself up in horror at being caught in so undignified a proceeding, while Cheriton, breathless with laughing, whispered to Maisie, 'That was the best joke of all! Poor Jack! How jolly it is to get a rise out of him again! It's the Quixeter air, Jack,' he added aloud. 'I think there's champagne in it.'

'Indeed, Mr. Cheriton,' said Mrs. Maxwell, who had also come back to her place; 'our poor county doesn't often get such a compliment. Let us hope you will extend your acquaintance with it by coming over to Paul's Warrendon to consult my nephew Hal about dear Frank.'

'I intend to do so,' said Cheriton. 'Would next Thursday suit you, if it is also convenient to Mr. Ingleston?'

Cheriton looked up as he spoke, and met Maisie's eyes, not as he so often saw them, amused and interested, but so scared and startled, that he almost exclaimed, 'What is the matter?' He saw that she looked at Gwendolen, who had been sitting silently by through all the jesting scene with Archer, and who now flushed deeply, and said slowly—

'I can't imagine wanting to consult Hal Ingleston on any subject whatever!'

'My dear Gwendolen,' said Mrs. Maxwell reproachfully, 'how *can* you say so, when he is quite your own confidential friend?'

Maisie darted another glance at Gwendolen, sharp and full of warning, then she laughed, not as simply as usual, and said—

'Why, Mrs. Maxwell, do you know that it is often Hal who consults Gwen? About living in the Bank house—and so on, you know? And they have had ever so much to settle!'

There was a certain affectation of childishness in Maisie's tone that jarred on Cheriton's keen taste, but Mrs. Maxwell continued—

'It's natural enough, dear Maisie, that Lucas should think most of *your* opinion, no doubt. But Hal has a great respect for dear Gwen's business talents.'

'The Bank is certainly his business,' said Cheriton, 'so if Thursday is a suitable day——'

'Thursday?' interposed Mrs. Tanner, coming up. 'Don't all of you get engaged on Thursday. That is the day of our next debate, a most important one. My motion is "That public opinion greatly exaggerates the obligation of verbal truthfulness." Mr. Cheriton Lester, don't you agree with me?'

Gwendolen frowned till her black eyebrows almost met; Maisie's lips parted, and she gazed at Cheriton with all her soul in her eyes. What would he say—what did he think?

'It is a very binding obligation,' he said, and Marcia struck in—

‘Debate about telling the truth? Impossible. Why, everybody one ever admired was always killed rather than tell a lie! Weren’t they, Cousin Cherry?’

‘Why—I hope we are not all called upon to face so desperate an alternative,’ said Cheriton. ‘In my case, as I am not eligible for the Debate, I think I will say Thursday for coming over to Paul’s Warrendon, unless you let me hear to the contrary, Mrs. Maxwell.’

Gwendolen’s face reminded him that the question touched her nearly. He felt certain that Hal Ingleston was concerned in the mysterious secret. He felt doubtful how much Mrs. Maxwell’s allusion to Lucas implied; and he would not pursue the subject. But Maisie’s newly-risen spirits sank like lead within her, as for the first time she saw both sides of the burning question.

CHAPTER XIII.

EYES OF YOUTH.

MAISIE DESPARD, until the shock of her father’s death, had been a light-hearted, thoughtless girl, with that capacity of turning aside from the darker aspects of life, which sometimes prevents people from growing up all their lives, even to old age. And even, when still light-minded, if no longer light-hearted, she undertook to hide her father’s misdoing, she had done it, under an impulse so strong and loving that she had faced bravely and almost indifferently the self-denials and difficulties in which it involved her. What if the life was dull—what if she had to wear shabby dresses? There was something still to do for daddy—and to feel the tie to him still holding her was better than empty pleasure and comfort. She had bravely faced the trouble; but she had carelessly undertaken the burden of the sin, and when Gwendolen forced this view of the matter on her, she had felt, but it had not been painful to her to feel, that she would willingly be wicked herself, if in some way it could make up for daddy ‘not being quite good.’ Her religious belief was so elementary that she really felt as if it might somehow do so. In any case, she felt that to undo his wrong-doing might win forgiveness for it. This thought came with new clearness to Maisie’s mind on the morning that the Maxwells left Quixeter. She had been with them to the station, and then, feeling almost for the first time in her life a longing for solitude, that she might be free to think, she went on towards Arden’s Paradise, and sat down on a bench in a lonely part of the garden.

The broad over-arched walk was carpeted with golden moss, strewn here and there with the first yellowing leaves of a hot July; the light above was golden green, and touched with its brilliance the curly fuzz of Maisie’s fair hair under her black hat. Everything was peaceful and still, and she set herself to think out the issues before

her anew. She had found out how difficult it was to keep the secret ; with Gipsy and Jack Lester watching for every slip of the tongue, Humfrey Bevan straining every nerve to find it out, and worst of all, those penetrating, comprehending eyes which seemed as if they would draw her thoughts out of her own eyes without one spoken word. Oh, if she could but tell Cheriton Lester ! If she could but know what he would think ! Somehow, it was the wondering what he would think that had suggested all these new misgivings. Would *he* think so ill of daddy ? He was so kind, so gentle ; *but*—— She felt the presence of a higher standard than she had ever known. Maisie had never felt an impulse of hero worship in her life before ; but she fell into it naturally enough now. But all the more she must keep her secret, keep it at whatever cost. If it was found out, dear daddy's dying effort to undo the evil he had worked would be undone, perhaps he would suffer for it, perhaps he would know that his little girl had failed him after all.

Tears gathered in Maisie's great grey eyes and dimmed her sight, so that she felt rather than saw that a tall figure emerged from an adjoining path and sat down beside her ; but she knew quite well that it was Cheriton Lester.

'Isn't it a lovely morning?' he said ; 'and I believe you have found out the prettiest and sweetest place in all the Paradise. What a pretty name the place has, hasn't it?'

Maisie's voice was not quite under control, she turned her face away and furtively brushed away her tears.

'Old Mr. Arden must have been rather conceited about it, to call it so,' she said, trying for an ordinary manner.

'Why?' said Cherry. 'Don't you know that the oldest signification of the word is a pleasure-garden—a place for cultivating wild things and developing their sweetness and beauty ? That is what we shall find the real Paradise, I hope, in its highest sense ; but I like bringing it back to its lowest too.'

'Do you think,' said Maisie, in a trembling voice, 'that every one must be quite good to go there ? You know there *are* people who are not quite good, who die suddenly'—her voice faltered—'and haven't time to repent really, because they are thinking all the time how to make it less hard for those they leave behind.'

Her tone, in its deep pathos, told Cheriton plainly enough that it was her own personal loss that she referred to. A longing to comfort her filled his mind ; he turned towards her on the bench, and the sympathy in his thoughts came out in his tone as he said, 'I know there is nothing for it but to be quite sure that God loves them better than we do, and to go on praying for them.'

'Oh, may we ? when they are dead?' said Maisie. The words were almost childish, but the relief and hope in the tone was that of a woman who had suffered ; and as she lifted her dewy eyes to Cheriton, he thought that he had never seen anything sweeter than

the face that was turned towards him. 'I thought we might not pray for people when they were dead—if we might, I should not mind half so much.'

'Surely we may,' said Cheriton, 'for are not they still in the same keeping?'

The simple words which he went on to say, peaceful and comforting in their drift, were touched with a tender sympathy, which perhaps even he had never put into voice or look before.

'But,' said Maisie, 'do you think—do you think it would be of any use when—when one is not—when one never has been at all good oneself?'

'Ah!' said Cheriton, 'if that was so, which of us could pray? But such a thought is a great incentive to let our souls rise higher, isn't it?' He said a few more obvious words; but they did not seem obvious to Maisie, who listened as to a voice from Heaven. The effect on her of his presence, of his tender voice, of the kind eyes, bent on her troubled face, was to fill her with the most intense desire to confide in him; the effect on her of his words was to make her resist to the utmost this strong temptation. It never occurred to her, brought up as she had been, that his sacred profession might have given her an excuse if not a reason for doing so. No, it would be only too exquisite to lay her burden on him; but it must not be, she must bear it herself for daddy's sake.

There was a silence, neither knew how long, and when she looked up at him, searching again for the kind and considerate face that seemed to take such care for her, and trying to follow the strange look of inward vision that his thoughts had brought upon it now and then, and which once seen in Cheriton's eyes, marked him out for ever from all the handsome brothers whom he so much resembled; when she looked at him again his face had changed, his eyes looked blue, and young, and happy, he was watching her indeed, but with a shy, half-doubtful look.

'I know,' he said very softly, and with a new tone in his voice, 'I know what you feel a little. We lost our father very suddenly—by an accident—and I—I never saw him again. You have the last words to remember.'

'I have,' said Maisie, with a sigh. 'Everything—the whole world is different.'

'It was a changed world to me from that—and other things. Do you—do you care to hear a little?'

'Very much.'

'I had been very ill, and all my plans in life had to be altered. I was abroad when my father's accident happened, and though my dear brother Alvar just gave himself up to looking after me, and has since, over and over again, of course Oakby was my home no more. I thought I had come to a blank wall in life, I was so good for nothing. But that's never so; and it turned out that I could help the old Vicar at

Elderthwaite, and that is how things got settled for me as you see them.' He paused, and looked away from her, then went hurriedly on, with deepening colour. 'It has been a very happy life—very; but of course it has limitations. I am quite well now in general, thanks to the family constitution. But I am obliged to be much more careful of cold than other people, and I cannot stand real hard work, so I have to rub along at Elderthwaite and do the best I can.'

He looked at her again, doubtfully and eagerly; but Maisie was quite unconscious that he had had a definite purpose of his own in making her understand the drawbacks to his life. She had always been told that his health was delicate, though she hardly realised it, and she still thought that he was conveying to her some lesson on her own conduct by this description of his past experiences.

'You mean,' she said, 'that I must not think there is nothing left. I must do the best I can as you did.'

A smile of inexpressible tender amusement passed over Cheriton's face.

'No, no,' he said, 'no—I did not mean that.' He did not explain what he had meant, but he went on talking in a lighter strain. He described this rough and lonely home to her, he told her stories of the old sporting parson who loved him like a son, and worried him as much as he worshipped him. 'I wonder what you would think of him. I expect you never saw a parson of his sort in your life.'

'I've never had much to do with parsons,' said Maisie. 'I think curates are so stupid,' then, as he laughed, she blushed scarlet. 'Oh, dear! I forgot.'

'I told you we were rather unconventional in our parts,' he said; 'but you can't think how we have improved. Our little church is quite pretty now, and we're very proud of it. The last improvement was a new pulpit. The Vicar stuck to the old one till it came down with him.'

'Came down with him?'

'Yes; I knew it wasn't safe, it was so rotten. It was an enormous erection, and I always thought it would come down with me. And sure enough, one frosty Sunday, my voice was weak, and the Vicar preached out of his turn, and in the middle there was a great crash and smash, and he disappeared in a cloud of dust and plaster.'

'Weren't you frightened?'

'I never was so frightened in my life, and besides, I was half choked with dust, and everybody began to scream and run out of church. But before I could see or get at him, I heard him shouting out, "Hold hard—hold hard—I'm all right, and I'll go on in a minute," and he came out somehow from underneath, covered with plaster, but quite jolly.'

'Oh, didn't you laugh then? He didn't go on, did he?'

'Why, no—nobody could breathe for the dust, we had to stop, of course; and Virginia, my sister-in-law at Oakby, you know, gave us

a pretty new carved oak pulpit, that you can see over. The Vicar says it's out-facing to get into it. I should have thought it was more out-facing to tumble out of the other one. Nothing puts him out either; a little donkey came into church once, and he left off reading the Commandments and took it out himself.'

'What did the people think?'

'Oh, they just waited. Every one knows him. And really he's very proud of having things nice; and quite boasts of our little improvements.'

'Well, I think he must be delightful, and Elderthwaite too!' said Maisie enthusiastically, as a striking clock warned them that they must go.

Cheriton laughed joyously.

'I have talked you to death,' he said; 'but I thought that you would just understand.'

Their eyes met as if they had been the first that had ever encountered in such mutual understanding, and suddenly Maisie did understand him; and knew that the eager eyes that sought her own were the eyes of a lover.

CHAPTER XIV. .

RIVALS.

CHERITON's expedition to Paul's Warrendon did not take place after all. A very polite and formal note arrived for him from Henry Ingleston, saying that he much regretted that he was called away from home just at that time on urgent business; but that his brother Lucas would do himself the honour of waiting upon Mr. Cheriton Lester at Quixeter on the day proposed, and would be equally able with himself to give all the required information. This arrangement meant that Hal did not wish to subject himself to Cheriton's personal interrogations, and that Lucas was glad of any excuse that brought him into the neighbourhood of Maisie Despard.

Cheriton meant to make the Bank partner's personal acquaintance before putting his ward into his hands; but he was curious about Lucas, and by no means disposed for a needless expedition away from Quixeter just then, so he agreed willingly to the arrangement. As it was, many engagements prevented him from seeing much of Maisie during the interim. The head master and the Rector of Quixeter paid him attentions. There was a neighbouring church to be consecrated, and one or two public meetings to which he was invited, while Jack claimed him at every possible moment. He usually enjoyed the chance of mixing with his fellow-clergy, and seeing what was going on in the south, and, if he was less keen about it than on former occasions, he had not the face to say so, or to accept the excuse of the heat of the weather for staying at home.

Even the shrewd and sharp-eyed Gipsy never noticed that he and Maisie always compared notes as to their day's doings; nor guessed how the girl watched for his return.

Maisie did not at all want to see Lucas Ingleston. In former days, when she had pictured herself as married to anybody, a dim vision of Lucas had always filled the blank; he had been her most persistent adorer. She had frequently amused herself by teasing him, and, chiefly with the amiable intention of alarming his mother, had occasionally mixed with the teasing a certain amount of flattering encouragement. She had liked to shock him, and to know that the shocks she administered made no difference to his devotion. How well she remembered puffing her cigarette, and looking to see what he thought of it!

The tears came into Maisie's eyes as she thought of how, with that cigarette, she had puffed away the last of her careless 'jest and youthful jollity,' the last of the days when she had been happy because she could not help it. Lucas would be for ever associated with the horror of that dreadful night; with the marsh and the fog, and the death-watch; with the net that held her in its toil. She shrank from seeing him, and the thought of her old relations to him made her shrink still more; for Lucas's shadow was all blotted out of her mind by a much distincter image.

'I wish he would not come,' she said to Gwen.

'It is better than that Hal should come,' said Gwen indifferently.

Lucas, on his side, had wasted very few thoughts on the clerical guardian, whose careful inquiries he was prepared to answer; and when, as he was shown into the drawing-room on the appointed day, Cheriton rose up from the low chair where all his three little nephews had been climbing over him at once, dropping the smallest into the arms Maisie held out for him, and coming forward with a courteous greeting, Lucas was taken quite by surprise at sight of so different a person from what he had expected; while Cheriton's eyes, even more interested, perceived that his visitor was good-looking and pleasant, with an air of more sense and superiority than he had been led to anticipate. For Gipsy had had a kind of notion, derived, perhaps, from Gwendolen's discontents with her home circle, that the Inglestons were below par both socially and intellectually. She found, however, that she had made a mistake. Lucas was not a young man of society, and understood neither artistic nor intellectual 'shop;' but he was by no means without general intelligence, and when he got upon his own subjects, the welfare of the working classes, and his plans for the management of his father's workpeople, he could be really interesting.

At luncheon he and Cheriton fell into a discussion as to the respective merits of paid and unpaid philanthropical work, Mrs. Tanner, who was one of the party, strenuously supporting Lucas in his view that only paid workers could be depended on, and Cheriton,

standing up for the happy effect of kindnesses known to be shown out of pure loving-kindness.

‘And surely,’ he said, ‘it is a very natural impulse, if a girl has money of her own, and wishes to do good work, that she should live on her own money, and do the work unpaid. It shows she thinks it worth while to work, and thinks that special work worth doing.’

‘Unpaid work is apt to be done by fits and starts,’ said Lucas.

‘And puts a slur upon the paid work; that is what I complain of,’ said Mrs. Tanner. ‘I am always trying to induce my young friends to take to honest paid work, and not to content themselves by filling up their spare time by drawing some flags and a water-lily on a grey board and sending it to the Kyrle Society. In the one case they have a true proper place in the world; in the other they are just playing at it.’

‘But where is the honest paid work to be found?’ said Gipsy. ‘I thought the general complaint was that no one could find it.’

‘We shall have a post to offer soon,’ said Lucas Ingleston, ‘just of the kind I mean. We are fitting up a house for the girls who work in our mills, and I hope it will be ready by October. I want to find a lady superintendent—or two sisters—who will undertake it, for board and lodging and forty pounds a year. I am inclined to think that some one not too old, who would be young enough to have a fellow-feeling for the girls, and give them hints about their dress, and about their young men, would be the right sort of person.’

‘Some girl who understood both how to dress and how to hint reform in another girl’s dress. A very exceptional person,’ said Gipsy meditatively.

‘You won’t find that person, Mr. Ingleston,’ said Mrs. Tanner, with decision. ‘If you found a girl solid enough for taking the post at all, you may depend upon it that she would not be frivolous enough to lay so much emphasis upon dress.’

‘Then,’ said Jack Lester, ‘you had better get a solid lady with a frivolous sister, who can divide the task between them.’

‘Gwen, why don’t you apply for the post?’ laughed Gipsy. ‘You can be the solid sister, and Maisie the frivolous one.’

Both Cheriton and Lucas looked more indignant than amused at this term being applied to Maisie, who, however, only laughed.

‘I am sure I could never induce a silk-girl to give up her fuzz, though I might her young man.’

‘You would only have to induce her to copy you to look nice,’ said Lucas, the absolute gravity and simplicity with which he spoke taking away the breadth of the compliment.

Maisie did not blush, but said—

‘Thank you, that is very pretty. If ever I think of such a thing I will persuade Gwen to dress up as the solid sister, and we will both apply. I should think frivolity was quite a new qualification to be in demand.’

‘How long will it be before you choose your superintendent?’ said Gwen suddenly.

‘That depends on her turning up. Do you know of any one?’

‘N—no; but I might.’

‘Solid or frivolous?’ said Jack. But Gwen did not carry on the joke.

‘Oh, it was only some one I thought of who might like it; but I don’t know if it would do,’ she said, with a certain confusion in her face which puzzled both Maisie and Gipsy.

‘Well,’ said Lucas, ‘if you *do* know any one to suit us, Gwen, we shall really be very glad to hear.’

‘What do you think of law as an opening for girls?’ said Mrs. Tanner, and the conversation drifted away from Lucas’s subjects to Mrs. Tanner’s.

After lunch there was a general loitering of the party on the lawn, and then Cheriton and Lucas had their business talk. Lucas, Cheriton found, was rather vague in his knowledge of Hal’s plans, though he was too good a man of business not to have made Hal give him a definite answer on the point, which Cheriton had been asking about. Just now, Lucas said, Mr. Despard’s death had left Hal the only working partner in the Bank. Hal would have no objection to keep the partnership open for Frank until he came of age, as he would rather have him than a stranger; but Lucas’s opinion, as a business man, was that it would be much better, if so, for Frank to go elsewhere to learn his business. Paul’s was only a small place, and it was a great misfortune to a young fellow to live in the same place all his life.

‘And otherwise,’ said Cheriton, ‘would you say that he would be likely to be thrown in with a steady respectable set of young fellows, if it was decided to send him there? Twenty-one is no very startling age, if you come to that.’

‘Yes,’ said Lucas; ‘I think Paul’s contains a very steady set of men. That was one reason why my father sent my brother there.’

He said no more, and Cheriton naturally had some delicacy in asking for Hal’s character from his brother, though the prattle of Mrs. Maxwell, added to this remark, had quite confirmed in his mind the suspicion that Hal Ingleston had not been all he should in former days.

‘I gather,’ he said, ‘that Mrs. Maxwell wishes Frank to be put into the Bank, and she seems to have so entirely a mother’s feeling towards her step-children, that I should be sorry to oppose her without real cause. I think she wishes him to be with your brother.’

‘I dare say she does,’ said Lucas drily. ‘She puts great confidence in my brother, and consults him about her own money-matters, as to which she is reserved with my father and me. Perhaps my father—if you are here for any time, Mr. Lester, and would like to come over

and see our place, I think he might have another proposal to make to you.'

'I shall be here till the holidays. I should be very happy to come.'

'You see,' said Lucas, 'Mr. Despard's sudden death has of course made a difference in things.'

'No doubt. It was frightfully sudden,' said Cheriton, 'as I understand.'

'My cousins don't seem to have got over the shock,' said Lucas suddenly. 'Gwendolen does not look much more like herself than she did at Paul's. And Maisie is so horribly quiet—not a bit of chaff left in her.'

'She went through a terrible experience,' said Cheriton.

'She did, indeed, poor girl. Besides, she and her father were always together, and though I am sure Mrs. Lester is kindness itself, this place is strange to her, and she never cared much for clever people. I wonder if she would be happier to come to us for a bit. Mrs. Lester is Gwen's friend, you see.'

Lucas believed himself to be speaking with very proper cousinly kindness; but his wistful tone revealed his feelings, and would have won Cheriton's sympathy at once, had the cousin been any one else than Maisie Despard.

'There she is,' he said, for an answer, looking across the lawn, 'with Mrs. Lester. Shall we join them?'

Good manners obliged Cheriton, as they came up to the two ladies, to walk beside Gipsy, and give the cousins a chance of a word with each other. Perhaps Maisie had felt herself to be 'horribly quiet,' for she began to talk now to Lucas in a more lively way; and though Cheriton could not hear what she said, he caught a different sound in her voice, she laughed, he thought, in a new and unfamiliar manner. He was intensely conscious, too, of the expression in Gipsy's eyes as she watched the pair in front of them.

The ordeal did not last very long, for Lucas was obliged to hurry away to his train.

'You will be late, Lucas,' said Maisie, 'and Mrs. Ingleston doesn't like people to miss their trains, you know.'

She was quite conscious, as she spoke, of how particularly it would annoy Mrs. Ingleston, that Lucas should miss the train through lingering by her side; and, in the complex windings of her girlish nature, was perhaps not altogether displeased that Cheriton Lester should see that he wanted to linger.

He wished her good-bye with considerable cousinly warmth; and, almost as soon as he was gone, Maisie expressed a desire to walk back with Mrs. Tanner, and started off with her for Arden's Paradise.

Gwendolen went away to prepare for a drive with Gipsy, who laughed a little softly to herself as she went back into the house,

followed by Cheriton, who was possessed with a desire to find out why she was laughing.

'Dear me,' she said, 'Fay has left this book, which she was so set upon, behind, after all.'

'I am going out for a turn. I'll take it,' said Cheriton.

'Do; Maisie carried her off in a hurry. Well, I see why Mr. Lucas turned up instead of his brother!'

Cheriton stood with his back turned, crushing up his soft hat in his hand.

'Do you suppose it's a case?' he said.

'On his side—certainly. As for Maisie, she's a bit of a scamp, I suspect, in such matters.'

'She does not give me at all that impression,' said Cheriton, with the downright abruptness characteristic of the Lesters when put out.

'Ah, *she* is not so quiet, any more than poor Gwen is so fierce, by nature. Cherry, you have not taken the book.'

He turned to take it as he left the room; Gipsy caught sight of his face, and a sudden and most unwelcome light broke in on her mind.

Cheriton caught by Maisie Despard! A little country-town belle, whose pretty face and good fortune would never be regarded by all the brothers and sisters as making up for her want of social position. Cheriton, their pride and darling, whose choice should have been saintly and intellectual, 'high-toned,' beyond anything human, to be caught by a pair of eyes and nothing else! Gipsy's horror was so great that she could not see the amusing side of such a catastrophe. She was still standing, staring after Cheriton, when her husband came in.

'Oh, Jack, I've thought of something so dreadful!' she exclaimed. 'Have you—have you noticed anything particular about Cherry lately?'

'Cherry—no. He isn't ill, is he? I haven't heard him cough once.'

'Ill—oh, no. But I—I do think he is taken with Maisie. And oh, Jack, what would Alvar and Virginia say? And she *isn't* good enough for him!'

'What on earth makes you think of such a thing?' exclaimed Jack, much in the tone in which his brother had spoken a few moments before.

'Well—the look of him, somehow. But how can he? She isn't even as pretty as Gwen!'

'Yes, she is,' said Jack, 'ten thousand times prettier. Gipsy,' he went on, 'I don't like it at all. Anyhow, I shouldn't like it; and, as it is, I can't bear the idea of it. There is some mystery about the Despards, something that is not clear and above-board. Why has Gwendolen behaved in such an extraordinary way to Bevan? And Maisie is in the secret. Old Despard wasn't thought well of, either.'

‘Cherry knows all that,’ said Gipsy. ‘And he is such a good judge of character, and so reasonable always, and full of so many interests for other people.’

‘What’s that got to do with a thing like this?’ said Jack savagely. ‘Isn’t this cousin after her, too? Is there anything in that?’

‘Well, I’ve heard so. I can’t quite make her out. But—Cherry is always bright; but I never saw him look quite as he does now.’

‘But I have,’ said Jack, ‘and I saw what followed it too. Don’t say a single word, Gipsy,’ he added sharply. ‘We can’t help it—or him—if it is so.’

But spite of this saving clause, Jack, who knew every turn of his favourite brother’s face, had no doubt of the truth of his wife’s surmise.

(To be continued.)

‘LOST IN THE FINDING.’

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER V.

‘HELP! help! For the love of God, have pity on me!’

‘Bless my soul! Who is it? and where are you?’

Antony was the last speaker; and his exclamation may be excused; for the hour was midnight, it was pitch dark, and the voice which accosted him, and which now responded, apparently arose from the very bowels of the earth.

‘I implore of you to succour me. Sure ye will not leave me to perish on this precipice?’

‘Oh, you’re down there, are you? You sound like an Oirish woman, by the voice of you; but how am I to tell you’re not one of them murdering cut-throat vagabonds come up here to rob us all?’

‘Oh, believe me, good man! I am only a poor nun; an unworthy Sister of the Order of St. Bridget, who has escaped from the destruction below, and from the hands of ungodly men: but I can climb no higher without help; for the sake of the blessed Virgin, I implore you——’

‘I ain’t no *Cartholic*,’ growled Antony, apparently oblivious of the fact that he unhesitatingly repeated the Apostles’ Creed at least once a week. ‘Well, if you are a woman, I suppose something must be done; though what I’m to do with this here wine, and what the master ’ll say——’

The rest of Antony’s speech was lost in grunts and groans, as he proceeded to disburden himself of something he was carrying, and, lying flat on the ground, held a small lantern as far as possible down the fissure which had split the Terrace in two.

‘The wrong side, of course! Trust a woman for that! Of all the——’

But his soliloquy was cut short by fresh entreaties from the little black figure which was now dimly visible standing on a narrow ledge about twelve feet from the surface.

‘Now it ain’t no manner of use agoing on like that,’ he remarked coolly; ‘I ain’t so young as I have been, or I might be able to drag you up; but I don’t see nothing to be gained by going to the bottom in company, so you must just wait a minute while I get help. Hullo, Pasco! is that you?’

Happily it was the Gallician, who, hearing voices, had come to see what was the matter. He was a younger and more active man; and, after surveying the situation, he decided on climbing down; and soon succeeded in reaching the spot where, almost exhausted, the poor nun was clinging with one hand to a projection of rock, while with the other she clasped something tightly beneath her gown.

But when, on inquiry, the 'something' proved to be a large rusty iron key, with two smaller ones attached to it, Pasco found it most difficult to persuade her to part from them—to let them go altogether she utterly refused. They were dearer—more valuable than her life, she said. Fling them to the bottom of the abyss! Sooner would she throw herself down! And when it was suggested that Pasco should hand them up to Antony, she demurred, on the ground that the latter was a heretic, with whom it would be unsafe to trust them.

'Bother the old iron!' exclaimed Antony, cutting short the colloquy from above. 'Now look here, young woman, either you hand over those gimcracks or you don't. I'm not going to wait here till morning; Pasco can find his way to the top again alone, I know; but he'll want my help to heave you up, so you'd better look sharp.'

Thus urged, the Sister reluctantly relinquished her burden, which was soon safely deposited on the ground above; and she herself proved not much heavier, and showed less nervousness at being hoisted from one man's arms to the other, than she did, when, having reached terra firma on the 'wrong side,' as Antony had expressed it, (i.e., that nearest the house), she discovered that she was next expected to walk across a narrow piece of wood which, simply thrown across the crevice, now served as a bridge from side to side.

Already exhausted, and faint from want of food, it was no wonder that she shrank back nervously, and declared it to be an impossibility; but Antony soon settled that matter for her.

'A carrot in front of a donkey's nose is better than a thorn stick behind him!' he exclaimed impatiently; and seizing the iron keys, which were still lying on the ground, he flung them across.

They alighted with a clang, with which was mingled a shriek of horror from the nun, who, forgetting her fears, almost ran across the certainly dangerous bridge, and, picking them up, turned reproachfully to the two men who followed her laughing.

But both laughter and reproaches were cut short by Mr. Hawthorne's voice, demanding angrily the cause of the disturbance which had roused his wife, and had so much alarmed his daughter during her turn of watching, that she had awakened him to go and see what was the matter.

Nor did the appearance of the nun lessen his annoyance. Any addition to their party was a serious matter under present circumstances; and that any one should have succeeded in reaching them from below gave real cause for apprehension; since where one could

come, others might follow, and Mr. Hawthorne had hoped that they were completely isolated.

He lost no time, however, in conducting her into the only shelter he had to offer, and left her to Margaret's care—care which was sorely needed; for now that the necessity for exertion was over, the poor little woman sank utterly exhausted on the floor, and Margaret was dismayed at the sight of her sore and blistered feet, torn clothing, and bruised and emaciated condition.

In the meantime, Mr. Hawthorne was interrogating the two men. How came Pasco to have left his post outside the hut during his hours of duty, and Antony to be wandering about when he ought to have been asleep?

The latter answered by displaying four wine bottles; remarking gruffly that he wasn't going to have the mistress die of sheer weakness, with good wine lying wasting in a cellar within a stone's throw!

'You don't mean to say that you have ventured through the house, and down to the cellar?' exclaimed Mr. Hawthorne.

'Aye; "nothing venture, nothing have,"' said Antony; 'and, arter all, there weren't so very much to grumble at when I got there. The wall on one side was a bit tottery, so I didn't lean against it; and there was a beam right across that bin of the best old port—you know, master. The aggravation of these things!' went on old Antony, carried out of himself by the recollection. 'Why couldn't it a' took the light wine instead? But that's always the way!'

'You knew that I had strictly forbidden either you or Pasco to go near the ruins in their present dangerous state,' said Mr. Hawthorne, with an attempt at sternness, which was belied by the tremble in his voice.

'Well, sir, you can dismiss me from your service for disobeying orders, if *you* please. There's a quarter's wages due to-morrow, but I won't say nothing about that under present circumstances.'

And Antony chuckled with the confidence of one who had with impunity disobeyed orders at his own discretion, during at least twenty of his fifty years of service in the 'family.'

His master's answer was to seize the horny old hand, as he said—

'Truly, old friend, I believe you have risked your life for your mistress as surely as did those brave men of old who ventured through the enemy to fetch water for King David.'

Antony glanced with some apprehension at his precious bottles.

'You ain't agoing to behave like that?' he demanded nervously. 'I don't want to speak disrespectful of Bible folk, but I've often thought that it must have been real riling to those friends of his when they'd taken such a lot of trouble, to see it wasted like that!'

Mr. Hawthorne hastened to promise that he would not imitate King David's example so narrowly; and then demanded further explanations of the nun's arrival; but about this, as we know, the men could tell him but little.

And when, some hours later, Sister Ellen was sufficiently recovered to tell her own tale, she could by no means entirely clear away the mystery. She told them, indeed, with tears and sighs, how her beloved convent, the only home she had ever known, had been completely wrecked in the terrible earthquake five days before; how she had seen many of her companions crushed beneath the falling walls; how one part had been literally swallowed up; and how she, with about a dozen of the sisterhood, had fled—ordered to do so by the Mother Superior—to the nearest church as to a place of sure refuge (!)—the Mother herself refusing to leave her charge while one even might be yet living among the ruins. Happily for them, the church to which they were to go had shared the universal destruction before they could reach it; and, in the confusion, Sister Ellen found herself separated from her companions, having paused at the entreaty of a miserable woman, who, crushed beneath a weight far beyond the little nun's power to remove, had died holding her hand, and kissing the crucifix which she held to her lips. Then, finding herself alone, she had wandered blindly on, constantly stopped by similar demands upon her mercy; and, when night came, and the horrors of fire were added to the darkness, she had found herself on the outskirts of the town, and had sunk down fainting, and fully believing that her end was come.

During the days that followed she said simply that she had 'done what she could;' always striving (as she bent her steps among the dead and dying), but never succeeding in finding the ruined convent: but on the evening of the previous day she had encountered one of the ruffians who, freed by the falling of the prisons, now infested Lisbon, robbing, plundering, and even *murdering* as they went. Probably the man mistook the burden to which she clung so persistently for something precious; he tried to wrench it from her grasp, and she no doubt owed her safety to the fact that he was intoxicated. As it was, she managed to escape, and fled terrified and trembling along the road at the foot of the cliff; till, seeing a cavern-like opening, she sought refuge within; and looking up, saw a glimmer of light above, and began to climb, more with the instinct of getting out of reach, than from any reasoning motive. The rest we know. When close to the top and to safety, as she supposed, she had found it impossible to proceed further; indeed, when she afterwards looked down the place by day-light, she vowed that only a miracle could have brought her there at all—she, who had so often been laughed at for her cowardice!

Truly, there is heroism among the weak as well as among the strong, and God will remember them when He counteth up His jewels!

After all, Sister Ellen proved an invaluable addition to their number; for she belonged to the nursing portion of the sisterhood, and Margaret was almost tempted at first to be jealous of the skill which did more to alleviate her mother's sufferings than all her

own care and labour could effect. But alas! neither skill nor care could avail for long. Even to her inexperience, it was evident that Madam Hawthorne grew rapidly weaker from day to day. There was no fever now, nor did she seem to suffer much except when movement produced pain in the unset arm, over which Sister Ellen mourned hourly. Sometimes she would lie for hours apparently unconscious, or repeating softly passages of Scripture, which at first seemed to puzzle and half-frighten the little nun, till at last she listened with reverend awe as she recognised familiar verses here and there. Portions of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew recurred more often than any other, and scraps of the Litany; in repeating which they noticed, with some surprise, that to the suffrage, 'From lightning, tempest,' etc., she always added the word *earthquake*, this being the only allusion she ever made directly to the terrible visitation which had, in fact, given her her death-blow.

Nor did she again ask for Humphrey; though often, when Margaret was stooping over her, she would gently stroke her hand in the old caressing way, and look up into her face with eyes so full of loving sympathy, that the poor girl's self-possession was taxed to the utmost.

For, as yet, not one word had reached them concerning their many friends. Ascending the hill, they could see, looking down, that the Coppleston's house was even more completely ruined than their own. That any one who might have been in it at the time of the earthquake could have escaped alive, seemed impossible; and again and again did Margaret tell herself that had Humphrey by any miracle so escaped, his first effort would have been to reach her. As yet Mr. Hawthorne absolutely forbade any attempt to visit the town; a precaution the necessity for which was confirmed by all they heard from Sister Ellen; indeed, they felt their isolated position to be quite providential, and no longer regretted that Madam Hawthorne's condition made it impossible for them to move into the stable on the other side of the house as they had at first thought of doing. They could, however, procure corn from it without danger, and stores from the house as Pasco had suggested; but Mr. Hawthorne ordered that the wooden plank, which served as a bridge across the fissure in the Terrace, should always be removed to the harbour side when not in actual use; and he himself took it in turns with the two men to keep watch at night, when he was not required to assist at the sadder watch within.

It was as well, perhaps, that this sadder watch absorbed his mind and attention to so great an extent as to overwhelm all other interests for a time. Since Sister Ellen's coming he had ceased to fret, as he had done at first, at the impossibility of obtaining medical help; for they learnt from her that their doctor, the only Englishman of that profession then resident at Lisbon, and who also attended at the

convent, was absent at the time of the calamity; and even if a Portuguese had been obtainable, they knew by experience that he would probably be worse than no use! Sister Ellen had long nursed under Dr. French among the poor around the convent; she understood her work thoroughly, and saw only too plainly, that to alleviate present suffering as she best could under so many difficulties, was all that could now be done for poor Madam Hawthorne, and that the end could only be a question of days. She thought it best to break this to Margaret as gently as she could; and when the first rush of grief was over, the poor girl had borne the shock bravely—putting aside self, and devoting her attention wholly to what was required of her. She longed to know whether her father saw what was coming, but he gave no sign, and a certain reserve, common enough in those days between parent and child, and which recent events had not served to lessen in their case, prevented her from confiding in him as she longed to do.

But that reserve broke down suddenly when one night she was roused from her share of sleep by Sister Ellen's hasty touch and voice—

'Be quick, my child,' she said. 'Call your father, tell him he must come *at once*.'

There was no need to ask why. One glance at her mother's face told that; though Margaret had never seen that look before. In an instant she was standing by her father's side on the narrow pathway, which, no longer shielded by wall or parapet, formed a platform outside the door of their refuge.

'Father!' she cried, laying her hand upon his arm, 'come quickly; my mother is——'

'Not yet! not yet!' was all he said, as he hastily turned to follow her; but surely, surrounded as they were by an atmosphere thick and laden with cries of pain, entreaty, remorse, woe and grief of every sort and kind, no wail of anguish had gone up to Heaven more bitter than that.

Did she know them? Surely yes; for she grasped tightly a hand of each, as though she would fain have carried with her what she loved best on earth, to share in the rest and peace, to rejoice in the glory—some foreshadowing of which already lighted up the wan face, and gave fresh life to the sunken eyes. Sister Ellen, standing at the foot of the narrow couch, held up the crucifix which hung from her waist; but what need of that outward symbol to her by whom He, for whom she had always looked, was Himself walking through the dark valley, so that even the night of death shone as the day.

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWO WILLS.

MADAME CALLÉ welcomed the Seymours with delight. This year Mr. Seymour stayed at the cottage instead of sleeping at his hotel. Madame cheerfully gave up her own room to Agatha, and where she herself slept during that time no one but herself could say. They reached Pau in October, and Christmas found Mr. Seymour apparently no worse. But on the very last day of the year, as father and daughter stood in the porch, debating the question of the direction of their walk, Mr. Seymour suddenly staggered back a little, and as Agatha came hastily to his side, he sank down on the little bench where Madame Callé used to sit at work—he leaned back, pale and death-like, against the green woodwork. Often had Agatha seen him faint suddenly, but she knew very well this was no ordinary faintness. Great drops started out on his forehead, and he seemed to be in mortal agony.

'It has come,' he said. 'Good-bye, my daughter, and God bless you.'

Calm and collected as Agatha generally was, she screamed for help now. Madame Callé rushed out, followed by the English servant. But all the nurses and doctors in France could have done nothing now for Horace Seymour. He drew long labouring breaths for a few moments, then looked in Agatha's face with a smile, and said—

'It is over now.'

Poor Agatha! She let Madame Callé almost carry her into the house, and all the rest of that day she was so ill that the old Frenchwoman was obliged to give such orders as were necessary, and to send notice of Mr. Seymour's death to the proper official. Towards night Agatha fell asleep, and Madame Callé would not allow her to be awakened. She slept far into the next day, and awoke feeling weak and weary, but calm and able to face her position. Her first question on awakening was, 'Had a telegram been sent to Market-Yoredale?' 'No; madame had not telegraphed, but would go about it at once if meess would write the message.' But it struck Agatha that in the envelope her father had given her might be some directions concerning his funeral, and she thought she would open the

envelope before she took any further step. Opening her desk, she took out the packet of papers and opened it. There was a half sheet of note paper with a few lines written upon it, and another large envelope, addressed 'To my daughter, Agatha.' This was sealed. She took up the note and read—

'MY DEAR AGATHA,

'Wherever I die, there bury me, in as quiet and private a fashion as may be. Send for no friends—follow me to the grave yourself, if you like, for you love me. Do not open the enclosed until after my funeral.

'Your affectionate father,

'HORACE SEYMOUR.'

'He judged rightly,' Agatha said. 'No one cared for him as I do. I will not telegraph.'

So Agatha, attended by her maid and Madame Callé, followed the mortal remains of Horace Seymour to the grave. Everything that this world could give had once been his—friends, riches, rank, health, intellect, pleasure—he had thrown them all away. Yet he was sincerely mourned for by his daughter—mourning not without hope. It was partly the feeling that no one might share that hope that made her well content to be alone in her sorrow.

Three or four days slipped away, Agatha scarcely knew how. She wandered about the country, or sat alone in her little parlour, her usually busy hands idle, and her still more busy brain very nearly idle too. She had not even written to Mrs. Drayton or Miss Susie; she felt incapable of putting her mind to any task, however slight. However, at last she roused herself, feeling that she ought not to run the risk of vexing or alarming them.

'To-morrow I will write,' she thought, 'and the next day I will set out for home. In time I shall feel as I did before my father sent for me, ready and anxious to begin. Just now I only feel stupid—but it will pass. I have given way to it too long. To-morrow I will write.'

In the evening, sitting with a book in her hand, she suddenly remembered the envelope and its still unknown contents. Her desk lay on the table within reach—she pulled it towards her, and once more took out the envelope. It was sealed with the Seymour crest—the seal hung now at her watch-chain. She cut round the round red seal in leisurely fashion, and with a sigh put it into a little drawer in her desk. There was the will, witnessed by the Draytons, and it was short, so she read it. It left everything—'all my property of every kind'—solely to her, without any restrictions or conditions. Below the signatures was a line in pencil: 'On the sheet of paper pinned to this will you will find a list of all the securities in which my money is invested, and all the documents connected with it are in the packet I left with Mr. Hughes when we passed through London.'

Agatha laid down the will and took up a letter which she saw began 'My dear daughter.' This interested her more than the will, and she thought she would lay the latter aside until either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Drayton was at hand to tell her what amount of money was now hers—a few hundreds probably, which would be very useful when she came to build her additional rooms.

'MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

'When you wrote to me and I returned your letters, my health was so much better that I had begun to think that my wise doctor had made a mistake when he told me that my disease was incurable, and that in fact it was a question only of a few months more or less. But he was right in every particular, and I know exactly what I have to expect. His only error was that he did not make allowance for my wonderful strength—one of the numberless blessings which I have abused.

'I shall probably die suddenly, and as I do truly believe that you have contrived to love me, I say to you, rejoice if it is so. I suffer much—and have nothing but suffering before me. I do not think my blessing worth much, but I bless you constantly, my daughter. Perhaps I shall tell you more about this in another world. But to return to my reasons for rejecting your overtures.

'I had made up my mind, long before this illness attacked me, to realise a certain sum, sufficient to repay every penny of which I had wronged any one, and to restore you to your proper position, before I acknowledged to you or to the world that I still lived. I believed you and poor Mary to be very comfortable—and you must remember that I did not know you, and had formed an idea of you very unlike the reality. When I met you at Pau I perceived this; but I am an obstinate man, and as you did not seem to need looking after, I thought I might yet carry out my original plan. And I have not fallen very much short of it; but increasing illness warned me to wind up my affairs and write to you.

'In the will I left with Hughes when we went to London together, I made you my sole heiress, but I desired you to purchase Temple-Seymour (there was some talk of its being in the market), and I so tied up my property that no portion of it could be spent in any such scheme as that of which you have sometimes spoken to me. In fact, I pleased myself by trying to make you into the idle fine lady that Miss Seymour of Temple-Seymour might naturally be expected to be.

'But I have learned to know you better—to know that if you obeyed me you would be a miserable woman. And I have learned to love you. Do as you will with it, Agatha. Live your own life—it will be a better life than I could plan for you, or even imagine. I only ask you to take time. You will be, when you read this, a very wealthy woman. Your steady old solicitor will explain everything to you; I will only say now that you are very rich. With this

wealth you may do a good deal; but there are duties to be thought of about which you know very little. Take at least two years to get used to your new position before you make any such change in your way of life as the change you were meditating when I first sent for you. There are hundreds of women who will make as good managers of your institution as you would, and you will be of more use in the world if you are not tied down to one place. I have been turning this over in my mind, from what I see will be your point of view when you understand your new position, and I only ask you to give yourself time to acquire that understanding.

‘Now you are wondering why I did not tell you all this long ago. Well, I had always said to myself, “I shall have a dutiful daughter, no doubt; for it will be worth her while to be so.” But when I found that I had a dutiful daughter in the girl who believed me to be a pauper—Agatha, it was so sweet to me that I would not spoil my pleasure in it. I needed quiet, I wanted nothing, and I was not injuring you. My last days have been my happiest—lay that comfort to your warm heart, my child, and so good-bye.

‘HORACE SEYMOUR.’

‘I don’t believe a word of it,’ said Agatha aloud, after she had read the astonishing letter. ‘He was ill—not himself—it cannot be true.’

But when she took up the list of securities, she soon perceived, little as she knew of such things, that it was business-like and clear; also that the sums mentioned were large. Somehow the idea that her father had been raving when he wrote the letter died out of her thoughts, and she read it again more calmly.

‘I suppose it is true. What am I to do now? I feel as if the world were coming to an end. Oh, I am sorry—I *don’t* want to be rich! I had enough, and I had my life planned out, and now it is all upset again. New duties, new responsibilities, and I was brought up so differently. I knew how to be poor and to work, and I liked to look forward to it. Now—oh, I am so lonely. I shall make such mistakes. But I have no right to say that; I did not want or ask for riches, but as they have been given me, wisdom will be given too. I must constantly pray that I may not become proud or extravagant, or think that my riches are my own. I must take time, as he says, and learn my new lesson. I will do nothing in a hurry, but think things over.’

She read her letter over a third time, dwelling on the love and trust that were rather betrayed than expressed. Far into the night she sat there, thinking and praying; and when at last she went to bed she slept well and awoke refreshed.

Next day she wrote to Mrs. Drayton and Miss Susie; but to neither did she say more than that her father was dead, and that she would be in London almost as soon as her letter, staying at the hotel to which her father had taken her last year. She left Pau that evening, travelling without pause to London, and the morning after her

arrival there she ordered a carriage and drove to Mr. Hughes' office. Old Mr. Hughes, a white-haired, benevolent-looking man, received her very kindly, but inquired—

‘How is it that you have come back at the very worst time of the year?’

Agatha started slightly.

‘I forgot,’ said she, ‘that you would not know. I have lost my dear father, Mr. Hughes.’

The old man looked at her as she spoke; it may be that he did not much believe in the affection she expressed for her father, but he respected her for expressing it. He said—

‘I had not heard of it. And did you travel home alone? I would have gone for you, my dear Miss Seymour. You ought to have written to me.’

‘I ought indeed; not for that reason—for I had a servant with me, and got on very well—but I should have written, I know. It was so sudden, and I was not quite myself, I think. But I want your advice and help now very much.’

‘Indeed you shall have it. Your poor father's affairs came into our hands too late—you know it was Mrs. Browning who employed us—but we have always felt much for you in your peculiar position, Miss Seymour, and you may command my services at any time. I have your father's will here. There are a few hundred pounds—the remains of the large sums he placed in my hands to make those payments. I tried to persuade him to consider you more, but I believe you agreed with him. I suppose the will deals with this money. Shall I open it?’

‘No; give it to me, please—I would rather read it myself.’

‘Well, but you may not understand it. Read it here, now, and I can then explain anything to you. But while my clerk is getting it’—here he went to a speaking-tube and gave a brief order—‘I must tell you something that may perhaps concern you. You are aware that your great-aunt, Lady Archer, is still alive?’

‘Yes, I know it.’

‘She is now a very old woman, and for years she has had a confidential servant, who managed everything for her. She trusted this woman implicitly, and I suppose that as long as she herself was able to get about, things went well enough. But the other day I received a note from her, wishing to see me—she lives in Kensington. I went, and to my surprise, found myself apparently not expected. I began to think some one had made a fool of me, when she whispered suddenly, “I want to speak to you alone.” And I found it by no means easy to secure that interview alone, for the woman would take no hint from me, and Lady Archer gave me no help. At last I ordered her out, saying I had private business with her mistress, and I had to lock the door of the ante-room or she would have been there, listening. Lady Archer then told me that her servant has long been

her tyrant—that she neglects her, and refuses to admit the few visitors who still call on her. She said it had been a long and difficult job to get the note to me posted by one of the other servants. She wants me to arrange matters for her, and to engage a companion for her. Her wish was to have you; she asked about you several times, and was greatly vexed that you were absent from England. She said, “If my poor Ella’s girl would live with me, I would leave her all I have. It is not much, but I know she is very poor—I would rather have her than a complete stranger.”

Agatha could not help laughing.

‘I never felt poor,’ she said. ‘I always had enough. But I cannot help being amused when I think of what I came here to tell you, and of what you have been telling me.’

A clerk came in just then, and laid a paper on the table.

‘This is the will, Miss Seymour.’

‘Yes; but my father wrote another, which I have here. In that he made various conditions, and desired me to do things, which, when he came to know me better, he saw would make me very unhappy. So he made another will, simply leaving all to me; and he was very rich, Mr. Hughes. It pleased him to be cared for by me, and so he kept his secret. I never knew it till he was gone. Look at this paper. You will understand it better than I do.’

She gave him the list of securities, and Mr. Hughes, after a moment’s pause to recover himself, sat down to read it. Agatha, meantime, opened the first and now useless will, and took out of the parcel a number of papers of various colours and sizes, which she pushed aside, and occupied herself in looking over the will. Most thankful she felt that all its conditions had been set aside, for she felt that she would have been in a very serious dilemma. Looking up she found Mr. Hughes regarding her intently.

‘My dear young lady,’ said he, ‘you must allow me to congratulate you. You are a very great heiress.’

‘I am also a very lonely woman, Mr. Hughes. I have been brought up in a very quiet way. I have none of the tastes or habits of rich and great people. The money now given into my care ought to be a blessing, for it will enable me to do much good; but, as far as I am concerned, it does not add to my happiness. It upsets all my plans. I must have time to think and plan again. If I go home, I must make all this known, and I should be committed to some plan of life before I have realised the change in my position, and learned larger ways of thinking. My father advised me in a letter he left with me, to remain as I am for two years at least. So I think Lady Archer’s invitation is a very fortunate thing for me, and I should, in any case, have thought it my duty to help her, poor thing! She meant to be kind to my mother. If you will tell her that my father has left me quite independent, and that I go to her as a visitor, I will stay with her for a time, and will always take care

that she is comfortable. I shall be of use to her, and shall have time to accustom myself to being rich. I really don't half believe in it yet.'

'You are very wise, Miss Seymour. You will have an opportunity of making friends in your own rank, and of judging for yourself as to your future establishment. I should advise not telling Lady Archer that you are really rich; for she—well, perhaps I ought not to say it—but I believe she would begin to plan and scheme for you forthwith, and that you might find yourself—ah! committed to a line of conduct which would not be for your happiness.'

'I know what you mean. There is no danger of that. But I should prefer having time to think things out for myself, so we will only tell Lady Archer that I am not poor, and do not want a salary. Moreover, that I must have some time to myself, and perfect liberty to come and go. Anything else I can arrange when there.'

'Do you wish to take your maid with you?'

'I do not want her; but she is a very excellent servant. Perhaps Lady Archer would like to engage her.'

'Very likely; for no doubt she will get rid of the virago, Mrs. Butts. I will see Lady Archer to-morrow, and let you know what she says. Please give me those papers that you are pushing about so coolly. Flimsy as they look, they represent your fortune. Do you want money? I have some in my hands, as I said, and I can advance it to you. I will take all necessary steps. Let me look at the will. You are sole executrix, I perceive. We will administer to it in due form; but you can have money from me at once if you want it.'

'I do want some. I must get my mourning, and may as well get it here.'

Mr. Hughes replied by drawing a cheque for two hundred pounds. Agatha was just going to say that fifty would be ample, when it suddenly came into her head that she would fit herself out handsomely, and purchase many little articles of personal luxury which she neither possessed nor cared for.

'But Lady Archer shall not say that Aunt Mary did not teach me as she ought,' was her thought.

Having named an hour for Mr. Hughes to call on her next day, she went back to the hotel, desired her maid to get ready for a great shopping expedition, and finally bought more dresses, mantles, bonnets, etc., than she had ever possessed before.

'Why, Miss Seymour,' cried the delighted Atwood, 'you've bought a wonderful lot of things, and all so good!'

'Yes,' Agatha answered; 'and once, long ago, I bought six white dresses at sixpence a yard, which gave me far more pleasure. Go out in the evening, Atwood, and get me a couple of good trunks. Have them sent to the hotel at once.'

CHAPTER XIV.

DELAY NUMBER THREE.

MR. HUGHES made his appearance at two o'clock next day, and reported that on this occasion Mrs. Butts had been extremely impertinent to him in her mistress's presence—warning him against hatching plots against her, and declaring that 'my lady would bitterly repent when she found herself left to mere menials.' But he had insisted on seeing Lady Archer alone, and had told her just as much as Agatha had wished. The poor old lady was delighted, and begged her to come early the next day, and to bring her maid, as otherwise she might be made very uncomfortable, and there was plenty of room. The idea of getting rid of Mrs. Butts never seemed to suggest itself. All she hoped for was some one able to afford her a little protection.

'My niece was very timid,' said she; 'but still, a young person is not so helpless as I am.'

'I did not tell her,' Mr. Hughes went on, 'that her grand-niece does not seem to me to have inherited timidity; but I suspect you will prove a far better protector than the poor old lady looks for.'

'I am not at all timid,' said Agatha. 'I take after my father. I think he was the bravest man I ever knew.'

'He was noted for daring always,' said Mr. Hughes, quite glad to find something pleasant to say.

'I don't mean only that kind of courage. My father suffered agonising pain for hours together; he would faint away sometimes from it, but he never uttered so much as a groan. He knew that he would die suddenly, and he never spoke of it. He was always cheerful and steady. No one knows—except myself.'

Her voice trembled—next moment she was weeping bitterly.

'My dear young lady,' said old Mr. Hughes gently, 'those tears are his best defence. I shall always remember them when I think of your father in future.'

'Thank you. That gives me real pleasure,' said Agatha, putting her hand into his, 'and I will try to make his money a blessing to many—to more than he ever injured. I shall go quite early to-morrow, for I suspect that the old lady will not dare to say that she expects me. Is there really plenty of room in the house?'

'Oh, plenty! Lady Archer lives in the dining-room, study, and a third room, all on the ground-floor. The rest of the house is never used.'

'Well, I shall go early and see what I shall want. Now you must let me ring for luncheon. It is too late for you to leave me without having some.'

Mr. Hughes had been honestly ready to do his best for Miss Seymour before he saw her; but he was her devoted servant from

that day. The simple kindness of her manner, her brave, unselfish spirit, and her strong common-sense, all attracted him wonderfully.

At about ten o'clock next day a carriage rolled up to Lady Archer's door, 5, Albert Crescent, Kensington, and Mrs. Butts, looking out of the window of her mistress's sitting-room, said—

'That's some mistake, for there are trunks on the carriage. Well, I hope they don't mean to beat the door down, knocking like that! What a stupid Farmer is, standing gaping in the hall, and letting the man take down the trunks. I must go and——'

Here the door opened, and the maligned Farmer, far from standing gaping in the hall, stood with a lurking grin on his countenance, and announced, 'Miss Seymour, my lady,' and Agatha, looking tall and stately in her deep mourning, walked quietly over to the easy chair which stood by the fire, and, taking Lady Archer's trembling hand, said deliberately—

'Mr. Hughes told me that you would be glad to see me, so I have come to stay with you for a time, if you will have me.'

'Yes, my dear; your name is Ella—no—Mary, is it? or—— No matter, I forget your name, but I am very glad to see you. I was very fond of your poor mother. Butts, we can make Miss Seymour—my grand-neice, you know—we can make her comfortable, I am sure.'

Mrs. Butts looked stormy, she was not completely taken in by her lady's pretence of surprise. But before she could speak, Agatha said quietly—

'If you will make me welcome, Lady Archer, I will make myself comfortable, with your leave. I know that you are an invalid, so I came prepared to do so. May I go and see where my trunks can be left?'

'We'll send Butts,' said the old lady, nervously. 'Butts, the bedroom that used to be mine, behind the drawing-rooms, tell them to carry Miss Seymour's boxes up there.'

'And my maid—where will she sleep?'

'It is such a large house, Butts, there can be no difficulty,' said Lady Archer.

Butts swelled and puffed. Agatha saw that she was both puzzled and alarmed, and was determined to take and keep the upper hand if possible. So she said—

'Butts had better show me the rooms, if you can spare her. And then Atwood can unpack for me. Kindly show me the way, Mrs. Butts.'

In considerable danger of bringing on a fit of apoplexy by repressing all signs of rage, Mrs. Butts led the way upstairs. Agatha quickly decided that the room would do very well, and found a comfortable room for Atwood. She then took off her bonnet and mantle, provided herself with some needlework, and descended to the study, as the room in which Lady Archer sat was still called; opening the door just in time to hear the end of an oration.

‘And if you think, my lady, that at this time of day I’m going to be ordered about by any young madam, you’re the more mistaken—I’m no fool—you don’t get me to believe but that you and that old Hughes sent for her. There’s no gratitude in you, my lady, and unless you promise this minute that she is never to interfere, and that she’s to go in a few days, I’ll go!—and pretty pleasant you’ll look when next you get one of your worrying colds—you’ll repent it, my lady; but she or me—that’s about it.’

Here Agatha, who had come in quietly, came forward. Butts started violently and said—

‘I’ll talk to you again some other time, my lady.’

‘There is no time like the present,’ said Agatha. ‘Lady Archer, I suppose it was of me that your maid was speaking? May I tell her what we have arranged?’

‘Oh, my dear—arranged?’ quavered the poor old lady, nervously twisting her hands about, and getting more and more confused at every movement. ‘Did we arrange anything? I—don’t very well—remember.’

‘Yes. Mr. Hughes told me that you wished me to pay you a visit, as you were lonely, with no companions except your servants. And I hope to stay with you for some time, and if you will give me authority to do so, I will take care that you are well served, and spoken to with proper respect.’

It was very evident that Lady Archer was too much frightened to do more than nod her head, and that in a very wavering and uncertain way. Mrs. Butts triumphantly exclaimed—

‘My lady’s no fool! Look at her shaking her head at you! She knows when she is well served. Five and thirty years have I served her and never wronged her of a penny or a penny’s worth yet! And now comes a young lady who knows nothing about it, and tries to stir up mischief between me and my lady! But my lady would be dead in a month if she had not me, that knows every turn in her health, so to speak, always at her call—you know you would, my lady! Come now, tell Miss Seymour you’ll have no interference, or I give you warning—and you’ll be buried before the year is two months old!’

‘I would rather——’ faltered Lady Archer.

‘Of course you would,’ put in Butts.

‘Be dead and buried than live as I have done lately,’ went on Lady Archer. ‘It is—so humiliating. But I know you will not go, Butts—you have said that before.’

‘But now Mrs. Butts says that unless I abstain from interfering, she will leave you. Now I mean to interfere—I am here for that very purpose. What is it?’ she added, bending to hear the eager whisper, ‘Send her away, my dear, send her away.’

‘So,’ went on Agatha, ‘Lady Archer accepts your warning, Butts; and as you seem unable just now to behave properly, you had better

leave the room, and I will see you presently, when I quite understand what Lady Archer wishes.'

But Mrs. Butts had been so long, 'mistress and more' in that household, that gradually she had forgotten that she was really only a servant. In reply to Miss Seymour's remarks, she plumped down into a chair, and said—

'I'm not going to leave the room at your bidding, ma'am. I always sit with my lady, and take very good care of her.'

'I shall sit with her this morning. You can go, Butts.'

Nothing was further from Butt's intention than to go—but somehow, she *did* go. She found herself in the little ante-room, and was there meditating a return to assert her rights again, when she heard Miss Seymour come toward the door, on which she involuntarily hurried out into the hall. Here she encountered Farmer with that objectionable smile still on his face, and hurrying past him, she took refuge in her own room. In about an hour, a tap at the door was followed by Farmer's voice saying—

'Miss Seymour wants to speak to you. You'll find her in the drawing-room.'

Now Mrs. Butts had been reflecting, that after all, her place was too good and too easy to be given up. Miss Seymour would not stay long—it was a pity that she (Butts) had given way to her feelings—it would have been more true to say temper—for she did not really wish to go, even if she were obliged to descend to her proper place for a time. So she arranged her dress, smoothed her brow, and proceeded to the drawing-room.

Here she found that a fire had been lighted, and the furniture released from the holland covers—Agatha sat near the fire with a letter in her hand.

'Mrs. Butts,' said she, 'I have had a long talk with Lady Archer, and I find that you have been a very honest servant, though always an ill-tempered one. When your mistress grew too old to keep you in order, you allowed your temper to get the mastery over you—you have made her very uncomfortable for a long time, and she now wishes to part with you. You also wish, you say, to go—so that is easily settled. In consideration of your long services, she makes you a present of fifty pounds—here it is, and also a discharge written by me at her dictation, and signed by her; and your wages up to March. You will oblige Lady Archer by packing your things and leaving the house at once.'

For a moment Mrs. Butts could only gasp—but her voice returned, and also a desire to use it. She stormed in vain. Agatha sat quite quietly, neither speaking nor looking at her. Suddenly she made a move towards the door.

'I shall see my lady herself. I must hear from her whether this is my reward after——'

'Your mistress will not see you. She is afraid of you. My maid

is with her and the doors are locked,' said Agatha, rising and ringing the bell. 'If you go on in this way I shall desire Farmer to get me a policeman. But I think you will go away quietly. You are too sensible not to know that you can only injure yourself by making a disturbance. Farmer, Mrs. Butts will want a cab. Good-bye, Butts, Here—don't forget your envelope.'

Butts actually took the letter and withdrew, and was out of the house before an hour had passed. It was really pathetic to see how the old lady revived when assured that she was free; but she was so anxious not to spoil a servant again, that poor Atwood, a meek and quiet woman, had a good deal to bear just at first, and probably the poor old soul would have tried to bully Agatha too, but for a secret feeling that it would not be easy.

* * * * *

'Oh, my dear George,' said Mrs. Drayton, coming into her husband's study with an open letter in her hand, 'I have received a great shock!'

'This is alarming! But, seriously, there is no bad news, I hope—that letter is from Agatha Seymour, is it not?'

'George, she is *not* coming home!'

'Don't tell me she is going to be married,' said the Rector, as gravely as he could.

'There might be some sense in that! No; she has gone to stay with some relation of her mother, and, if once they get hold of her, they will keep her among them, and farewell to dear Mrs. Browning's institution.'

'Well, Barbara, people say that women are better judges of character than we men; but *I* would trust Agatha Seymour to do what was right under any circumstances. Read me the letter, my dear.'

'5, Albert Crescent,
'Kensington.

'MY DEAR MRS. DRAYTON,—

'I fear you will be disappointed when I tell you that another delay has occurred, and that I am not coming home for some time. My mother's aunt, Lady Archer, is in a feeble state, and her servants have been behaving ill to her; she has asked me to stay with her for a time, and I have said yes; for I want a quiet time before I set any scheme on foot. My dear father left me all he had. I shall be able to build an addition to Sunnybank at once. But what else I shall do, or how I shall act, I cannot say as yet. Will you tell dear Miss Susie that I cannot go home just now, but that I may want her here; I cannot say when, but will write to her in a day or two. Give my love to Mr. Drayton. I should be happier if I could go home.

'Your affectionate
'AGATHA SEYMOUR.'

'Barbara, do you remember the morning when Agatha came here with her father's letter? Do you remember what I thought of it?—that there was something kept back? Well, I say the same of this letter. There is something—and when we know all, we shall understand why she does not come to us and set to work at once. But I have perfect confidence in her, and if I were you, I should not allow myself to be disappointed or to doubt her.'

A few weeks later, Agatha sent a neatly-drawn plan of the additions she wished made at Sunnybank, asking Mr. Drayton to put it into competent hands, and to have an estimate made and sent to her at once. At the same time she wrote asking Miss Susie to join her at Lady Archer's house, and Miss Susie set out rejoicingly. She promised to write to Mrs. Drayton and tell her Agatha's reasons for her conduct; but Miss Susie proved faithless and never wrote at all.

Agatha had by this time succeeded in gaining Lady Archer's confidence, and the old lady became fonder of her than she had ever been of any one, except perhaps Agatha's poor young mother. So when Agatha told her that she wanted to have more time to herself, and proposed having Miss Susie to fill her place occasionally, Lady Archer assented at once. She had soon discovered that Agatha was very well off, and dreaded nothing so much as that she should leave her altogether. Miss Susie suited her exceedingly well, although a few years before she would have described her as 'a perfect bore.' But poor Lady Archer had come to the time when a little quiet kindly chat, a little reading, and a good deal of dozing, satisfies those who once perhaps had keener intellects than hers had ever been.

The time Agatha now passed in London was of the greatest use to her. Among the few who still called on Lady Archer, and who were now admitted, she made one or two friends, who introduced her to others; for the first time she mingled with people of her own class, and she learned much from her new experiences. Her views were clearer, her plans more practical, her mind more at ease, when she had seen for herself the way in which people live, and how much real good she, with her varied experience, might hope to do. Of course it became known in time that Miss Seymour was a very rich woman; but it was said that she was 'peculiar,' her 'craze' was charity, orphanages, schools, etc.—and Agatha found her path easier than she had expected. Her chief ally, to whom she owed much, was Lady Archer's nephew by marriage, Colonel Archer; a man of independent means, and well known as a steady supporter of all that is good and charitable. She soon had her hands full of work, but she did not forget Sunnybank, and as soon as the Draytons reported that the house was ready to be inhabited, Agatha begged Mrs. Drayton to choose a number of small bedsteads and other articles of furniture, of which she enclosed a list, and to have them sent in by the Market-

Yoredale tradesmen. She said she was coming to Sunnybank, and would open the Orphanage at once. Mrs. Drayton's excitement may be imagined; she trotted about, making the lives of the tradesmen and others engaged in preparing the house to be burdens to those much harried individuals. Mr. Drayton afterwards declared that 'Barbara was so happy that she could neither eat, sleep, nor sit still, and that for days together she disdained to use words of less than six syllables.'

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXIII.

1689-1692.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

HITHERTO the English Revolution had been carried out without a drop of bloodshed; but it could not be the same in the far more divided countries of Ireland and Scotland. In the first, the mass of the population was Romanist, the exceptions being the Ulster settlements of James I. and the families imported by Cromwell. Thus the Romanist Lord Deputy, Tyrconnel, was able to prevent any national attempt at acknowledging the Prince of Orange, and sent urgent invitations to James, which were readily accepted, to come and use Ireland for a point of vantage in reconquering his dominions.

On the other hand, in Scotland, the Lowlanders might indeed be mostly Whiggishly inclined, and of Presbyterian opinions, which in the west were actually fanatical, but there was at the same time a strong jealousy of English domination; and the very same national spirit which had, apart from religious opinions, rendered Episcopacy distasteful, was likely to revolt at the idea of having a sovereign forced on the kingdom by the English, to the exclusion of the hereditary line which had sprung from Scotland.

The genuine and loyal members by conviction of the Episcopal Church were of the same mind as the English nonjuring clergy. Like Balcarres, Dundee, and the Bishops, they believed that their oaths of allegiance to James were not transferable while he lived, and had never formally resigned them, nor did they feel any preference for a Dutch Calvinist over an English Romanist.

And the Highland clans were still almost entirely Roman Catholic—the chiefs, educated gentlemen, but the mass still so savage that they used to request that the right hand of their boys might be kept out of the water at baptism that it might deal more fiendish blows. The only exceptions to the Romanism of the north were the Campbells and their adherents, who were so much hated, that whatever side the Duke of Argyle espoused was sure to be fiercely opposed by the other septs, so that though the Estates of Scotland might pronounce against James, his friends by no means viewed his cause as lost. Viscount Dundee was told that the Whigs and Cameronians, who came flocking into Edinburgh, had a plot for his assassination. He laid the matter before the Duke of Hamilton, offered to produce witnesses, and requested that these men should be sent away from the city; but

Hamilton made light of it, said they were needed to protect the Convention from the Duke of Gordon's garrison, and even told Dundee that such alarms did not become a brave man.

The Jacobite gentlemen consulted together, and Mar, who held Stirling Castle, undertook that it should be ready for a fresh Convention on James's authority. On Monday the 18th of March, Dundee, with the sixty troopers who had come from England with him, rode out of Edinburgh. As he passed beneath the Castle rock, the Duke of Gordon was seen above making signals to him. He dismounted and climbed up the rock for an interview.

“The Gordon demands of him which way he goes;
Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose;
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee!”

The words ‘Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall guide me,’ were, however, really an answer to some one in the street who called out to ask Dundee whither he was going. What passed between him and Gordon is not known; but the report of the conversation alarmed the populace, and a message was brought to Hamilton that the Castle was preparing to fire on the town.

Hamilton lost head and temper; he had the doors of the Convention locked, the drums beat to arms, the town guard were called out, and the wild Whigs began to muster in the streets; but as no guns were fired, and Dundee was gone, all subsided again, and on the 11th of April William and Mary were proclaimed from the Market Cross. Mar, displeased with Dundee's precipitation, joined the party who had the ascendancy, and Dundee, who had already given up the hope of a Convention at Stirling, only galloped through the town and went on to his own home and his young wife at Dudhope, where, at the end of the last quiet week of his life, Hamilton's messengers summoned him to come and submit to the Convention, and lay down his arms, under pain of being proclaimed traitor and outlaw.

He wrote back denying the being in arms, and explaining that he had only been escorted out of Edinburgh on account of his danger from the wild Whigs, and undertaking to give security for keeping the peace if he might be allowed to remain quietly at Dudhope for a few weeks till his first child should be born.

Nevertheless, as if on purpose to drive him to extremity, he was ‘horned,’ that is, proclaimed a traitor with sound of trumpet, at the Market Cross.

Unfortunately some foolish letters to him and to Lord Balcarres, from James and Melfort, in their flush of success in Ireland, were intercepted by Hamilton, who read them to the Convention. They threatened to seize the estates of the Lords of the Convention, and make them hewers of wood and drawers of water. The men of the Convention were naturally inflamed; Balcarres was arrested, and Lord Leven was sent off with 200 men to capture Dundee; but he

had timely warning, and went further north to Glen Ogilvy, close to Macbeth's old Castle of Glamis, whither it was not safe to pursue him.

It was the Convention who had in fact thrown down the gauntlet, and William, on hearing of their decision, sent a body of troops to Scotland under General Hugh Mackay of Scourie, to put down resistance.

Dundee, on going northward, found that Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel was in a state of exasperation against his hereditary feudal enemy, the Marquis of Argyle, and that his clan, together with the Macdonalds, the Macleans, the Stuarts of Appin, and the Mackintoshes, were all ready to rise on any pretence against the Campbells. That Argyle had accepted William was quite enough to set them on the contrary part, and, indeed, Lochiel had causes of personal fidelity to James. The spirit of Montrose was fully stirred in his kinsman. He saw the opportunity, and agreed with the chiefs to meet them at Lochaber, with their forces, and in the meantime flashed about like a meteor through Aberdeenshire, Inverness-shire, and Perth, gathering numbers by his personal influence, and winning many Highlanders to

‘Throw up their bonnets for bonnie Dundee.’

One flying visit he was able to make—his last to Dudhope—to the wife and new-born son, whom he was never to see again; then he dashed over the Grampian Hills to Inverness, where he was to meet Colin Macdonald of Keppoch and his clan. Keppoch was an audacious follower of

‘The good old plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.’

He was commonly called Col of the Cows, from his cleverness in tracking his neighbours' cattle over the mountains, and Dundee found that he had amused himself with harrying and burning the lands of the loyal clan of Mackintoshes, and was then threatening Inverness with fire and sword, while the burghers were trying to defend their crazy old walls.

On inquiry, Keppoch said he was trying to recover a debt, while the baillies of Inverness declared that he was trying to force 4000 marks from them. Dundee had with him only his troopers—Keppoch, eight hundred robber Highlanders—and it was impossible to do anything but mediate. The magistrates raised 1000 marks, and promised another 1000, for which Dundee gave his bond, engaging to restore the amount when the King was reinstated, thus saving the town, but losing his ally, for Keppoch and his crew went off sullenly to the hills.

Mackay, whose training had been in the regular armies in the Low Countries, was plodding wearily over the hills and bogs, and the

Scottish Whigs were gradually joining him. The Laird of Blair, a relation of the Hamiltons, was raising a regiment of cavalry in Perth. Down upon him, at two in the morning of the 10th of May, swooped Dundee—pounced on him and his lieutenant in their beds, collected forty horses, a store of arms and ammunition, some provisions and public money, all much needed by the little army, and was off again before the citizens had put on their boots or belted their swords. Not a farthing throughout did he take of private property; what was collected of the taxes, or for William's service, he held to belong to his King, and claimed it for that service.

Dundee then retired into Badenoch, where he hoped to be joined by reinforcements from Ireland. In his own old regiment of Dragoons, which now formed part of Mackay's army, were several who longed to join him, in especial that Captain Creichton whose exploits against conventicles have been mentioned. This gentleman, while quartered at the town of Dundee, stole out to Dudhope, and assured his old colonel's wife of the desire of himself and his comrades to go over to the other side, and she communicated this to Dundee. A ragged Highlander conveyed to the captain a note, bidding him hold himself in readiness against the Irish troops should land.

The correspondence was detected, and the officers sent to Edinburgh for punishment; but Dundee sent a message to the Council, saying that, if a hair of Creichton's head were hurt, the limbs of Blair and his lieutenant would be sent them, packed in hampers; and the Duke of Hamilton reminded them that Claverhouse was a man of his word, which saved Creichton's life.

Another story is told by Scott of an event during this campaign, of a youth, the son of an old friend, joining him with ardent enthusiasm, but in the first skirmish being overcome by fear and fleeing to the rear. Dundee made some excuse to cover his disgrace, but afterwards, in private, told him that it was not his fault, but his misfortune, not to have nerve enough to face the enemy in battle, and strongly advised him to retire from the army and find some other mode of serving the King. The young man, however, earnestly implored to be allowed to retrieve his honour, and was certain that nothing would induce him to give way to panic again. Dundee, after in vain pleading with him to avoid a second trial, consented, saying, however, 'But remember, if your heart fails you a second time, you must die. The cause I serve is a desperate one, and all must be prepared to fight to the last. Death must be his lot who shows an example of cowardice.'

Alas, in the next engagement, Dundee encountered the unhappy young man hurrying to the rear. 'The son of your father is too good to be consigned to the Provost-marshal,' he said, and shot him through the head on the spot, as the only mercy he could show.

At Lochaber, Dundee was lodged in a pine wood temporary abode, erected by Lochiel for his use, and round him flocked Camerons,

Macdonalds, Macleans, Macnaghens, Stewarts of Appin, to the number of about two thousand; but no Irish troops arrived, though Dundee wrote letter after letter urging the necessity of not losing the opportunity, and of having some regular troops to back up the fiery, irregular Highlanders; but no answer came, except complaints from Melfort that Dundee had spoken ill of him, and boasts of successes in Ireland.

Money, ammunition, provisions, all fell short. Dundee could only keep the Highland clans from deserting him or fighting among themselves by his wonderful personal ascendancy. Ian Dhu nan Cath, Black John of the Battles, as they called him, had made friends not only with the chiefs, but the tacksmen; he returned their salutations in Gaelic, he lived on the same food, and marched on foot with them, and was ever on the alert to prevent quarrels and hinder plundering; for his task was even harder than that of Montrose, who had permitted the harrying of the enemy's country. Even the robber Keppoch was reduced to order, for Dundee, before all the other chiefs, told him that for his own part he would rather be a private in a disciplined regiment than a general of common thieves, nor would he keep in his army men who disgraced the King's name; and Col of the Cows actually submitted!

It was impossible to continue this state of things, for when provisions failed, even Dundee's influence could hardly prevent plunder. So he marched out to try to intercept Mackay, and the two generals hunted one another up and down, without more than a skirmish all through the month of May and early June. Then Dundee was obliged to let the Highlanders disperse; but himself, with his faithful troopers and two hundred Macleans, returned to his sylvan lodge at Lochaber, where Lochiel assured him they should not be in want as long as a cow was left among the Camerons. No help of any kind came from Ireland, and Mackay was gathering his forces to enclose and reduce him.

This, however, was not so easy. The heir of Athole had tried to assemble his clan in William's cause; but, as soon as they found out on which side they were expected to fight, they all deserted his standards. Dundee sent the fiery cross to summon up the clans, and marched through Badenoch, where he was joined by the promised reinforcements from Ireland—a set of wild, ragged fellows, three hundred in number, utterly undisciplined and untrained, and with a general named Cannon, who brought a commission giving him rank next to Dundee, though he was totally unfit for it. There had been some provisions and ammunition sent with them; but these had been taken on the way by the English cruisers; and it would have been rather a benefit if the 300 men had been taken too, for they were so many useless mouths, coming when Dundee and his officers were living on bread and water.

Mackay was at Perth with a force of between three and four thousand men; but only a small number of these were regular or seasoned troops, and he had far fewer cavalry than he had hoped for, since a charge of horse was the one kind of attack that was most effective against Highlandmen; and his only artillery consisted of small guns, made of tin, carried two together on horseback, and termed Sandy's Stoups, from their inventor. With these he advanced to retake Blair Castle, and punish the men of Athole for deserting Lord Murray.

To reach Blair Castle the Pass of Killiecrankie must be traversed. Should it be defended? Dundee held a council of war. The veteran officers, trained in the art of war, as practised in the French and German armies, held that their wild irregular force could not hold its own against an army superior in numbers, but must fall back on the Highlands. Lochiel and the other chieftains declared, however, that the Highlanders would melt away in retreat, and that a battle was the lesser risk; but Dundee then added, with sparkling eyes, that the attack should not be made till the enemy were through the pass, with the gorge behind them, then the Highlanders would see their foes, and have full space to wield their terrible claymores.

It was decided, but Lochiel spoke once more to insist that Dundee himself should not engage in the battle.

'His life,' said the Cameron, 'was the really important matter, on which hung the fate, not only of their army, but of the King and Kingdom.'

Dundee thanked them, and added—

'Give me one *Shear darg* (harvest day) for my master, that I may show these brave clans that I am as ready to hazard my life as the meanest of them.'

It was quite true that his influence over these wild men might be lost if they suspected his courage, and the chiefs could not but acquiesce.

The pass is one of the wildest and most magnificent scenes in the Highlands. The river Garry has cleft itself a passage through a fearful mountain chasm, down which it leaps in rapids and cataracts, in a cleft running from north to south. The only path was close above the river, so narrow that only three men could walk abreast, a cliff below, a wall of precipitous rock above, with a forest of birch and oak crowning it, and another steep height on the opposite side of the stream. After about a mile and a half going upwards, the rocks retreated, and became low-wooded heights enclosing a meadow widening towards Blair Castle.

Mackay expected his enemy to come upon him from this quarter, and drew up his men accordingly in the meadow; but only a few were sent in this direction by Dundee. The others were drawn up on the low hills to the right of the English, so as to charge down

upon them. Each general made a short exhortation to his men. Dundee told his Highlanders that he asked nothing of them but what they should see him do; and Mackay told his troops that they must fight, for they could not flee.

It was the 17th of June, when there was scarcely any darkness so far north; but Mackay would fain have fought by full daylight, whereas Dundee put off his charge till the tardy sunset. Then, changing his scarlet coat for something less conspicuous, he rode along the lines, while the clans threw off their plaids and brogues, and shouted forth their slogan.

The opposite army cheered in return, but said old Lochiel, 'That feeble noise is the cry of men doomed!' He flung off his shoes, and took his place at the head of his men, while Dundee headed his scanty cavalry in the centre. Then, amid exulting shrieks of bagpipes, down came the Highland host, not firing a shot, though they received a heavy fire, which they did not return till they had gained the level ground, when each man discharged his piece, then threw it down, drew his broadsword, and rushed headlong on the soldiers, who had not time to fix their bayonets.

The victory was won in a moment. The redcoats rushed off pell-mell from the fearful charge, got entangled in the pass behind them, and fell an easy prey to the Highlanders dashing after them, cleaving through headpieces with the terrible claymore. Only two regiments stood fast, and Mackay, Balfour, and other officers did their best, but all in vain. As the general wrote, 'There was no regiment or troop with me but behaved like the vilest cowards in nature except Hastings' and my Lord Leven's.' These he saved by leading them through a ford above towards Stirling. All the rest were utterly broken, and most perished.

But where was Dundee, the directing spirit? He was seen rising in his stirrups, leading on his scanty cavalry to silence Mackay's artillery. This done, he galloped to rally the Macdonalds against Hastings' regiment. On the way a bullet—a silver one, it was said—struck him on the right side below his breastplate. A little further on he sank into the arms of a soldier named Johnstone.

'How goes the day?' he asked.

'Well for the King,' was the answer; 'but I am sorry for your Lordship.'

'It is less matter for me, seeing the day goes well for my master.'

They are the last words remembered of his uttering save that, like the 'Douglas dead, whose name had won the field,' he bade the man lay him on a cloak and conceal his fall till the battle was over. His officers, turning back from the pursuit, knew that beautiful countenance in death, though, alas! the corpse had been plundered, surely by some cateran who did not know him, for there was bitter mourning over the victory that had been worse than a defeat.

'There we found him, gashed and gory,
 Stretched upcn the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him
 In the thickest of the slain;
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansman's clamorous cheer;
 So amid the battle's thunder,
 Shot and steel and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme.

Oh, thou lion-hearted warrior,
 Reck not of the after time,
 Honour may be termed dishonour,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true;
 Hearts that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew!

He was only in his forty-sixth year when thus he died, as Scott represents him as wishing to die, in the flush of victory. Few men of the time were of so high or so pure a character. His religious habits were remarked with surprise, his manners were gentle and forbearing, and he spared wherever duty permitted; he was of unstained truth and honour, entirely free from avarice or peculation, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* of his time—*sans reproche*, that is to say, in personal character; for, most undeservedly, tradition fixed on him, as the most brilliant and prominent officer in the execution of cruel orders, the full blame that belonged to his chiefs, laying on him the imputation of acts in which he was never concerned, and on that grafting the terms, 'violent, profane, grasping.'

Some, however, have done him justice from the first. A stone marks where he died, and in 1863 a stained glass window in commemoration of him was placed in the church where, as it is believed, his remains are interred, and on the sill are the words, 'Sacred to the memory of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who died in the arms of victory, and whose battle-cry was, "King James and the Church of Scotland!"'

Dundee's infant son did not survive him many weeks, dying at three months old, and thus saved from the troubles of a Jacobite, or the undeserved odium attaching to his name.

Lady Dundee, bonnie Jean Cochrane, as she had been, belonged to a Presbyterian family, and had chosen her hero in spite of opposition. In her desolation, she accepted her husband's old companion-in-arms, William Livingstone, afterwards Lord Kilsyth, while at Colzieun House in Stirlingshire. The day after their betrothal, the ring that had been its pledge was lost in the garden, and she was much depressed at what was held to be an evil omen. The idea was confirmed when, in 1695, the poor lady and her babe

were killed in Holland by the fall of a house, which had been temporarily taken while a lodging was in preparation. It was blown down in a storm during the night, killing both on the spot, and severely injuring her husband. Mother and child were embalmed and brought back to Kilsyth for burial, and in 1795 the vault was examined, when the bodies were found in perfect preservation. Not only her auburn hair but her complexion was still beautiful, a silk-patch under the eye showing where the fatal blow had been; the little one at her feet with a look of perfect calm and peace. Curiously, the very next year, the lost ring was found by a person digging for potatoes in the garden at Colzieun—a gold circle with a wreath of myrtle engraved outside, and within the motto, 'Zours onlly and for evver.'

When the tidings of Killiecrankie reached London, it was proposed to despatch a large army to the Highlands, but William said, 'It is needless, the war is ended with Dundee's life.'

His words were verified. Cannon, who had assumed the command of the Jacobite army, was incompetent in every respect, and especially for leading Highlanders. After plundering Mackay's camp, he retired to Blair Castle with as many of the men as had not dispersed to carry home their spoil. Mackay, meanwhile, wondering at not being pursued, gathered his stragglers and retreated to Stirling, where he collected his scattered forces, and, with some companies which had not been in the battle, routed a detachment which Cannon was sending to Perth.

From the Cameronian sectaries, a regiment had been raised in the Whig cause by the Earl of Angus, and these were as resolute as the original Covenanters. Cannon surrounded them at Dunkeld, and expected to cut them off; but entrenching themselves in the ruins of the old Cathedral, they fought so stoutly that, in spite of the loss of their colonel, they finally beat off the attack. This was the commencement of the famous Cameronian Regiment, although soon it lost its peculiar character.

This repulse completed the disorganisation of the Jacobites. The Highland chiefs who had been devoted to Ian Dhu nan Cath had no notion of obeying Cannon, and quarrelled among themselves. Finally the remnant broke up, after signing a bond to meet again if called upon by King James.

Mackay, a really able man, profited by his misadventure so as to invent a mode of so fixing the bayonet to the musket that it needed not to be unscrewed when the weapon was fired, so as to avoid the delay which had been fatal to his troops in the charge of the clans.

In the winter of 1689-90, James sent to Scotland General Buchan, who was thought likely to be able to command Highlanders, and about 1800 joined him, with whom he descended the banks of the Spey; but at a place called Cromdale he was surprised by Sir William Livingstone, and after a gallant resistance fled to the hills, where

they disappeared in the mists, as if, a spectator said, they were received into the clouds.

This ended the attempt, and an old Cromwellian stronghold near Inverlochy was repaired, called Fort William, and garrisoned so strongly as to keep the neighbouring clans in check.

It was proposed to William by the Earl of Breadalbane and Sir John Dalrymple, to endeavour to calm the turbulent Highlanders, and to win them to his service. For this purpose they suggested a considerable sum of money should be distributed to such chiefs as would come in before January to Fort William, take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and engage to be ready to assist them in war. The scheme was by no means an unwise one, as many of the chiefs were much in debt, and some of their turbulence was thus caused, while the warlike spirit of their clans would be wholesomely employed by training in the cause of order. The great error was in entrusting the carrying-out of the plan not only to one of the Campbells—the hereditary enemies of the Tory clans—but to Lord Breadalbane, a grasping, covetous man, encouraged by Dalrymple, who hoped that the chieftains would not submit, and thus would give an excuse for their utter ruin and extermination.

However, he was disappointed, for in the course of the month of December all the chiefs, with one exception, came to Fort William and took the oaths. Breadalbane, however, contrived to distribute the money in his hands most unfairly, keeping much for himself, and giving gratuities only to the more powerful chiefs, and dealing with the lesser ones by threats of fire and sword. Complaints were made to Government, and an account of the way in which he had disposed of the money was demanded of him. His answer was, 'The money is spent! The Highlands are quiet. This is the only way of accounting among friends.'

The only chief who had not come in before the 31st of December was Mac Ian Macdonald of Glencoe, one of the loveliest ravines in Scotland, between Loch Leven and Ben Nevis, in the midst of the lands of the Campbells, so that there were frequent provocations, as well as a strong inclination to covet the valley. Indeed, Breadalbane had intimated to Mac Ian that the share of the gratuity allotted to him would be detained as compensation for injuries by his clan. However, on the 31st, the old chieftain, whom all represent as a gentleman of high honour and integrity, came to take the oaths; but the governor of Fort William, not being a magistrate, was not competent to receive them. He gave, however, a note to the Sheriff of Argyleshire, explaining the matter, and before him Macdonald took the oaths on the 6th of January, 1692, returning home with a sense of having made all secure.

He little knew that the report of his non-attendance in December had been sent off and greedily seized by the Master of Stair, who had hoped for a much larger prey, since he regarded the Highlanders

much as colonists have been too apt to regard natives—as robbers to be exterminated on any pretext. The Sheriff sent to Edinburgh the certificate of submission. It was deliberately suppressed, Dalrymple writing, ‘It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set.’

So, with no knowledge of the submission, the following order was laid before the King, among a number of others, for signature.

‘As for M’Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves.’

The order has William’s own signature, but it seems certain that it was shuffled among others, so that he never saw what it was, for though not tender-hearted or unwilling to profit by other men’s crimes ‘*après le coup*,’ he was no murderer, and endeavoured to be strictly just; indeed, he must have perceived that a wholesale slaughter would be as mischievous to his cause as to his reputation.

By a still more horrible arrangement, treachery was added to cruelty. The orders for its execution were sent to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, husband to a niece of Glencoe.

‘You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the M’Donalds of Glencoe, and put to the sword all under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons upon no account escape your hands.’

These were the words of Duncannon, the Major of Glenlyon’s regiment! The Company, 130 in number, marched into the Glen, and hospitality was asked, and freely given. Glenlyon himself frequented the house of Alaster Macdonald, the chief’s second son, and entered into the winter sports of his hosts. This lasted a fortnight, while the passes around were being occupied and guarded.

On the 12th of February, Glenlyon and two of his officers accepted an invitation to dinner from the chief for the next day, and spent the afternoon in playing at cards with their intended victims; but the two sons of Glencoe were not quite satisfied, for they heard the soldiers muttering among themselves that they did not like this business, fair fight was all very well, but not such work. The young men asked Glenlyon what this meant, and he replied that it referred to an expedition in prospect against Glengarry.

At four in the morning of the 13th, a party of soldiers, commanded by Lindsay, knocked at Mac Ian’s door. It was opened, and he was in the act of dressing himself, when he was shot dead by his bedside, the house was plundered, his aged lady stripped, and her gold rings torn off by the soldiers with their teeth, so that she died the next day of grief and horror.

Her two sons were wakened by a servant who shouted to them, ‘Is it time for you to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth.’ Rushing out, they found that this indeed was true, and heard shrieks from every house in the Glen. They were able in

the darkness to escape to the mountains; and so did some others, but there was slaughter everywhere, and by eleven o'clock the only living Macdonald within the Glen was an old man of eighty!

Thirty-eight had been slain, even little boys—but in the darkness and snow, one hundred and fifty males were able to escape with the women, since Glenlyon had been too precipitate for the occupation of the passes to be complete—and all that was left to the soldiers was to drive off 1200 cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, after burning the desolate houses.

‘ When the herd of frantic women
 Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers’ houses blazing,
 And their dearest dead below!
Oh! the horror of the tempest,
 As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
 And the roofs went thundering down!’

Dalrymple wrote to the colonel of the regiment that the execution was not as complete as it might have been! Matters were not rapidly brought to light in those days, and it was a year before Queen Mary learnt the horrible story, and brought it before her husband; but he was slow to attend. At last, however, a Royal Commission was appointed to examine into it, and they gave a full and fair report.

This was laid before the Estates of Scotland, and they recommended the prosecution of the officers, and committed Breadalbane to prison on a charge of high treason for his double dealing. Dalrymple was forced to resign his secretaryship, but did not lose the King’s favour.

As is well known, he did not escape home misery, for it was in his family that the tragedy took place on which was founded the ‘ower true tale’ of the Bride of Lammermoor.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.
GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

BEFORE going further, it may be well to review the various errors that had distressed the Church from the first, the fightings within, as well as the dangers without.

Her first great warfare was with Gnosticism, in its many forms and shapes, known by different titles from its preachers. The contest had already begun in Apostolic times, from the Eastern speculation, which separated Mind or Spirit, as a pure Existence, from Matter, which was regarded as essentially foul and evil, and then personified the *Æons* or energies derived from them. Simon Magus, the opponent of St. Peter, the same who has been called the hero of the romance of heresy, was the first of these Gnostics. Afterwards at Ephesus, Cerinthus, the same person from whose contact St. John fled out of the bath, carried on what was in the main the same idea, making the creator of the material world a subordinate, inferior being, while there was an unknown Spiritual Father beyond, revealed by the Christ, who descended on the Son at His Baptism, left Him before His death, and was to reign at the Millennium.

More or less of these ideas ran through all the varieties of Gnosticism, which was at its height between the years 120 and 140 in all the great cities of the East, boasting itself to be as much above vulgar Christianity as above vulgar paganism, and really striking the imagination by the contrast between the spiritual source of good, and the gross and material source of evil and corruption; accounting, in fact, in a human manner for the mysteries of sin and suffering. In the days when the Gentiles were 'seeking after God, if haply they might feel after Him,' the Egyptians had devised the idea of Osiris and Busiris, the Persian Zoroaster that of Ormuzd and Ahriman, equal powers of good and evil, and the ideas remained latent in the Eastern minds. They seemed easier of acceptance than the doctrine that the Almighty had made all beings good from the first, and that evil was fall and ruin, permitted by Him with all its consequences. These early heresies were endeavours to force Christian truth into accordance with these human ideas. As before mentioned, Basilides, a Syrian by birth, and a student at Alexandria, invented or borrowed from Persia a complex system, into which he twisted his views of Christianity. Valentinus, teaching both at Alexandria, and even at

Rome, had a theory of the same description, though differing in details, and dwelling much on the threefold nature of man, and on Sophia, or heavenly wisdom.

Bardesanes, who lived at Edessa, wrote 150 hymns to equal the number of the Psalms of David; and they were long sung by the Syrian Christians. He is thought to have been orthodox at first, and when in danger of persecution, he replied, 'I fear not death, which I shall not escape by yielding to the wishes of the Emperor;' but he seems afterwards to have been led away by the Valentinians, and to have constructed a new system for himself, with two Sophias, one the higher spiritual wisdom or Word, the other lower and more earthly. His poetical, affectionate nature had run into extravagance, and rendered him a strong opponent of Marcion of Pontus, 'a severe rationalist and a strong enthusiast,' who pressed to the utmost the Gnostic view of the malignity of matter, and made the Deity of the Old and of the New Testament appear different and contrasted beings. He carried out practically his abhorrence of all that was substantial by the strongest asceticism in diet, abstaining from all the enjoyments of life, and forbidding to marry.

In effect, the mischief of these departures from the truth showed itself in the further developments. From the loss of the belief that Almighty God is the same for ever, and always able to overrule evil, resulted a cult of evil itself. Carpocrates inculcated immorality, and the Ophites were so called from their acceptance of the serpent, *Ophis*, as the tutelary angel of the Jewish covenant. There were actually four sects of these, besides the Cainites, who, as it were, canonised all the worst characters in the Old Testament.

In all these, human philosophy tried to force Christianity into accordance with its views. Heathen philosophy was meantime to a certain degree raised in tone by contact with Christian morality. Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and the slave Epictetus, all had a high and noble standard, though they were no doubt unaware from whence they derived it.

And now arose the heresy of Montanus. This man was son to a Phrygian Bishop, and is said to have been eager for promotion. He seems to have become subject to what we call hysterical delusion, but which he thought Divine inspiration, to enable him to bring the Church to perfection, while the orthodox Christians considered that his aspirations after pre-eminence had brought on him demoniacal possession. However, many believed in him, and among them two ladies of wealth and rank, Prisca and Maximilla, who thought themselves likewise inspired, and, deserting their husbands, went about uttering incoherencies that were called prophecies, so that we have in some degree an anticipation of Irvingism.

St. Paul's words, 'We know in part, and we prophesy in part,' were taken up by Montanus to point to himself as 'that which is perfect,' and that he and the two prophetesses represented a third revelation.

So he improved on the Apostolic teaching by inculcating violent asceticism, and instituting fresh facts, condemning second marriages, forbidding to flee from persecution, and refusing to reconcile penitents to the Church, declaring that Scripture gave no warrant for the forgiveness of post-baptismal guilt.

A little city called Peguza, in Phrygia, which Montanus termed Jerusalem, was the centre of their system. Considerable contributions of money were brought by their followers, out of which Montanus paid itinerant preachers. However, one of their great lights, in the highest favour with the two prophetic ladies, turned out to be a well-known Ephesian thief, who had often been in prison. They began to fall into discredit, the Eastern Bishops condemned them, and there were reports, probably untrue, that all three had hanged themselves. However, the sect, in a less extravagant form, survived to the next century, and Irenæus was commissioned by the venerable Pothinus and other Bishops to remonstrate with him. The testimony is not impartial, nor is it confirmed by Irenæus's own remains; but if it be true, it shows that Eleutherius was certainly not infallible. Be that as it may, the absence of Irenæus from his post of labour in Southern Gaul, was evidently providential, for in the year 177 there broke out in the cities of Provence the most inveterate and terrible persecution we have yet heard of, and which was detailed by the survivors in a letter preserved by Eusebius, with the greeting, 'The servants of Jesus Christ who dwell at Vienna and Lugdunum in Gaul, to their brethren in Asia and Phrygia, who have the same faith and the same hope. Peace, grace, and glory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The persecution seems to have been entirely local, for there are no records of any such cruelties at the same time in other parts of the Empire. Provence, or Provincia as it was then called, had been colonised at first by Greeks in the maritime cities, and after both they and the surrounding Celts had been added to the Roman Empire, it had become like another Italy; the villas of the luxurious Romans in every pleasant spot, and the cities provided with the splendid public buildings and aqueducts, which are still the wonder of the traveller. The natives had been completely assimilated in dress, manners, and language; but there remained a substratum of Celtic ferocity which has broken out from time to time, and left blood-stained pages in their history.

The cause of the violent attack on the Christians in 177 does not appear. It looks as if popular feeling had been gradually worked up against them, for the letter records that at Vienne, before any legal proceedings took place, there was such enmity against them that they were driven away from the baths, from the forum, and from their neighbours' houses; and it seemed as if none were to be allowed to show themselves anywhere. The weaker fled, the braver came forward. The people came out in throngs, abusing them, pelting them with stones and dirt, and dragging them about.

From this the populace proceeded to take some of them to the forum, whence the magistrates sent them to prison to await the arrival of the Proconsul.

On his coming, the prisoners were brought before his tribunal, probably on the accusation of having caused the tumult. He showed himself so harsh and unjust that Vettius Epigathus, a young Gallo-Roman, who held the rank of First Senator of Vienne, and was much respected for his blameless life, rose and demanded to be heard in their defence. There was a cry, 'Out upon him!' and the Proconsul sharply demanded if he were a Christian. 'I am!' he firmly answered, and he was at once seized and thrown among the prisoners, while the scornful shout was 'The Christians' Advocate!'

Of those seized, ten lapsed. The original narrative continues: 'Their fall deeply grieved us, and dejected the spirits of those, who being still free, aided the martyrs, and never left them, in spite of all there was to undergo. We were all in great alarm, on account of our uncertainty as to their confession. We did not fear tortures, but we thought of the end, and feared lest some might fall away. Fresh arrests were made every day, so that all the best of the two Churches were seized.'

A few of the heathen slaves of these Christians were likewise taken, for the Governor hoped to extract evidence from them. They, in great alarm, affirmed all that was asked of them, accusing the masters of all the horrors popularly imputed to the Christians, and though in ordinary cases the accusation of a slave against his master was not admissible, these slanders greatly increased the fury of the people.

Those who were most savagely treated were a deacon named Sanctus, Maturus, who had lately been converted, Attalus, a native of Pergamus, and a slave girl named Blandina, a slight delicate creature of fifteen or sixteen, for whose constancy her mistress, a Christian lady, had great fears. These were tortured in various ways for a whole day, but the only words extracted from them were, 'I am a Christian. No evil is done among us.' Another slave girl, named Biblis, had been one of the ten who denied their faith in the first shock of alarm. She was put on the rack in hopes of extracting further depositions, but the pain seemed to awaken her as from a dream; she recollected that this suffering was for a time, and hell was for eternity, and when asked whether the Christians ate the blood of infants, she answered, 'How should we, when we do not even eat the blood of beasts?' For abstinence from 'things strangled and from blood' was observed, in conformity with the decree of the Council of Jerusalem. She, too, was thrown, with wrenched joints and bruised limbs, among the noble army of martyrs, who occupied a loathsome dungeon, so closely crowded that many died there.

One of these was Pothinus, the Bishop of Lugdunum or Lyons, an old man about ninety years of age, in broken health. Set before the

magistrates amid the hootings of the populace, he was asked who was the Christians' God.

'If thou art worthy, thou wilt know,' was his answer. Upon which the mob closed in on him, the nearest [striking him with their fists, others beating him with sticks, others throwing stones as he was dragged to the prison, where he arrived, gasping for breath, and scarcely alive, and two days later he died, among those who loved and venerated him. He was the last of those who had sat at the feet of St. John the Divine.

Such was the virulence of this attack that even persons who abjured were thrown into the same prison with the faithful, and their grief and terror was in strong contrast with the cheerfulness of those who anticipated the crown of martyrdom. All were thus herded together in preparation for a festival which took place every five years in honour of Augustus, and was celebrated by shows of gladiators, and fights of wild beasts, probably of those bulls of the Camargue, which are still very formidable; for it seems as if this provincial amphitheatre had not a stock of beasts of prey.

On the first day, Maturus, Sanctus, and Blandina were exposed to the beasts, the young girl being fast bound to a stake, where she prayed aloud, to the great comfort of her companions; but the beasts took no notice of her, and though they tossed and trampled the two men, they inflicted no fatal injury, and after other modes of torture had been tried for the diversion of the spectators, the two brave sufferers were released by the sword of the executioner on the spot where defeated gladiators were usually killed, while Blandina was unbound and taken back to her prison. Attalus was a Roman citizen, and the Proconsul had sent to the Imperial Court for orders respecting him; but in the meantime he was paraded round the arena, with a board on his breast, bearing the inscription, 'Attalus the Christian.'

During the delay occasioned by the appeal to the Emperor, their friends visited them, and they received letters. Much as some had suffered from tortures, with their bodies still covered with wounds and burns, they would not endure to be called martyrs or witnesses. 'Our Lord alone,' they said, 'is the faithful and true Witness, the First-begotten from the dead, and those are martyrs whom He has vouchsafed to receive, sealing the confession of His Name by their deaths. We are only little confessors.'

They entreated the brethren to pray for their endurance to the end, and it seemed as if their chief anxiety was for the recovery of those who had lapsed, for they showed to these the tenderest affection, and prayed that they might redeem their past weakness. Another point is remarkable in the general sobriety of tone evinced by these Gallic sufferers. Alcibiades, one of the prisoners, had lived so austere a life that he took no nourishment except bread and water; but it was revealed to Attalus, after his appearance in the amphitheatre, that the good creatures of God were meant to be used, and that his

abstinence might be a stumbling-block, probably because of the similarity to the habits of the Montanists. Several letters were written by these prisoners of hope to confirm the faith of their brethren in Asia and Phrygia, and one to Pope Eleutherius, to be delivered to him by Irenæus.

The orders came at last, in the Emperor's name; but we would fain hope, really from some official, for Aurelius, in great dejection of spirits, was on his way to quell a fresh outbreak of the barbarians on the Danube, and very possibly was not really cognisant of them. The law was to take its course. Those who confessed their faith were to die; those who denied it to be released.

There was a fresh examination before the tribunal, and almost all those who had fallen at first recanted, and held out firmly. The Roman citizens then were, like St. Paul, beheaded with the sword, no doubt Epigathius among them.

During the examination a Phrygian physician, named Alexander, was observed to be making vehement gestures of encouragement to the prisoners. The Governor turned and demanded if he also were a Christian. On his reply, he was sentenced to be thrown to the beasts, in company with Attalus, whom the Proconsul gave up to the popular demand in spite of his Roman citizenship.

The beasts again seem to have failed, and all the torments ingenuity could devise were tried. Alexander never spoke at all; but Attalus, when bound into a red-hot iron chair, said: 'This is what you do—you who accuse us of eating man's flesh.'

Last of all came Blandina, together with a boy of fifteen, named Ponticus. They had been made to witness the sufferings of all the rest in hopes of shaking their fortitude; but they only gathered strength and constancy, and when Blandina was placed in a red-hot iron chair, she seemed to lose the sense of pain in her anxiety to comfort the lad in his torments. She beheld him safely sink under them, and then, left quite alone, was enveloped in a net and laid before a bull, which rolled over and trampled her racked and scorched frame; but her utterances were still of joy and praise, and when she was finally killed by an executioner, there was a cry among the spectators that never had woman endured so much.

I have given the details of this prosecution because they are perfectly authentic on contemporary authority, and present, besides, typical instances of the course of these attacks, and of the enthusiasm which encountered them, when martyrdom was looked upon as the greatest glory to which a Christian could aspire. How many unnamed victims likewise gave up their lives we do not know; and after these games, the attack ceased, so that Irenæus returned safely to Lyons, where he had been chosen to succeed the martyred Pothinus in the Episcopate. He had a correspondence with one Florinus, a priest whom he had known as a fellow-student under Polycarp, and had met again at Rome under the influence of that

form of error which believed in the existence of equal powers of good and of evil. It is in this letter that Irenæus refers to the story of St. John stopping his ears against heresy. Florinus appeared to be reclaimed, but afterwards was led astray by Valentinus. Against him and the other heretical teacher, Marcion, a synod of the Gallican Church was held at Lyons, and part of a treatise, written by Irenæus on the occasion, is preserved. It is called 'The Book of the Ogdoad,' or eight, because the eight primitive æons of Valentine are there examined into. Irenæus appeals, in support of the orthodox belief, to the universal belief of all the Churches, handed on through the Bishops, adding that he could himself name several men actually personally appointed by the Apostles themselves.

That copyists were not always to be depended upon may be gathered from the extreme solemnity of the sentence appended to the treatise. 'Thou who wilt transcribe this book, I conjure thee, by our Lord Christ, and by His glorious advent, when He will judge the quick and dead, to compare the MSS. closely, and correct the copy carefully by the original, also to transcribe this appeal, and put it into the copy.'

By this time Marcus Aurelius was passing away, worn out and broken down by toils, and still more by sorrows and disappointments. He had lost his eldest son, and the younger, though a mere lad, manifested evil dispositions, which grieved the father's heart. Like Solomon, he was leaving a doomed power to an unworthy son, and like Solomon, his moan was over the emptiness of all things. He wrote that even when the best and wisest die, there will be some to say, 'Let us at last breathe freely, being relieved from this school-master.' Alas, that when he died, in 180, it was without even the light that the Judean king enjoyed.

But, in the words of Canon Westcott, 'The national religion was a part of the historical development and habits of the nation.' 'Nothing struck the Apologists with more amazement than the first national consequences which followed from the difference between the Christian and heathen conceptions of religion. They saw the popular gods held up to mockery on the stage, degraded in the works of poets, ridiculed by philosophers, and they could not reconcile such license and sarcasm with resolute devotion. But to the Polytheist of the Empire, and to all later Polytheists, the offices of worship were an act of public duty, and not of private confession. Outward conformity in act was owed to the State; complete freedom in opinion was allowed to the worshippers. There was no complete and necessary correspondence between the form and the thought.

'With the Christian it was otherwise. His religion was the expression of his soul. So it was that the Christian confessor would make no compromise. This phenomenon was a novel one; and we can see in the records of the martyrdom how utterly incapable the magistrates were of understanding the difficulty which Christians

felt in official conformity. It their judgment it was perfectly consistent with religious faith to drop the morsel of incense on the fire and still retain allegiance to Christ.'

The virtues of these Emperors were not the fruit of their religion ; but, as St. Paul says, 'the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing them witness.'

But in their characters, and especially in that of Aurelius, we perceive, when we contrast them with some degraded nations on whom missionaries have had to work, how great an advantage Christianity had in coming to a people who had already not only intelligent minds, but a high ideal of many virtues, such as justice, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and truth ; likewise with a craving for knowledge beyond the material world, and yearnings for a higher truth ; so that even as the Law prepared the Jews for Christ, so the higher philosophy was Divinely directed to prepare the Greek and Roman mind for full revelation when they should be 'wakened from their sinful trance.'

THE GREAT FORTY DAYS.

'When out of Sion God appear'd
For perfect beauty fear'd,
The darkness was His chariot,
And clouds were all about.

Hiding His dread sublimity,
When Jesus walkèd nigh,
He threw around His works of good
A holier solitude ;

Ris'n from the grave, appear'd to view,
But to a faithful few.
Alone e'en now, as then of old,
'The pure of heart behold

The soul-restoring miracles
Wherein His mercy dwells ;
New marvels unto them reveal'd,
But from the whole conceal'd.'—*The Cathedral.*

AFTER the Lord's Ascension into Heaven, and before the day of Pentecost, we are told 'Peter stood up in the midst of the brethren,' and after speaking of the miserable fall and end of Judas, said, 'Of the men therefore which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and went out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto the day that He was received up from us, of these must one become a witness with us of His resurrection.'* 'Ye shall be My witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth,' the Lord had said to them immediately before He was received up. 'This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses,' said St. Peter again in his sermon on the day of Pentecost. 'And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus.'

'Jesus and the Resurrection' was the burden of all their preaching, for the Resurrection is the cardinal point of the Gospel ; the hinge, upon which all turns. For, if there be 'no Resurrection,' not only are 'the dead perished,' but we are 'yet in our sins ;' the Incarnation is nothing ; the Death upon the Cross is nothing ; no 'full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice' has been made for the sins of the whole world ; Christ is no more than one of the prophets of old, and has merely shared the common lot of those who have preached righteousness to a corrupt world. There is no escape from the alternative : 'If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins.'

* New Version.

We have *not* been 'reconciled by His death,' we are *not* being 'saved by His life;' He does *not* 'live to make intercession for us;' He has *not* sent down upon us the gift of His Holy Spirit; His work on earth was merely that of other teachers and philanthropists; and instead of being only the beginning,* it is the end; the grave has closed over Him and it; He is not coming again to complete it; we have received Holy Baptism, the sacrament of our Resurrection, in vain;† and 'we are of all men most miserable.'

Hence the great importance of establishing the fact of the Resurrection; for upon it, all else depended.

Now, when men have an important fact to communicate, a fact which they intend all the world to know, they proclaim it from the house-tops, availing themselves of every means at their disposal for giving it publicity. In these days, moreover, it is generally assumed that all have an equal right to knowledge, as to all things else; whether trained and prepared to receive it, or not, every one has a right to know everything, if he pleases, even to his own hurt.

If then we could imagine the Gospel narrative presented to us for the first time, when we now read of the opposition of priests, scribes, and Pharisees, the rejection by the Jewish nation, and, in the person of Pilate, by the whole Gentile world, of Him Who had come to be the Saviour and Redeemer—when, moreover, we realised that it was 'through ignorance' that they thus acted, and noted the careful precautions which they took against the possibility of any deception on the part of the disciples—should we not, judging by ourselves, expect that—when He rose from the dead, triumphing over His enemies, laughing all the wise counsel of kings and rulers to scorn—He would certainly show Himself to *them*, confounding them, forcing them to acknowledge His triumph, *proving* to them that all that they had done had been by permission only, that, as He had said, they could have had no power at all against Him, except it were given them from above? And surely, if He wished His victory to be known, He would also show Himself publicly, to *all* who had despised and rejected Him, to *all* who had doubted and wavered, as well as to the few who had believed in Him.

But 'God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts are not our thoughts. For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts.'

We, feeble, impatient creatures, are in a hurry to vindicate ourselves; but He is a 'righteous Judge, strong and patient;' and He waits.

It is said of Him, in the days of His flesh, 'He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief,' the very places, as it might seem to us, for the display of His power; but He would not give them occasion to add to their sin; and the time for Him to come with power, to their confusion, was not yet.

* Acts i. 1.

† Rom. vi. 3-5; viii. 10, 11.

It has been so in all His dealings with man. The greatest events which have as yet taken place upon this earth, are the Birth, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of the Lord, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. But what did the world at large know about any one of them?

His Birth was made known to a few shepherds and other obscure persons. Herod the king, the chief priests and scribes, and all Jerusalem were troubled for a while by a rumour of what had occurred; but they did not see even the star, which guided the Magi to His birthplace. His thirty-three years of life made no stir at all outside Palestine; even there He was entirely hidden from view for thirty years of the time.

The sun was darkened and the earth shuddered, when the Sacrifice was consummated on the Cross; but, if a few were awed, the majority saw in these things merely natural phenomena; and outside Jerusalem, the world went its way as usual, not dreaming that the events taking place in a corner of the great empire, far away from the seat of power, learning, and civilisation, were fraught with such tremendous issues for the whole human race, or could have any interest for the proud citizens of Rome.

Palestine was subject to earthquakes, and that which heralded or accompanied the Resurrection made no extraordinary impression. There was nothing to tell the world in general that the great victory over Death and Hades had been won. Other victories have made far more noise; and other events engrossed far more attention than did the manifestations of the risen Lord to His disciples during those forty days after His Resurrection.

As, during the days of His public Ministry, He had said, 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead;' as He had 'groaned in spirit,' and had 'wept' at the grave of Lazarus, knowing that the miracle wrought would be to the condemnation of some even of the bystanders, and would bring to a climax the enmity of the priests against Himself*—so now, though God's message to a sinful world was, 'Resurrection and Justification,' He 'showed Him openly, *not to all the people*, but unto witnesses chosen before of God.'

As He had made Himself known to Abraham, not for His own blessing merely, but that He might *be* a blessing; as He had saved Joseph first, that he might be the means of saving, not only his father's house, but also the Egyptians; as, again, He had chosen the Hebrews, a mere handful† among the nations, to stand higher than all, to be the depositories of His law, receivers and guardians of His revelation, types of His Church, witnesses for Him, His kings and priests; so now, again, He chose the few, by whom He might bless the many, His witnesses, by whom He would preach the Gospel in all the world. And so also the Church herself, His election out of

* St. John x. 33, 46-54.

† Deut. iv. 7; vii. 7; x. 22.

all nations, what is she but a handful compared with the rest, 'a kind of first-fruits of His creatures,' by whom He will bless all—His Eve, who, in the age to come, shall be the 'Mother of all living.'

To His chosen witnesses, those whom He had taught and trained, it was, that the Lord 'showed Himself alive by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days.' Yet, even they, who had clung to Him through many trials, who had continued with Him in His temptations, who had seen His miracles, listened to His teaching, been admitted to His confidence—how 'slow of heart' they were! how slow to believe, slow to understand!

The women, indeed, more impulsive, more simple-minded, trusting to their hearts rather than to reason, had, for the most part, no difficulty in believing the angel's message;* they hastened with it at once to the disciples; and their faith was rewarded, for they were met on the way by the Lord Himself.† But 'their words seemed to the disciples as idle tales.' They believed not Mary Magdalene; neither did they believe the two spoken of in St. Mark xvi. 12. Yet the Lord's own words had been so clear and explicit that His enemies had understood and acted upon them; and the disciples themselves remembered, in the depression and perplexity of that first Easter day, that it was 'the third day' since the Crucifixion.

They 'remembered His words;' but they were 'slow of heart;' perhaps from a despairing feeling that the news brought to them by the women was, as we say, 'too good to be true;' and it was only very gradually that the truth dawned upon them. But, if we are inclined to wonder at their slowness and incredulity, let us bear in mind that it is easier to believe in God's work in the past and even in the future, than to recognise and believe in His work in the present; what He is doing in our own day, in our very midst, is the trial of our faith.

The Jews, in our Lord's time, were not disbelieving the miraculous history of their nation; on the contrary, they were priding themselves upon it, resting in it. They believed in the deliverance from Egypt, and in all the wonders which God had wrought by the hand of Moses; they honoured the prophets, though their fathers had rejected them; they went even further than this, and believed that the promises to Abraham and David would still be fulfilled; they expected the Messiah; but it was only a very few who recognised Him when He came.

To us, looking back on the Resurrection in the light of Pentecost, in the light of eighteen centuries of the Church's existence, beholding the work which Christ has wrought from the Right Hand of God, the slowness of heart of the disciples is strange. But we do not use the seasons of the Christian year aright, if we dwell only upon the past, striving to place ourselves in imagination in the position of those to whom the past was present, striving to realise and reproduce

* St. Mark xvi. 8; St. Matt. xxviii. 8.

† Compare St. Luke xvii. 14.

the feelings which animated them. God's work does not stand still, and we cannot go back. Each age has its own work, its own trial of faith, and theirs is not, cannot be ours.

From the day of Pentecost, the Church has preached 'Jesus and the Resurrection' wherever she has proclaimed the Gospel; her whole faith is based on the historic fact of the resurrection; and she does not now need that her rulers and chief pastors should be men who, like the Twelve, have known Christ after the flesh, for she has the Spirit of Christ; and her own existence is the best witness to the fact that He is 'alive for evermore.'

Her faith now is exercised upon the work which the Risen Lord is doing in the Heavens, and from the Heavens in her midst, and upon the subject of her own resurrection, which is involved in that of her Head; her work now is to realise the one and to be prepared for the other, to 'look for it,' to press forward to it, if by any means she may 'attain unto the resurrection from the dead.'

The word used by St. Paul, here translated 'resurrection,' is literally 'out-resurrection'—a 'resurrection out from among the dead,' therefore preceding the general resurrection.

Faith presses forward to that which is coming, inward to that which is unseen. Faith in every age, as we see in Hebrew xi., looks forward; it looks backward too, indeed, but only that it may with more confidence look forward; it is not satisfied to dwell only in the past.

That which is now held out to us as the object of our faith and hope is the resurrection of the Church, one of those things, concerning which St. Paul was especially anxious that his brethren should 'not be ignorant,' and precisely one of those concerning which there is much ignorance and consequent indifference. Already, in his time, some were saying that there was no resurrection, or that it was past; either denying it altogether, or limiting it to the spirit or soul, and excluding the body from all share in it.

These two forms of the lie St. Paul met by asserting the fact of Christ's Resurrection, saying: *Because He rose, we shall rise; as He rose, we shall rise also.* His Body rose, not His soul merely; and our bodies too shall rise. But the lie which had begun to be spoken in the Church even in his day, has been working ever since. People lost their hold of the hope of the 'redemption of the body,' the changing of the body, and its fashioning like unto Christ's glorious Body, in comparison of which all else was to him as nothing,* and fell back upon the hope of a happy death, to be followed by a dim, shadowy existence in the land of spirits, not very different from that which the heathen believed in.

In those parts of the Church where Christ is continually set forth before the people, either as the Infant in His Mother's arms, or as the Sacrifice upon the Cross, His Life as the Risen Lord, His Life in His

* Rom. viii.; 1 Cor. xv.; Phil. iii.; 1 Thess. iv.

members, His work of Intercession, are lost sight of; and there consequently, as the Resurrection of the Head is thought little of, the Resurrection of the Body, though it keeps its place in the Creeds, is practically ignored. But extremes meet; and at the opposite end of the Church, though Cross and Crucifix are disallowed, men make it their boast that they preach *only* 'Christ crucified,' taking their text from the very epistle in which His Resurrection and the resurrection of His Church are set forth most emphatically, and in which it is insisted upon that, if He be not risen, His Death is of no avail.

The Church is His witness; His life is in her, and she should have borne such testimony to Him as the living Christ, that there should be no room for doubt; that it should have been impossible for any honest heart to question whether He be alive or no; impossible, at least for any calling himself Christian, to write of Him, that—

'He lived, while we believed.'

'Now He is dead. Far hence He lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on His grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.'

On the night before He suffered, the Lord had spoken plainly to His disciples of His Death and Resurrection, and He had appointed a place where He would meet them: 'After I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee.'

Galilee was the place where they should have expected to see Him therefore; but they lingered at the grave of Him Whom they loved, seeking 'the living among the dead,' as *we* are too much inclined to do in the case of those whom we have lost, instead of pressing forward in hope to the resurrection; and as the Church did for centuries, when a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was looked upon as the very triumph of faith, and crown of holiness.

When the angel bade the women tell them that in Galilee they should see Him, even when the Lord sent them a message to go into Galilee, they still had not the faith to obey. Even after His appearance to the two going to Emmaus, to St. Peter, and to the ten together, they still lingered in Jerusalem another week, unwilling perhaps to go without Thomas, who, not believing that He was alive, would naturally refuse to go and meet Him; perhaps clinging still to the once Holy City, and fancying that the kingdom would be set up there.

But Jerusalem had not known the day of her visitation, and the King Whom she had rejected, passed her by in favour of despised Galilee, where He wrought those 'many signs,' and did those 'many other things,' of which St. John says, 'if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.'

At last the eleven 'went away into Galilee, into a mountain where

Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw Him, they worshipped Him: but some doubted.'

The work of the forty days, during which He was seen of them, was not merely to convince them that it was Himself, and not an apparition; not a bodiless spirit, but a Man, having flesh and bones; the same Man, Whom they had known in weakness and suffering.

Besides convincing them of this, beyond all further possibility of doubt, He 'opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures;' He showed them the things concerning Himself which were written in the Law, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms; He gave them commandments as to the preaching of the Gospel; and He spake to them of 'the things concerning the kingdom of God.'

He had already, before His Death, appointed them a kingdom in which they were to rule with Him the twelve tribes of Israel; and now He was Himself going into the 'far country' to receive that kingdom, which was shortly to be set up on earth, though at first only in a mystery, without outward show. The very word, 'kingdom,' implies order and organisation. They were not to gather together a mere shapeless assemblage of individuals, each a law to himself, and doing what was right in his own eyes. It was to be an orderly kingdom, with a constitution and laws, built upon the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in which Apostles were to stand 'first' * as rulers, and 'stewards of the mysteries of God;' for to them it was 'given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God.' And with them were to be associated, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, 'for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

They were to lead the tribes of the spiritual Israel through the wilderness to the promised inheritance, feeding them with manna from above; and to them, as to Moses during the forty days in Mount Sinai, was shown the pattern of what the Lord would have.

Forty days Moses was learning the pattern of the Tabernacle which he was to rear, and the pattern of the furniture which was to be placed in it; all, according to Jewish tradition, being shown to him by angels, standing in rank and order, and exhibiting a living model of that which he was to make.† Over and over again he was bidden to 'make all things after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount.' He was not to follow his own fancy or devices in any matter; for they were the 'patterns of things in the heavens,'‡ setting forth eternal truths. As it has been said: 'The shadow, in the law; the image, in the Gospel; the truth, in the Heavens.'

The Church has the 'very image' of the things, of which the Tabernacle had the shadow; and as the pattern was given to Moses,

* 1 Cor. xii; Eph. iv. 7-16.

† Acts vii. 53.

‡ Heb. ix. 23; viii. 5.

so now was the antitype of that building which he reared, given to the Apostles.

The frame-work of the tabernacle was of shittim wood, the wood of the shittah tree, a species of acacia, and apparently 'the only available timber in the desert, where it grows in the driest situations.' As the Israelites brought this, the only wood they had, to Moses, so, to the Apostles, men would come, offering all that they had, even themselves, weak and unstable in their fallen state, but sharing the same human nature which was assumed by the Lord when He took the Manhood into God and tabernacled upon the earth. For it is this human nature which He has made the basis of His spiritual Tabernacle, overlaying and strengthening it by those heavenly powers and qualities comprised in the gift of the Holy Ghost, as the wood of the tabernacle was overlaid and strengthened with brass and gold.

But the Lord spoke to His Apostles of the things concerning His Kingdom; and His Kingdom has two stages in its development. In its power and fulness, it is 'not of this age,' though it truly began, when, at His Ascension, God set Him on His own right Hand in the heavenly places, giving Him 'a Name, which is above every name, that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.'

'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth,' He said, when He gave to His Apostles their commission to go and 'make disciples of all nations,' or, in other words, to win subjects for their King.

'Yet still we pray "Thy kingdom come,"
Because our King is far away,
And till He come to us again
We wait, and watch, and pray.'

He is gone 'to receive' His Kingdom and He will return in it, when the last of the seven trumpets is sounded, and the kingdoms of this world shall 'become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.'

But the Apostles, knowing that they were living under the fourth empire, of which it had been revealed to Daniel that, in its days, the God of heaven would set up a kingdom which should be given to the saints of the Most High, overlooked the first phase of it; and, though the Lord Himself had been teaching them concerning these things, they had apparently not grasped His meaning; for, on their return to Jerusalem, the Royal City, where He had apparently appointed to meet them, the old hope revived in their hearts, and they asked Him wistfully, 'Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?'

He does not say that their hope was a mistake; rather He implies by His answer, that the Father has His own time for accomplishing this very thing; but He recalls their attention to that which was to be their immediate work, and reminds them of the promise of the Holy Ghost.

‘It is expedient for you that I go away,’ He had said to them, before His Passion; and well may they have said in their hearts—

‘My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee?’

Yet, was it not so in fact?

How little progress they had made in understanding Him during those forty days of intimate converse, is shown by their last question. And how soon they knew all things when they were baptised with the Holy Ghost! For there can be no intercommunion between the Risen Saviour, and His Church in the flesh, save by the indwelling in both of the One Spirit.

When did the disciples know most of Christ, enter most completely into His Mind? when they had His Bodily Presence, or when He was absent from them bodily, but present by His Spirit? Who knew most of Him, understood Him best? the Twelve, when they companied with Him all the time that He went in and out among them, or St. Paul, who knew Him only after His Ascension and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost?

Does not His Church, do not we, His members, know Him better than they, though as yet we have not seen His Face? For we know Him not merely as the Risen Jesus, but as the ‘Mighty re-ascended Lord,’ Who has sent down the Holy Ghost, and, by Him, has been with His Church through eighteen centuries.

What a contrast there is between the Apostles’ question about the kingdom, and St. Peter’s sermon on the day of Pentecost! *Then* they understood! then the scales, as it were, fell from their eyes, for they were anointed;* then they knew all things; then they not only ‘remembered His words,’† but they entered into their meaning. There was no more doubt, no more wavering and perplexity; they ‘spake the word of God with boldness,’ and ‘with great power gave witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus,’ which but a little while before they had been so slow to receive.

For the Comforter, the Spirit of Christ, was come, of Whom the Lord had said to them: ‘He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.’ ‘He shall testify of Me, and ye also shall bear witness.’ ‘He will guide you into all the truth; for He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify Me, for He shall take of Mine and shall show it unto you.’

The preaching of the Lord, during His three years’ earthly ministry, resulted in the gathering of about a hundred and twenty disciples; His preaching from the Right Hand of the Father, by the Holy Ghost, brought into the Church, in one day, three thousand souls. Thus was the Tabernacle reared up, and filled with the glory of the Lord.

* Rev. iii. 18; 1 St. John ii. 20, 27.

† St. John xii. 16.

THE THREE GARDENS.

‘To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.’—*Auguries of Innocence.*

ONE sleepy, sunny afternoon I had been reading Hans Andersen’s fairy tales out in the garden. We should all be better boys and girls—and men and women, too, I think—if we read them oftener.

The roses and honeysuckles were hanging over the wall behind the garden-seat, and the air was full of the drowsy hum and murmurings of all the winged things, and of whisperings that seemed to come from the flowers themselves. As I leant back, with half-shut eyes, I suppose that I must have had a dream, for some very strange things happened to the garden. I thought that it was full of flowers of all times and seasons, in strange confusion. The clumps of white and orange lilies were there, and a tall blue larkspur by their side. Crocuses opened their chalices; some golden, some white and lilac, side by side with pink and blue hepaticas. Nasturtiums lighted their hot flames underneath the cool green leaves; the ground was covered with forget-me-not stars, and a hedge of sweet peas tossed their many-coloured butterfly flowers, pink and crimson and ivory, blue and purple and scarlet, as the summer breeze ruffled them and bore away wafts of their perfume.

A Passion-flower in full bloom crept up from among the roses and lilies.

A tall Tiger-lily grew close beside me, and I was, somehow, not much surprised when I heard a little clear voice come from it. It said—

‘It’s a pity you want to measure things up so much.’

While I was wondering at this speech, and in vain trying to understand it, the Tiger-lily went on—

‘You had much more sense when you were a little girl. You know you weren’t always thinking then about next year and next month and to-morrow and yesterday; you were contented with one day at a time, and did not want to divide everything up into days, and weeks, and months, and years. And you were not above talking to the flowers, and listening to what they said. You used to put daisies to bed in your workbox. You thought it was unkind to pick the father and mother daisies and leave the little baby-buds behind. And you played at keeping a poultry-yard with the little

cocks and hens from the middles of the peonies. But it wasn't much use your giving the snails sugar to eat, they don't like it. I know what they don't like, and what they do, I should hope.'

Here the Tiger-lily appeared slightly agitated.

'How can you know what I did when I was a little girl?' said I. 'Why, you were only born last year; I planted you myself.'

'Born last year! That's a good joke!' said the Lily. 'And you planted me—I suppose you think you made me grow too? That is the way with you; you are so dreadfully grown up, with your times, and seasons, and spaces, and distances.'

'Well, you see,' I began humbly, for the Tiger-lily seemed a little ruffled, 'we find it rather convenient——'

'Don't tell me,' said the Tiger-lily. 'Flowers know nothing of time and space. The world is all one garden, and time is nothing but your fancy. Why, the Garden of Eden seems the same to me as this garden, and, if you were a little child again, it would to you, and you would be able to hear the songs of all the flowers. They all had songs there, and most of them repeat them still for little children.'

'I can't help it,' said I. 'I can't grow backwards, any more than you can be a bud over again.'

'You *can* help it,' said the Tiger-lily, 'and I *shall* be a bud over again. I keep to my pattern, and begin over and over again. When you are doing your work, you set your pattern before you, don't you—and you keep to it. Well, there was a child set in the midst once for all to copy. But you don't look at your pattern. The flowers know all about it—they have heard the snowdrop tell it. She is under ground just now; but "young buds sleep in the root's white core." She'll be up again one of these days. She keeps to her old song, and they all do, but a few who have picked up foolish rhymes from people who have passed through the garden, and cannot forget them again. The sweet peas, for instance, they keep on all day—

"Here are sweet-peas on tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
'To bind them all about with tiny rings."

It's pretty enough. They are very proud of their hands, and taper fingers are a great beauty; but it is not liked in the garden. We consider it a little vain, and there would be an end of all the old songs if the custom spread. But, talking of fingers, how the Passion-flower up there is wringing its hands!'

'Why does it do that?' I asked.

'No one can tell,' said the Tiger-lily sadly. 'All day long you can hear it moaning to itself, "The Three Gardens! The Three Gardens!" over and over again. It cannot tell its story till night falls, and the other flowers are all asleep. And then it wakes and tells the story. They say it would make a stone weep to hear it.

And in the morning you may see the Passion-flower all covered with crystal tears. Once a year, on Good Friday, it tells the tale in broad daylight, but I have never heard it. That is my time for "going home to see my mother-root, where we together, all the hard weather, dark to the world, keep house unknown." That is one of the most sensible songs—for a man's—that I know. And true, for a wonder.

'The Sunflower over there (it was the oddest thing, but whatever flower the Lily named, seemed to come of itself,—As I looked, there was a grand sunflower close to me) was sorely tempted to take up with a song that was made about him, beginning—

"Ah! Sunflower weary of time,
That countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden prime,
Where the traveller's journey is done."

But I am happy to say he has forgotten the rest.'

'Then has *every* flower a song or story, and can they all tell it?'

'*They are always telling it,*' replied the Tiger-lily. 'It's only you who are too stupid to listen. Hark at the Nasturtiums now.'

As I listened there was a little chorus of shrill voices. And I heard a great fuss and commotion going on. A slender little Canary-creeper lay stretched and straggling along the ground, and all the pretty little Canary-flowers were fluttering their wings, and crying all at once—'Oh, why was I not trained up when I was young? Here we lie all trailing in the dust. We can't get up, we can't get up, or grow upward, or do any good. We must lie here all our life, useless and trampled on, till the cold winter frosts come and take us all away.'

'You should have more strength of mind,' said the sturdy Nasturtiums, who grew about it. 'Look at us; we were not trained up any more than you, and *we* are all right enough. So would you be, if you would make an effort.'

And the Nasturtiums grew, and spread out their plates to catch the dew, which is their dinner; and they half smothered the frail little creeping plant.

'It's a poor relation of theirs, they are always fussing about,' said the Tiger-lily. 'Sap is thicker than water,' they say, and so they feel bound to give him good advice, and tell him to make an effort, and so on; but it's my belief that a stray seed of a different sort has somehow got mixed with them and the gardener has not noticed it. If the Larkspur were not listening so, I could tell you some more family secrets; but he is so perfectly breathless with attention that I can hardly exchange a word with my sister here, the White Lily.'

He was eaves-dropping once at a love-scene in a garden, and a poet noticed it, and said, 'the Larkspur listens, I hear, I hear;' but even that did not cure him.

'Is the White Lily your sister?' I asked. 'You are not much alike.'

I seemed to have touched on a tender point, for the Tiger-lily gave a little quiver.

‘I like Tiger-lilies as much as white ones,’ I said gently. ‘They are such a glorious colour. But the gardener——’

Here the Lily broke in, swaying itself to and fro, and trembling with excitement.

‘The gardener calls us “them ugly things.” Well, all I can wonder at is how you mortals dare. Do you know who made the flowers, and that each flower is a separate Thought? I wonder you are not afraid that a thunderstorm or a shower of hail will come and break your stem, and leave you to wither on the ground!’

‘I didn’t say it,’ said I meekly; for I felt I did not deserve to be scolded by the Tiger-lily in this way.

‘Well, if you ever do feel inclined to say of any one of the things made, and blessed, and found to be “very good,” “it is ugly,” stop short, and say instead “*I am stupid*,” “*I am blind*,” “*I am ignorant*.” There, there! I know I am a little peppery,’ said the Tiger-lily, quieting down again. ‘I am of a hot colour, and you can see all the little speckles all over me, if you look. Yet I was formed by the same Hand as the White Lily, and men may learn as much from me. So it does put me out to hear them say, “He hath no Hands.” The more because of my sister’s story—not that she can remember much of it. It was a Sermon, and she can remember the Text only—“Consider the lilies.” It was preached on a Mount, and she grew there. But ever since, you are all too busy squabbling about what lily it was that was there to hear it, and you have no time left for “considering” that lily or any other lily. Yet she stands all day long in shining white and gold, and says these three words—“Not consider *a lily*, but consider *the lilies*.” But the dusk is beginning to creep on now, and if you want to hear the Passion-flower tell her story it will soon be time.’

As the Tiger-lily said these words, I noticed that the sentries were beginning to relieve each other in that great service which rests not day or night. The sun was sinking below the hill, the moon rising clear. The nightingale flung her first few passionate notes across the last sleepy song of the thrush. Silent-winged moths came from no one knows where, and the crisp butterflies disappeared. The swallows went to rest, and mysterious bats dropped into the air from the places where they had hung themselves up all day, hiding from the sun, and covering their faces with their wings. The chirr of the night-cricket echoed that of the half-lulled grasshopper, far away upon the grassy hills.

The sky grew solemn, silent, dark, and when every sound was hushed, I listened for the story of the Passion-flower.

* * * * *

‘I was born in a garden. It was the first garden in the world,’

said the Passion-flower. 'I grew and twined round a tree that was there—a fair tree laden with fruit. Everything that was good for food and pleasant to the eyes grew in the garden; but there was not a man to till the ground, and no rain; for the sky had not yet learnt to weep, but at nightfall silvery mists came up from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

'The garden had been planted by a Father for His two children, and they dwelt there, and were as happy as the day was long.

'Of the fruit of every tree of the garden they might freely eat, but of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden they might not eat, neither might they touch it lest they died.

'One day, the children stood beneath the tree. It cast a pleasant shade upon the flowery grass. A lion and a little lamb lay down gently together there; they fed upon the sweet clover, and the children played with them, and loved them both. As they played the golden fruit upon the tree shone in the sunshine; a thousand birds sat and sang upon its boughs; and the children drew near to gaze and listen, as they gazed one of them began to long for the fruit; the only fruit she might not taste.

'And longing, she drew nearer, and spied a tiny worm that fed upon the apples, and she said within herself—"This little worm feeds upon the apples and does not die, but grows and thrives; and if I taste one must I surely die? Not *surely*, if I pluck this very apple and put it to my lips, only, that I may know whether it be good or evil."

'So she plucked it and tasted it, and gave to the other, and he ate with her.

'With a sudden crash, all the world was changed. The little worm grew and grew before their eyes, and built itself an egg-like cell, which burst with a terrible sound of thunder, and out flew a fearful dragon with a body like a snake, and wings that spread, and grew so large that they hid the sky and the sun, and shadowed all the earth, with eyes and nostrils that shot forth fire and smoke.

'The earth shook, the trembling birds were hushed and hid their heads under their wings, the flowers withered under the poisonous shade, and barren thorns and thistles grew up all over the ground. The lion turned and tore the little lamb. The trefoil was stained red with its blood.

'The children suddenly felt that they were children no longer, but a terrified man and woman. All childhood's sweet play-time was over and gone!—all over! Nothing but horror, and fear, and dread were left, as they ran to hide from the wrath of their Father among the trees of the garden. If any had ever cause for fear and sorrow that pair had; for never more should they hear the Voice of their Father Who loved them, as He walked in the garden in the cool of the day; they had sold it all for a mouthful of apple.

'But for all they had done their Father did not forsake them.

‘They were cast out of the garden; but before they went He told them that He would send forth a Champion, the Messiah, the Prince, Who should conquer and kill the dragon; but that, in doing this, the Prince must suffer many things, such as were never heard of since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be.

‘And as the promise was made, roses sprang forth upon the thorns, and sweet snowy may-flower, and coral berries and fruits, and the thistles bore downy flowers, crimson, and pink, and creamy-white, and lilac, and the bees came and made honey from them.

‘And they wandered forth, the man and woman, hand in hand.

‘I grew in another Garden,’ said the Passion-flower. ‘It was night, and the Prince had come forth to meet with the terrible dragon, and to fight with him, and overcome him. Hush! I cannot speak of the battle. The night-wind shuddered and moaned, the Passion-flowers turned, some crimson, and some pale for fear, and for the first time I bore in my heart a purple Thorny Crown.

‘All alone He trod that fierce Winepress, for the three who were with Him lay asleep, and could not watch with Him one hour. Everything in nature groaned and wept except the hearts of men. Again the clover leaves were red, and kept their precious Ruby Marks on their threefold leaves for ever, and blossomed into the Calvary-clover with a Crown of Thorns hidden in it for those who can find it there.

‘Day broke, and the Battle raged more fiercely than ever, and once more the dragon grew and spread his fearful wings until they hid the sun, and for three awful hours there was darkness over all the land, and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent, and the dead burst from their graves, and “It was finished.”

‘I grew in a third Garden, where the Prince of Peace lay sleeping after His Victory, wrapped in a charmed Sleep for three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley grew there, and the Passion-flower hung its wreaths over His resting-place. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. A murmuring, cooing voice came and went upon the wind, “O, my Dove, That art in the clefts of the rock,” and the air was filled with the quiver of angels’ wings, impatient till their Prince should wake, and once more dwell among them, and go down into His garden to gather lilies, and the lion should lie down with the gentle lamb again, and the leopard with the kid, and a little child should lead them.

‘And now a halo grows around my Crown of Thorns; but I still wake all night, and weep because men will not watch with Him one hour, or listen to the song that I sing.

‘I weep for the folly and wisdom of men, but for their wisdom most, which will not let them be little children any more, nor become fools that they may be wise.’

As the Passion-flower finished, I awoke with a start and found that

it was twilight. And I heard the voices of two people, an old man and a child, coming along the path.

‘Look at the pretty Passion-flower,’ said the child, ‘with a Crown of Thorns and a halo round it!’

‘Bless the child!’ said the old man. ‘*Halo?* It is a *filamentous process, with an imbricated æstivation, stamens monodelphous, ovary-stalked, superior—seeds arillate. Leaves alternate with foliaceous stipules.*’ For he was a very learned Professor, and had written a great many works on botany. But the child had not learnt to say ‘filamentous process’ yet, so she called it ‘a halo’ still.

So I hid my vision in my heart, and feared to show it to any but the child. But I trust I may never look at a Passion-flower again without thinking of the Three Gardens, and, if I live till to-morrow, the first thing I shall do, will be to train up that Canary-creeper.

EDITH CARRINGTON.

THE ANCIENT RACES OF THE BIBLE.

A. I have been exceedingly interested in two books lately published, giving popular summaries of the modern discoveries made by Aesyriologists, *Chaldæa* and *Assyria*, in the 'Story of the Nations' series, by Z. A. Ragozin.

B. Tell me about them. I really know nothing except that they found great winged bulls under mounds of rubbish, with inscriptions, among the ruins of Nineveh, and took them to the British Museum.

A. Your mind must be in a virgin state with regard to the subject. I confess, however, that I was not very much wiser myself, and that since reading these books, and Professor Sayce's Hibbert lectures, a curtain seems to have been lifted off a most interesting corner of the world, and, what is really exciting in interest, off some of the early genealogical chapters of Genesis also.

B. That must be very interesting, if one could only be sure that the next discoverer will not find out that it is all wrong, as they so often do.

A. That is, of course, possible; and, therefore, it is as well to take these theories with caution, remembering that they are theories only. But, as such, I confess that they commend themselves much to my mind.

B. Let me hear them.

A. Well, then, I will not describe how they came to discover these things; you had better read for yourself in *Chaldæa*. However, what happened was this. In the course of their discoveries, they came upon an ancient library—the books made of bricks, inscribed on both sides with what is called the cuneiform character, and then baked, and carefully numbered, with the last word of one brick repeated at the top of the next, just as you see now in the pages of books of the last century in English. This turned out to be the library of Assur-bani-pal, the last great king of Assyria. He seems to have been a man of strong literary tastes, and a great book collector; and he not only collected books in his own language, which differed but little from the contemporary Chaldæan of his day, but also in an older language, known as Accadian, the language of the former inhabitants of Chaldæa, which was at that time a dead language, used by the priesthood in the worship of the gods. Aacad, mentioned in Gen. x., was one of the principal cities in the south of Chaldæa. Some of these Accadian documents were written out with an Assyrian translation, and, according to Professor Sayce,

it is possible now for English scholars to pick holes here and there in the Assyrian translators, which seems a very remarkable thing. These Accadian documents take us back thousands of years; in one case, apparently, to 3800 B.C., for Assur-bani-pal was not the first royal book collector. Fourteen centuries before him, there had been an Accadian king—Sargon—who had founded, or enlarged, the library of the priestly city Erech, and many of Assur-bani-pal's volumes either came thence, or were copies of these.

B. Then it is a delusion that, in the time of Abraham, there was no civilisation, and only nomadic tribes, except in Egypt?

A. Yes; I think we may distinctly say that that has been proved. Well, the earliest inhabitants of Accad—whose older name was Shumir, the same as Shinar in the Bible—seem to have been of the Turanian race. The Mongol type is strongly marked upon the earliest representations of them which have been preserved, and their language also belongs to the same class.

B. And who came next?

A. That seems to be a question hotly debated at present. The Bible gives a distinctly Hamitic source for Chaldaean civilisation, mentioning Nimrod as the founder of the cities of Chaldæa; but the language, and in part the religion, which we trace in the records, is so strongly of a Semitic type that some have refused to believe in any strongly-marked division between Hamites and Semites. Anyhow, after a time, the Semitic type becomes marked upon the monuments wherever kings, generals, and great men are represented, while the lower class remain Turanian; and with this comes in a great improvement in the type of their religion, as expressed in their writing.

B. How? Did they become monotheists?

A. No. At present it seems as if monotheism were a direct revelation to the Israelites only. But instead of a mere personification of the powers of nature, with blind dread of the harmful ones, and desire to propitiate by spells those which, like the sun, could be alternately beneficent and deadly, which seems to have been the same superstitious goblin-worship now found in China, and among the Malays, they seem to have believed, as the Greeks did, in a supreme divinity, with a pantheon of lesser deities, his children; and also to have developed that especial characteristic of the Semitic race which fitted Israel to become the chosen people—the sense of sin.

B. Which the Greeks never had; nor, I suppose, the Teutonic races until they became Christianised?

A. Nor the earliest Accadians, or, rather, as they ought, I believe, to be called, Shumerians. But these later Accadians—though some of their hymns are very beautiful, and read almost like Jewish psalms, with the word 'goddess' omitted—seem to have fallen into the same snares which, more or less, beset all nations whose religion was founded on nature-worship. Their ritual comprised both

immorality and cruelty, which, when enjoined upon the people by their priests in the name of religion, of course perverted their conscience.

B. Well, then, I suppose that is what the call of Abraham called him from. Have they come upon any trace of him?

A. Only in the Bible records, the value of which as historical documents, throwing light, and having light thrown on them from these Accadian and Assyrian discoveries, seems to have gone up in the eyes of the scientific historian. But Ur was the capital of Chaldæa long before the foundation of Babylon, and was conquered, a little before or during the time of Abraham, by Khudur-Nankhundi, King of Elam, a Turanian nation living to the north-east. Some conjecture that Abraham and his tribe left Ur, and went to Haran, or Kharran, on account of the Elamite invasion. Both Ur and Haran were cities sacred to the moon-god, and here, according to the old Jewish tradition, Abraham forsook the worship of sun, moon, and stars, for that of their Creator. Hence it was that he started on his nomad life in the west, with that revelation of monotheism which has gradually transformed the world. It is interesting to find that there seems to have been a monotheistic school at Eridu, about B.C. 3000. Perhaps its traditions affected Abraham.

B. Then Elam was not a mere wandering tribe when Chedorlaomer, King of Elam, came against Sodom, and took Lot captive?

A. By no means. Chedorlaomer was really Khudur-Lagamar, a near successor of Khudur-Nankhundi, who had conquered Shumir, and we see that he brought with him, as allies, the tributary Kings of Shumir (Shinar) and Larsam (Ellasar), two Chaldæan provinces. Goiim is supposed to mean the nomad tribes which subsisted in the unsettled country to the north. The Rephaim, Emim, Zuzim, etc., whom he conquered in Palestine, are thought to be the Turanian inhabitants who preceded the Hamitic races of Canaan, who seem, by Genesis xii. 7, 'and the Canaanite was then in the land,' to have only lately immigrated there.

B. I wish you would explain to me about these Hamitic races. The old theory of our childhood was that Ham was the ancestor of Africans, Japheth of Europeans, and Shem of Asiatics, including Jews; and, I believe, in the old American slavery times, 'Cursed be Canaan,' was held to be an unanswerable pro-slavery argument, according to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A. Well, the Bible genealogies turn out to be much more scientific than that; for Shem, Ham, and Japheth appear, by the light of modern discoveries, all to represent the *white* families of mankind known to the Israelites. The Egyptians and Phœnicians are the best known of the Hamitic races.

B. Then where are the negroes and the Turanians?

A. The black race seems entirely ignored in the Bible record. Probably they did not come greatly into contact with the Israelites.

About the Turanians—the yellow race—there is an interesting theory in *Chaldæa*. It is that they are represented as the children of Cain—the nomad race who dwelt in the land of Nod, or Wandering, and who have shown, wherever we find them, a marvellous power of inventing arts, but not of carrying them on to perfection. You remember that it is the children of Cain who are credited with all the early inventions of civilisation—domestication of animals, metal weapons, and musical instruments. All these the Semitic race found in existence, when they, or the Hamites, brought in a higher civilisation.

B. Then how about the Flood?

A. This theory presupposes that the Flood was local, which has been generally accepted by modern minds. There is a scientific theory that the first cradle of mankind was probably on a submerged country to the south of Asia, between Arabia and India.

B. Well, now tell me about these white races.

A. If you look in Genesis x., you find the genealogies of Shem, Ham, and Japheth. The sons here mentioned seem to be what are now called the Eponyms of the races known to the Israelites; that is, that each race imagined that its name was derived from an ancestor of the same name, as Assyria from Asshur, the Hittites from Heth, etc. Many of these Eponyms are not veiled at all, but are simply the plural name by which the nations were known, as Kittim, the Greeks of Crete and Cyprus; and Mizraim is a dual word, representing the two countries of Upper and Lower Egypt.

B. First comes Japheth.

A. Yes; you see Japheth is the Aryan race, before the Teutons had come west. Gomer, I believe some think, represents the same word as Cymry, the Kelts of Wales and Brittany; but I do not know whether this surmise is accepted. It is more certain, I believe, that it means the Scythians who gave their name to the Crimea, and to the 'Cimmerian darkness' which the Greeks imagined existed in the north. They were an Aryan race, but I fancy it is not known exactly of what stock.

B. Then Magog, which one knows in connection with Gog.

A. Yes; one of the curious surprises of Assyriology is that Gog, or Gâgi, of Magog, was a real live Scythian chieftain, whose name became so proverbial that a generation or two after his time Ezekiel prophesies against the Scythians by his name. Madai are the Medes, Javan the Ionian Greeks—Javan is the same word as Ionia—I do not know if the others have been traced. The Teutonic race was not to the fore yet, but I should think the Kelts must be represented somewhere.

B. Then the sons of Ham.

A. Yes; you see the Bible account seems to support the view of those Assyriologists who believe in a Hamitic, or as they call it, Cushite civilisation preceding the Semitic one in *Chaldæa*, for Nimrod builds

the great cities of Chaldæa Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar, or Shumir, as we said before, and Assyrian civilisation is also credited to the same source. Mizraim, the Egyptians, begat Ludim, the Lydians, in Asia Minor; but I believe that where we find Lydia under Croesus coming into Greek history they are mixed up with the Hittites, a Canaanite race, whose empire lasted for 3000 years, and who had their capital at Carchemish, and were finally conquered by Assyria.

B. But I thought the Hittites lived in the south of Canaan. Abraham bought Sarah's sepulchre of Ephron the Hittite, and Rebekah refused to let Jacob marry a daughter of Heth.

A. That was a minor branch of the great nation which had got wedged in among other Canaanite tribes away from the mass of their race. The Hittite empire is a new discovery of the last few years, and Hittite monuments and inscriptions have been found which show that they were one of the great nations of antiquity, and constantly at war with Egypt. Before we leave Mizraim, see the assertion that from one of their settlements came the Pelishtim or Philistines.

B. Have I not read that they were an Aryan race, and that their name is thought to be connected with 'Pelasgi'?

A. I do not know whether this is an accepted fact or not; but I believe the latest investigators believe that in the long struggle between the Egyptians and the Hittites, the Philistines were allied with Egypt, and that the object of their conquest of Israel before the time of Saul and David was to hold down the country as an Egyptian province.

B. Then these wars between the Egyptians and Hittites must have been going on through the time of the Judges?

A. Yes, and later; the power of the Hittites was finally crushed by Assyria about B.C. 700.

B. I see that the first two sons of Canaan were Zidon and Heth; I suppose this means that they were the most important nations among that division of the Hamitic race?

A. Yes, Phœnicia, the great trading nation, whence the alphabet came to Greece, and which traded all over Europe both by land and sea, was even greater in its way than the warlike empire of Heth. Then came the smaller tribes of Canaan whom the Jews expelled, and the other sea-board cities to the north of Zidon.

B. What about the Hamitic religion?

A. They seem to have all worshipped the personified powers of nature, with a strong sense among the Egyptians of the Divine Unity underlying them, for the Egyptians had as strong a religious instinct as the Semitic nations have always had. But the other Hamitic nations—more especially the Phœnicians—had not this religious instinct, and their religion seems to have consisted in frenzied excitements, sometimes of immorality, sometimes of human sacrifice, or self-torture. This was what the prophets had to resist.

B. Well, now we come to Shem. Elam is put down as one of his sons, but I thought you said the Elamites were Turanian?

A. So it appears by their monuments, as far as the lower class people are concerned; but they seem to have been conquered by a Semitic race who held rule over them as the Mussulmans did over the Hindoos in India; and the kings, generals, etc., are all represented with Semitic faces.

B. Asshur, the Assyrians, I suppose, were a purely Semitic race, though their early civilisation might have come from the Cushites?

A. Entirely; and so was Aram, the Syrian tribes who come to the fore as the Hittite empire declines, and form the kingdom of Damascus. I cannot tell you about the other descendants of Shem, except that Eber is considered to be the eponym of the Hebrew race, as Heth of the Hittite.

B. You do not think the Semitic race was naturally monotheistic, as some people say?

A. I should think it was easier to them to believe in one God than to the Hamites or Aryans, though these also believed in polytheism with a supreme ruler rather than in a multitude of equal gods; and much easier than to the Turanians with their superstitious goblin worship. But the form in which polytheism tempted the Semite seems to have been less by personifying the powers of nature than by regarding each chief god worshipped by different cities, races, and tribes as a separate god; so that we gather from the Old Testament that the Israelites had to learn that Jehovah was greater than the gods of the nations round, before they were able to say: 'As for all the gods of the heathens they are but idols, but it is Jehovah that made the heavens.'

B. And that revelation was given exclusively to Israel.

A. So it seems; and the inspiration of the chosen people is rendered more, not less striking the more one studies these outside records.

M. B.

AFTER A MISSION.

' They saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

Was it days, or hours, or moments?
 Scarcely can we tell:
 Earth was lost, and time forgotten
 In that mighty spell,
 While upon the waiting spirit
 Dews of healing fell.

Surely holy lips have spoken
 Of the cleansing Blood;
 Surely holy hands have offered
 Mortals Heavenly Food;
 Sure beside His faithful servants
 Christ unseen hath stood.

Let them go; their words are uttered,
 They were not their own.
 Precious seed to them entrusted
 Trembling hands have sown;
 Now the Master of the Harvest,
 Christ, is here alone.

Fades away the light of rapture
 To the common day;
 Fades away the glorious vision;
 Wherefore should it stay
 When the Lord Himself abideth
 By our side alway?

Like as Mary, wisely choosing,
 Sat His feet beside,
 Like as Peter, Christ-upholden,
 Trod the raging tide;
 So in tranquil days and stormy,
 He will be our Guide.

Where the two or three are gathered,
 In the midst is He:
 Where the Bread is blessed and broken,
 He revealed shall be:
 When the lonely prayer ascendeth,
 Lord, 'tis heard by Thee!

Blessèd solitude, that shareth
 So Divine a Guest!
 Happy moments, spent reposing
 On the Saviour's Breast!
 Listening to His 'Come, ye weary,
 Come to Me and rest.'

At the door His Hand was knocking;
 We that Hand have known.
 Enter! keep my heart, Belovèd,
 Evermore Thine own;
 May within my spirit's temple
 Christ be found alone!

JERRY VOGEL.

Canon Twells' *Colloquies on Sermons* [Longmans] are not only most amusing, but highly to be recommended as suggestive not only to sermon preachers but to sermon hearers, and to all that have to do with them. We can hardly tell which is most cleverly written: the "Young Ladies," the "Schoolboys," or "Lady Gossip's party;" besides the more serious conversations, between which the lighter ones come sandwiched.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE

X.

ADDISON'S CRITICISMS ON *Paradise Lost*.

ON Monday, December 31st, 1711, the following announcement appeared at the conclusion of the *Spectator* for that morning—

'As the first Place among our *English* poets is due to Milton, and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* till I have given my thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not, however, presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same subject.'

Joseph Addison, the writer of the above, had been addicted to criticism from his youth, as is shown by the verses which he contributed to Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1794, and which contained, to quote his own words—

'A short account of all the Muse possess
That down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhimes.'

The same poem affords testimony to his admiration for Milton—

'But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfettered in majestick numbers walks.

Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse arrayed in Majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.'

Furnished then with the results of a protracted study of the English, no less than of the classic poets, and imbued with respect and admiration for his subject, Addison entered upon the task of making Milton better known, more highly appreciated, among his countrymen. It has been sometimes maintained that the great epic poet was comparatively unread, unvalued, until the appearance of the series of *Saturday Spectators*; but this contention is sufficiently disproved by the fact that, before the end of the seventeenth century, no less than six editions of *Paradise Lost* had been published. It

was also of course well known how Dryden, on first reading the poem, had exclaimed, 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too,' and every one must have been familiar with the lines which he wrote in 1638 for Milton's portrait in Tonson's edition of *Paradise Lost*—

'Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The First in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The Next in Majesty; in both the Last;
The force of Nature cou'd no farther goe,
To make a Third she joyn'd the former two.'

Dryden had been the king of the literary world, and it was not likely that poems which had the seal of his approval should be suffered to fall into oblivion within eleven years of his death.

On the other hand, undeniable as are these facts, it is extremely difficult to believe that the majority, at all events, of the reading public in the early part of the seventeenth century can have been in sympathy with Milton, can have really understood and appreciated his work, so different were his literary ideals from those which were brought into vogue by the disciples of the French school, by Dryden himself, and his successors. Perfection of form, correctness of style, compliance with known rules—these were the aims of the post-Restoration writers; authorship with them was an affair of taste, not, as with Milton, of deep moral significance; it was an elegant occupation, not a life-long dedication of self. A fair illustration of the spirit which was invading literature is afforded by the French critic Malherbe, who, 'an hour before his death, woke up with a start to correct his nurse for use of a word that was not good French; and when his confessor reprimanded him for that, said that he could not help himself, and that he would defend to the death the purity of the French language.' Dryden was indeed a great critic, and full of true reverence for both Shakspeare and Milton; yet he was capable of stating seriously that Shakspeare used blank verse to avoid the trouble of rhyming, and his respect for Milton did not preserve him from publishing a rhymed opera based on *Paradise Lost*. Finally, in Pope, Dryden's successor in the literary dictatorship, we see at its height the regard for manner, independently of matter, the worship of rhyme, and the sense of obligation to rules derived through French critics from Aristotle.

The *Essay on Criticism* was published in 1711, the year in which Addison's papers on Milton began to appear; and there could hardly be anything much more opposed to Milton's theory of poetry than the two lines, which not inadequately represent the views of the 'correct' school—

'But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong.'

Contrast Milton's account of his own self-dedication to the pro-

duction of a great epic poem. After describing his early training, and the growth of his conviction that, 'by labour and intent study,' he might perhaps 'leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die,' he goes on to say, 'these thoughts at once possess me, and these other, that if *I* were certain to write as men buy Leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had, than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause . . . I applied myself . . . to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; *not to make verbal curiosities the end, that were a toylsome vanity*; but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this Iland in the mother dialect. . . . Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and vertu through all the instances of example with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unlesse they see her elegantly drest, that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appeare to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. . . . And the accomplishment . . . lies not but in a power above man's to promise . . . not to be obtain'd by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternall spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallow'd fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases; to this must be added industrious and select reading, steddly observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affaires, till which in some measure be compast, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.'

The loftiness of purpose, the high seriousness, the deep religious sense which pervades this passage, could find no true echo among the wits of the so-called Augustan age, and it was a doubtful enterprise upon which Addison embarked when he undertook to popularise the poet whose mind was cast on so different a mould to their own.

Addison himself had indeed one characteristic in common with Milton; both poet and critic wrote with a didactic aim, but while the one was a great prophet, the other was rather an engaging and excellent schoolmaster, and it may be doubted whether the qualifications of the latter are precisely those which necessarily tend to the best and truest appreciation of the former. The requirements of the time had changed, and as in Milton's day the triumph of political opponents meant the triumph of Antichrist, while in Addison's it was merely the temporary accession to power of a slightly less satisfactory set of politicians, so to Milton and his school immorality meant sin and destruction, while to Addison and kindred moralists—excellent and upright men as they were—it meant primarily a departure from

propriety which must incur the reprobation and well-bred satire of men of taste. Addison then reasoned and charmed his readers into the adoption of a higher standard of morality than that which was current when he began to write, and in the same way they were to be 'inoculated,' as De Quincey says, 'with a sense of the Miltonic grandeur.' The eighteen papers in which his criticism is embodied fall naturally into two divisions: the first six dealing with *Paradise Lost* as a whole, telling us what it is, is not, and ought to be, and treating of the Fable, Characters, Sentiments, Language, and Defects; the last twelve dealing in succession with each book of the poem. The 'Rules of Epic Poetry,' by which Milton is to be judged, are substantially those laid down in Aristotle's *Poetics*, though Addison admits that these 'cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since Aristotle's time; as it is plain they would have been still more perfect cou'd he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred years after his Death.' The tone adopted throughout is defensive, if not apologetic, and the main contention appears to be that *Paradise Lost* possesses enough points of similarity with the *Iliad* and *Æneid* to make it worthy of attention and admiration. Accordingly we are shown that the action of the poem is, according to the law laid down by Aristotle and observed by Homer and Virgil, 'one, entire, and complete,' that the characters are as various as the subject admitted, that as 'Virgil has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments, so Milton shines likewise very much in this Particular,' and that Milton's language is both perspicuous and sublime, that he chiefly attains to this perspicuity and sublimity by observance of Aristotle's rule that the 'Idiomatick stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed' by the use of metaphors, and of idioms from other languages, and by 'the lengthening of a Phrase by the addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables.' The defects pointed out by Addison are (1) that the event of the fable, or plot, is unhappy; (2) that 'some particulars are introduced which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem,' rather savouring of 'the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil'; (3) there are too many digressions; (4) there is ostentation of learning, and a use of puns, jingling lines, and technical terms.

It will hardly be felt nowadays that criticism of this description either displays, or could communicate much insight into, the spirit of a poem or the philosophy of its author. After reading it we do not feel that we know more about Milton, or can better appreciate his genius than before, and there is something slightly irritating in the talk about 'complex' and 'implex' fables, and the way in which Homer and Virgil, though 'Masters of all the Learning of their Times,' yet carefully concealed the fact. It would, nevertheless, be

a great mistake to underrate Addison's genuine feeling and admiration for his author, and although we may not precisely see the necessity for trying Milton by these exact standards, it is something that, even according to them, he was not found wanting; nay, in certain particulars he is even admitted to have surpassed his models, the action of *Paradise Lost*, for instance, being pronounced to excel both the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, in that it was 'contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven,' and the characters of Adam and Eve in their innocence to be 'not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters, either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or, indeed, in the whole circle of Nature.' The following passage also was calculated to awaken a sense of the wide scope of Milton's theme, the greatness of his poem; and it as nearly approaches enthusiasm as Addison could permit. 'Milton's subject,' he says, 'was still greater than either of the former (the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, of course); it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole species. The united Powers of Hell are joyned together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their enemies are the fallen Angels, the Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, everything that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part assigned it in this noble Poem.'

These remarks may well be supplemented by a passage from a modern critic, who says: 'It is the vast comprehension of the story, both in space and time, as leading to this point, that makes it unique among epics, and entitles Milton to speak of it as involving—

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

It is, in short, a poetical representation, on the authority of hints from the Book of Genesis, of the historical connexion between Human Time and Aboriginal or Eternal Infinity, or between our Created World, and the immeasurable and inconceivable Universe of Pre-human Existence.'

Addison's more detailed criticism in the last twelve papers is singularly barren and uninteresting. We are wearied by the frequent application of the epithet 'sublime,' and the as frequent reference to the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, and the example of Homer and Virgil.

In the criticism on Book I. we are told that 'the Catalogue of Evil Spirits has a great deal of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry;' and that 'the Account of *Shammuz* is finely Romantick,' while the passage which, perhaps, receives the highest commendation, is that describing the minor spirits as shrinking into a small compass 'that there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly

in the capacious Hall,' while 'those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.'

Exception is taken in the remarks on Book II. to the description of the 'Imaginary Persons' who inhabited chaos, and this on the ground that the critic is 'most pleased with those Passages which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened;' for instance, Satan's 'first mounting in the Smoak that rises from the infernal Pit; his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage; his springing upward like a Pyramid of Fire.' This demand for 'probability,' and objection to allegorical personages is somewhat astonishing in a critic who had Homer and Virgil ever before his eyes, and who remembered the personification of Sleep, Toil, Death, and their fellows in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Addison, however, is passing judgment according to Aristotle's rule that the circumstances in which the Fable of an Epic poem should abound must be not only astonishing, but credible, and this rule he considers as 'fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of Poetry.' Most readers of the present day will feel thankful that Milton was not so obedient to Aristotle's rule as to deprive us of the stately lines—

'With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The Consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.'

The quotations from Milton are, indeed, the chief consolation afforded to the reader of Addison's papers, and the selection of passages is by no means as open to criticism as is the nature of the comments themselves. For instance, every one is agreed as to the extreme beauty and elevation of the following passage—

'How
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.'

It must be admitted that a critic who commended such poetry as the above to the readers and admirers of Congreve, Walsh, Prior, Phillips, and the like, deserved well of his generation, and provided they were effectual, perhaps the nature of his recommenda-

tions is not of so much consequence. There has been a reaction since the days of the 'Addison-Johnson criticism, which regarded a poem as made up of images and propositions in verse;' and, perhaps, the tendency is now to dwell too much upon the 'inner meaning' of a poem, occasionally, indeed, to find more inner meaning than its author intended. With Milton, however, it is not, as with Shakspeare, a question of obscure passages, pregnant with deep meaning, and capable of manifold interpretation. The sense of *Paradise Lost* is usually clear enough, so that there is no need for minute verbal criticism, which tends to divert the attention from that to which it should be specially directed, the vast extent, the grandeur of Milton's conception as a whole. It seems impossible to accord sufficient admiration to the greatness of a mind which could embrace a theme 'involving the fortunes of the whole human race from before the world began to be,' and which dared, not merely to present an allegorical and imaginative description of the unknown, as did Dante, for instance, but, taking for its basis facts few in number, yet held to be sacred and true, to build upon these a poem which should give to himself and his readers theological satisfaction no less than intellectual delight.

There could be no fitter instrument to carry out so great a design than Milton's magnificent blank verse, the very sound of which conveys an idea of the loftiness of his subject. The comparison to the swelling notes of an organ has been often made, and it would be difficult to find one more adequate for the grandeur of the prelude which announces the coming story—

'Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.'

It is, however, neither in the subject of his poem nor in the mechanism of his verse that the secret of Milton's wonderful power and attraction is to be sought, but rather in the loftiness of soul, the spiritual insight, the moral grandeur of the poet himself. There is magnetism in these things, and as we read his poems, some subtle influence possesses us, and renders us capable of seeing in part what Milton saw when, in his blind old age, he prayed for Celestial Light, that he might

'See and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

'The elevation is communicated to us,' says Mr. Pattison, 'not by the dogma or deliverance, but by sympathy. We catch the contagion of the poet's moral attitude.'

Those who read Addison's papers will do well to follow the advice of one of his latest editors, not to 'stop at the Primer, but pass on to a personal apprehension of the great English Epic; in the persuasion, that in no speech under heaven is there a poem of more Sublimity,

Delight, and Instruction than that which Milton was maturing for a quarter of a century; and that there is nothing human more wonderful, and at the same time more true, than those visions of the whole system of the intellectual World, the *Chaos*, and the Creation, Heaven, Earth, and Hell, over which—in the deep darkness of his blindness—Milton's spirit so long brooded, and which at length he revealed to Earth in his astonishing Poem.'

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—XI.

Questions.

73. What is Addison's estimate of (a) the Characters, (b) the Language of *Paradise Lost*?

74. Who is the hero of *Paradise Lost*? How far do you agree with Addison's views on this subject?

75. What do you understand by '*comparaisons à longue queue*'? Give instances from Milton, and if possible from Homer and Virgil.

76. Do you agree with Addison in objecting to the introduction of Heathen Fables into *Paradise Lost*?

77. What does Addison say of the speeches in *Paradise Lost* attributed to Divine beings?

78. What is Milton's conception of the *Limbo of Vanities*? Why does Addison object to it?

79. Relate the episode of Sin and Death as conceived by Milton, and give Addison's opinion of it.

80. How does Addison criticise the following passages? Are his objections reasonable?

(a) 'Adam the goodliest Man of men since born,
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.'

(b) 'And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way.'

(c) 'The small Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes.'

(d) 'Thou also mad'st the night
Maker omnipotent and thou the day.'

81. Mention the leading characteristics of Addison's prose style. Criticise the following passages—

(a) 'To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree.'

(b) 'Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror, to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty.'

(c) 'As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have resembled him in the greatness of genius, than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors.'

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Addison's '*Criticism on Paradise Lost*' is published in Arber's Reprints, price 9d.; but there is no good annotated edition. Students are recommended to read *Paradise Lost* together with Addison's Papers, and a comparison of other criticisms on Milton will be found useful—e.g. those of Johnson, Hallam, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Macaulay, etc.; also De Quincey's remarks on Addison.

January Class List.

First Class.

Greta	99	J. C. K.	91
Bee		Bunny	90
Lisle		Hilda	
Patty	98	Mu, Mu, Kappa	89
White Hawthorn		M. E. Ackerley	88
Cordelia		I. M. Douglas	
Cornflower	97	A. I. P.	85
A. C. Shipton		Eugenie	84
Sybil		Kleine Katze	75
Fides	95		

Second Class.

Secnarf 65

Third Class.

Sunflower 85

Final Class List.

(For the seven months ending January 1889.)

Those who have not sent four papers are not classed.

First Class.

Minimum $70 \times 7 = 490$.

* Greta	604	* Patty	535	* Sybil	497
* A. I. P.	559	* Maia	510		

Second Class.

Minimum $45 \times 7 = 315$.

* Fides	479	Mu Mu Kappa	441	Dewitte.	366
* White Hawthorn	468	E. M. Collum	489	A. M. G.	365
* Kleine Katze }	467	* Bunny	436	Cordelia	361
* Secnarf		Snapdragon	423	Rachel Carlisle	355
* Cornflower	462	* Eugenie	420	J. C. K.	352
Alice M.	456	Dick	398	Mühle	338
Irene	455	Adoxa	396	* May.	333
* Hilda	444	* M. E. Ackerley	391	Senga	318
Joiner	443	Wolferstan	370	Caro.	315

* Sent 7 Papers of Answers.

Third Class.

Rêve d'Or	314	Gretchen.	231	Gorse.	167
Sunflower	294	M. A. S.	201	Stephanotis	139
Asphodel.	246	Cantia	182	Lily Noble	103
Ellice.	242				

French Literature Class.

A class in French Literature will be commenced in July for a first course till December. Entrance fee, 2s. 6d. Those who wish for return of criticised papers, another 2s. 6d. at first and return postage with each set of answers. Address Miss Le Fléchier, c/o Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Further discussion on Sunday-schools.

The Sunday-schools have been bravely defended. Chelsea China is very glad to see how many there must be which appear to be perfectly satisfactory, and feels that this is in itself an answer to the question.

It appears that the 'day of the old Sunday-school system is *not* coming to an end' in the opinion of most correspondents. One correspondent says 'order keeps itself.' Others do not seem to have encountered the difficulties of rudeness, and, if such an expression may be used, of *serious* levity.

Very few remarks occur to Chelsea China. That where order does *not* keep itself, *it should* be kept, sounds trite; but, like many truisms, it is often experienced as a truth. Easy superintendents are apt to think strict teachers captious and unsympathetic, and if the superintendent is severe, it is very hard on a teacher to have her pet black lambs sharply rebuked, and perhaps offended.

Chelsea China would gently suggest to all superintendents and teachers to remember that personal liking for themselves is compatible with very bad behaviour to other people. Never—never, when your blackest and curliest lamb has butted at your substitute, feel a thrill of delight in the thought 'She wouldn't have done it to *me*!'

And remember gambols are not always harmless. There is play—and play. There is 'jesting which is not convenient.'

In large town schools, the individualising of the children into bands or guilds seems helpful, and picks them out of the mass, and Chelsea China is inclined to think that as both girls and boys cease to be children, private classes, of course in connection with the clergy, are better for them than continuing to attend the Sunday-school, where the associations are of childish tricks and follies. Sometimes the mere fact of being under charge in church, or in walking through the street, like a child, makes a young woman inclined to giggle. At any rate, it makes several young women do so.

Perhaps the apparent failure really comes from the fact that more is being attempted, and that these great town schools are nets for all sorts of fish. Perhaps it is well that what we most regret should be seen and known, and thus have a chance of being corrected; but surely it should be corrected, now and then, even to the point of expulsion; one must sometimes be sacrificed for the many.

One word in conclusion. Chelsea China has chosen to take an entirely practical and *secular* line in this controversy, not because she does not think 'the one thing needful' is the one thing needful in the matter; but because she does not think that Sunday-school teachers do as a rule need to be roused to spiritual earnestness. There is happily much of that among them. What she thinks is not always understood, is the way to make this tell. You must make the railroad before the steam can send the train in the right direction.

Undine starts a tremendous problem. Chelsea China will leave her remarks without comment.

Chelsea China has found it very difficult to choose between the many interesting papers sent to her.

Three are unfavourable. *Fleur de Lys* again, in a very suggestive paper, in which she urges the training of teachers to *teach*, not only to know; *Martina*, in a dreadful counter-blast to the favourable description of the Northern school. *Sceptical* children, Chelsea China hopes, are rare. Were not these answers an *extreme* form of 'cheek?' *E. P. M.* is given. Strongly in favour are: *A Brighton Teacher*, *South London Superintendent*. *Janet* criticises *X.*'s remarks something to the same point as *Blackbird*. *A Teacher who never loses hope*, very encouraging paper. *Edith* has found many good results follow. *I. M. D.* describes a very happy state of things. *Blackbird* also. *An Onlooker* would have been given if it had not been written on two sides of the paper. *M. B.* also in favour; *Vicars* very favourable.

Scholars attend for three principal reasons: (1) The little ones come because their mothers want to get them out of the way while they cook the dinner; (2) Middle-sized children come to get out of helping their mothers, nursing babies, and so on; (3) Big boys and girls come chiefly for amusement, to show off their Sunday clothes, gossip, and lay a foundation for flirting by showing themselves and inspecting others. This is the general result to which thirty-eight years' experience has brought me. Very few indeed come, or are sent by their parents, *to learn*. Here in the North—at least in Lancashire—a fourth motive becomes in time a strong one—to gain prizes. Bad as all these motives are, I do not think they kill the usefulness of Sunday-schools; the great thing is to teach the children something when you have got them there, and now that religious teaching is so scarce, and mostly so bad, in the day-school, even the little that can be given in the Sunday-school is not to be despised. A great and, I fear, an increasing danger is to look on Sunday-school as a substitute for the Church. To meet this danger by careful adjustment of services and their duration to the capacities of children is, of course, the business of the clergy, and lies outside the limits of the present subject. One great drawback in town is the impossibility of getting together anything like an adequate staff of educated (let alone of trained) teachers.

Some clergy think it not a disadvantage to have teachers of the same social status as the scholars; but I think this a mistake from many points of view.

For many reasons then, I think the present system does *not* work satisfactorily in large towns, but still, that its abolition would be attended with many disadvantages.

E. P. M.

It appears to me that a very curious experiment is now being tried. Instead of orderly, carefully-trained children being gradually led up to religious privileges, and to the higher forms of spiritual life—these great privileges through Guilds, early Confirmations, universal Communicating, are given *first*, and common-place order, decency, and civility it is hoped will follow. A girl who throws stones at the boys, ‘cheeks’ her teachers, knocks over the school forms with her friends, and is in the stage of development which all this implies, is put into a guild where she solemnly vows to communicate regularly at certain hours, to say daily long and advanced forms of prayer, and, in short, to follow a by no means easy rule of religious life—what effect has this undertaking on a girl who hardly knows truth from falsehood? I cannot answer the question. There is often visible improvement. When there is none, what is the spiritual result? Does constantly breaking a solemn definite vow injure her, or is she so unimpressible that it makes no difference? In the long run shall we ‘*tuer le respect*’ the one advantage of the old shrinking from participation in the sacred Mysteries? Are pearls being cast before swine?

UNDINE.

May *Blackbird* be allowed an answer to X.’s summing up of this question, in which she seems to her to confuse the evils which arise from individual mistakes and bad management, with those which arise from defects inherent in the system, and thus to be unduly hard on the latter?

To go through her ‘points’ one by one.

ADVANTAGES.

1. It is true that Sunday-schools form a link between different classes as far as regards the teachers; but is it equally so among the scholars? In most *town* Sunday-schools, at all events, there is, I fear, a tendency either for the children of the well-to-do to crowd out those of the very poor, or for the introduction of the rough and neglected to drive away the more respectable; though the former is more commonly the case.

2. Of all classes of young people, servant-maids are, in my experience, the most difficult to get to Sunday-school, and when there, gossip and the display of best clothes do not seem to me the most obvious way of turning the privilege to account.

3. Surely it is more than 'now and then' that there is real affection between teacher and taught. Love begets love, and the teacher who cannot give this cannot expect much real success in her work, whatever her other qualifications may be.

4. The refining influence of the teachers may be a most helpful element in Sunday-school work; but where, as is sometimes the case, the school is largely composed of the children of small shop-keepers, well-to-do artisans, etc., and the teachers mostly belong to the same class, with here and there one a little below it, this advantage is lost.

5, 6, and 7 taken together, form, in my estimation, the great and sufficient *raison d'être* of Sunday-schools—namely, that they are, in countless instances, the only link which binds the children of the working-classes to the Church, and to all the privileges the Church has to give them.

8 is hardly put strongly enough. You have in most parishes, on the one hand, a number of people willing and more or less qualified to give religious instruction, and on the other, numbers of children whose parents are willing to send them, and growing-up young people who are willing to come of themselves, to receive that instruction. How are the two to be brought together without some such institution as a Sunday-school?

DISADVANTAGES.

1. The best superintendent for every Sunday-school I should say is the clergyman. Unless he can find a really efficient and experienced substitute, it seems to me that nothing can justify him in entirely relinquishing this part of his work to others. But even a moderately good superintendent, when backed up by his presence, ought to be able to keep such order that it is possible to teach in comfort. The strict discipline of the day-school is, I should say, neither possible nor desirable.

2. No doubt many teachers do not know how to teach when they first begin, and so their classes suffer while they are learning. But it is, it seems to me, incidental to human nature, and not only to the Sunday-school system, that in work which can only be acquired by practice, a certain amount of material must be injured in the process. But if a teacher, after a fair amount of practice, and all the help that can be given, still remains incapable, he or she should be asked to resign. It is not right that the many should suffer for fear of hurting the feelings of one.

3. Voluntary work outside one's own home is seldom a person's first and only duty, and it is therefore impossible that under the most favourable circumstances there can be the same regularity and continuity in a Sunday-school as in a day-school, which is no doubt a *great* drawback; but where changes are continual and irregularity the rule, one may be pretty sure the blame rests with the individual superintendent, not only with the system.

4. Children attending a well-taught Church day-school seldom add much to their *head*-knowledge in the Sunday-school, but even they may add to their *heart*-knowledge there; while those 'who attend Board-schools, or who have long since left the day-school and forgotten most of what they learnt there, have the opportunity of doing both.

5. If incapacity, irregularity, and unpunctuality in the teachers are acquiesced in as necessary evils, of course the scholars will learn nothing; but I am quite sure they need not be.

6. No one, that I know of, *wants* to make them a substitute for the day-school, but as the frequent crushing out of Church-schools by the School-Board, and the comparatively early age at which the children of the poor leave the day-school altogether, are due to circumstances over which we have no control, it is surely wiser to aim at *some* substitute, however inadequate, than simply to lament the circumstances.

7. Certainly they are; and therefore it should always be arranged that the cleverer children should be put under the cleverer teachers. A purely hap-hazard arrangement, though common, is not necessary to the system.

8. If a teacher *never* succeeds in keeping order it is certainly unlikely that she will do her scholars much good of any sort; but it is quite possible for her to fail again and again, and yet to conquer the difficult task in the end. Love and zeal, and patience and perseverance, are higher gifts even than the power of enforcing attention and obedience, and if a teacher has the former, we may well hope that, with pains and practice, the latter 'will be added unto' her.

9 is more or less answered by the remarks in 1, 2, 5, and 8.

10 is a difficulty I can hardly believe in, at all events when the 'young woman' in question has the smallest modicum of dignity and good sense. Bad behaviour I have seen and experienced in big boys, but anything like intentional insolence to a lady, never. Boys suspected to be capable of such conduct should never be put under a woman, and boys proved to be capable of it should be dismissed.

N.B.—Why does X. assume throughout that all Sunday-school teachers are of the female sex, and all young?

Is it 'in order' to criticise our President's remarks? Because if so, I should say that her view of the difficulties seems to me a little exaggerated. I can see no reason why the clergy should not superintend their Sunday-schools nowadays, just as in former times. It is done in nearly all the schools of which I know anything, though there are the full complement of services to be taken besides. And when he does so, when the elder scholars are always put in charge of experienced teachers, when among the juniors there is a fair sprinkling of those who have had some training either in the National Schools or in the High Schools and secondary schools, which are now so often to be found in provincial towns, and above all, where elder

and younger scholars are kept apart from each other, I cannot see why the Sunday-schools of to-day should not be as much superior to those of a generation ago, as are the services and the organisation of the Church generally.

I again apologise humbly—nay, abjectly, for the length of my remarks; but the Sunday-school seems to me so enormous a power for good, that any suggestion to disuse it cannot be too strongly combated by any who have experienced, as I have, what its influence is, seen under the most discouraging circumstances. BLACKBIRD.

A delightful description of a country school, for which there is no space, from *T. M. D.*

Also a paper in favour of 'Tact' from *Felicitas*, and a reply from *Elcaam* to *X. Y. Z.*'s strictures on her views on ghosts. But I am afraid these subjects are closed.

'C. C. won't cut the cleverest caper,
Nor light the clearest, brightest taper,
That covers *Both Sides of the Paper!*
No! It shall all go off in vapour!'

Double Daisy and others too late for insertion this month.

QUESTION FOR MAY.

Are Excitement and the stirring of Emotion on religious subjects to be deprecated?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before June 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE GREAT DOCTORS OF THE WESTERN CHURCH.

Questions for May.

17. What marks has St. Ambrose left on the services of the Church?

18. Give a short analysis of the first ten books of the 'Confessions of St. Augustine.'

19. What part did St. Augustine and the African Church take in the Pelagian controversy? *or*, An account of the conversion of Britain from Pelagianism.

20. A history of St. Jerome.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by June 1st.

N.B. Parker has a shilling edition of the 'Confessions of Augustine' in English.

*February Class List.**First Class.*

Kentigern	}	. . . 40	Sycorax	}	. . . 36	Violets.	. . . 34
Etheldreda			Wylmoote			Water Wagtail	
Speranza	. . . 39	Fidelia	}	. . . 31	Erica	}	. . . 30
Cocksmoor	}	. . . 38			Papaver		
Charissa			Miss Muffet	}	. . . 35	Veritas	
Verena.	. . . 37	Decima	Polypodium				
		Ierne					

Second Class.

King Cole	}	. . . 29	Vorwärts	}	. . . 27	Hazelnut	}	. . . 24
Snapdragon			Countess			Mary		
Budgerigar	}	. . . 28	Mervarid	}	. . . 26	Hegesippus	. . . 23	
De Maura			Box			Millstone		. . . 22
Vivia	}	. . . 24	Espérance	}	. . . 21	Καθολικος	. . . 20	
Cox			Portia			Cecilia		

Third Class.

Trudle 12	Elk 10
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REMARKS.

5. Nearly all have given the Creed correctly. *Etheldreda* and *Bluebell*, correct according to the English version in 'Definitions of Faith,' so have full marks. But if they look at the Greek opposite they will see 'Only-Begotten' is absent before 'Son of God;' it is also absent in Gieseler, who cites a different copy, and should stand, 'Son of God, begotten of the Father, only-begotten.' *Water Wagtail*: the expression in 'that is of the substance' is *οὐσίας* (essence), not *ὁμοούσιον*, which occurs later, where we have 'of one substance,' and which (in

this answer) *Water Wagtail* misspells. Bog-Oak does not *require* any Greek, but if quoted, it should be correct. *Vorwärts, Countess, Καθολικος, Elk, and Trudle* give the Creed of our Communion office, and not that of Nicæa, which differs in many respects, e.g. 'whose kingdom shall have no end' was added later. This remark applies partly to *De Maura, Millstone, Portia, Cecilia, Espérance*. 'Begotten, not made, consubstantial with the Father,' are omitted after 'Very God' by *King Cole and Cox*.

6. Best done by *Kentigern, Etheldreda, Speranza, Charissa, and Fidelia*. *Elk*: The Arian heresy arose in 319, not 306. *Cecilia*: The Emperors now lived in Constantinople, so it was there and not in Rome that St. Athanasius appealed to Constantine after the Council of Tyre, 335 (not Cæsarea); Julian reigned twenty months, not eight. *Budgerigar*: Athanasius was Archbishop of Alexandria, not Antioch. *Polypodium's* Emperors are a little mixed; Constantine was succeeded by his three sons at once. Several who mention the Exiles, confuse them. There are two ways of dating near Sardica, but on the whole these dates are probable, and some certain.

1st *Exile*. 335, by Constantine to Treves. Restored by Constantine II., 338.

2nd. 341, by Constantius after Council of Antioch, went to Rome, etc. Restored at intercession of Constans, 349—the 'glorious festivity.'

3rd. 356, by Constantius. Scene in St. Theonas. Fled to Thebaid. Restored Aug. 362 under cover of Julian's Edict.

4th. Nov. 362, by Julian, 'the little cloud.' Remained hidden in the city. Restored by Jovian, 363.

5th. 367, by Valens. Said to have been hidden in his father's tomb. Restored in four months.

Water Wagtail: He was the guest of Pope Julius, not Liberius. *Erica*: Liberius was not Bishop of Jerusalem, but of Rome. Cyril was the exiled Bishop of Jerusalem. Several members appreciate the great beauty of Athanasius' character. To the world 'a very Athanasius' means often a fighting Bishop of invincible obstinacy; but it has ever been the mark of Athanasius-like defenders of the Faith to stand up 'against the world,' but 'for the Church,' not for themselves, and never for non-essentials. The patience, discretion, and lovely tenderness of Athanasius to those who were weak in action, or halting in faith, were part of his strong noble nature which compels admiration even from Gibbon. This side of his character was well copied by a great Bishop now at rest, who was often called the 'modern Athanasius.'

7. *Water Wagtail*: Hosius had signed the 'Blasphemy of Sirmium,' and Liberius the 'Perfidious Faith,' two years before Ariminium. Hosius was now dead, and Liberius regained his orthodoxy by rejecting the Creed of Ariminium. *Hegesippus* and others: The famous Anathemas by which Arian subtlety deluded the Bishops should have been

mentioned, e.g. 'The Son of God was not a creature *like other creatures*.' What does *Fidelia* mean by the 'Creed of Datea?' Probably the third Sirmian, called the 'Dated Creed,' because (whereas the Catholic Faith is eternal) it recites the date of its composition. All should have given that famous Council of Alexandria in 362, which undid the work of Rimini. *Mary*: Athanasius, however, insisted on Homocousion, it was not left to discretion like hypostasis. Best answers from *Cocksmoor*, *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, and *Verena*.

8. Bog-Oak deeply regrets that by some blunder she put 'Arles' for 'Poitiers.' Her own copy of questions is right, she must have copied wrongly. Either Saint is accepted. St. Hilary of Poitiers, who belongs to this period, and was the friend of Athanasius, and he of Arles, eighty years later, who fought the battle for metropolitan rights with St. Leo. *Ierne* and *Mervarid* nobly give both. All should have said that St. Hilary of Arles is often believed to have compiled the Athanasian Creed. *Veritas* mentions the *Te Deum*, and it may well have come from the School of Lerins, though portions are found earlier. *De Maura* is right, that it is heresy to believe our Lord's Human Nature impassible before the Resurrection. *Millstone*: St. Hilary of Arles will be found in Crake, p. 529, and he is mentioned by Smith, p. 395. *Sycorax*: It was Leo, not Hilary, who was breaking canonical usage. Hilary rightly objected to an appeal from him as metropolitan (in Synod, he had deposed Chelidonius as irregular) to Leo being heard *in Rome*, nevertheless, even in Rome he would have explained to his brother, but not pleaded before him as judge. This was one of the earliest assertions of Roman supremacy, and it is well to bear in mind that not for an hour did the Gallican Church submit to it. Excellent lives by *Kentigern*, *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Ierne*.

Subscriptions received from *Evelyn* and *Theodosius*.

Notices to Correspondents.

Les Verges.—For Oxford Local Examinations, J. B. Lockhart Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford. For Cambridge, Rev. G. E. Browne, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. *Les Verges* also asks where she can find the words of a song beginning—

'Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearnings
Of the soul can sting no more?
* * * *

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find;
Where the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest are left behind.'

V. C. A.—Dedications of Cathedrals.

CANTERBURY. . . .	Originally dedicated to the <i>Holy Trinity</i> ; then called the <i>Church of our Saviour</i> , or <i>Christ Church</i> , but re-dedicated by the Bishop of Rochester, when he was translated to the See in 1114, to the <i>Holy Trinity</i> . After the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, and the solemn desecration, and consequent re-opening of the Cathedral, the name was changed to that of The Church of St. Thomas the Martyr; and so it has continued, but there was no consecration. Besides the shrine of St. Thomas, there are fourteen altars dedicated to different saints, of whom St. Dunstan, St. Anselm, St. Edmund, and St. Benedict were the most important, and a chapel to the B. V. M.
York	SS. Peter and Paul; shrine of St. William of York, St. Osmond, Bishop.
London	} St. Paul.
Westminster	
Durham	St. Edward the Confessor (shrine).
Winchester	St. Cuthbert (shrine), Venerable Bede, St. Oswald, K.
	Holy Trinity, B. V. M., St. Swithin (shrine), St. Bixinus, St. Ethelwold.
Bangor	St. Daniel.
Bath and Wells	St. Peter's Cathedral, Bath; St. Andrew, Wells.
Bristol and Gloucester .	
Carlisle	B. V. M.
Chester	St. Werburga.
Chichester	Holy Trinity, SS. Peter and Paul, St. Richard.
Ely	St. Etheldreda, St. Withberga (shrines).
Exeter	St. Peter (here there is no shrine), St. Sidwell?
Hereford	St. Thomas Cantilupe (shrine), St. Magdalen and St. Catherine, St. Ethelbert (shrine).
Lichfield	St. Chad.
Lincoln	B. V. M., St. Hugh, Bishop; St. Hugh, Child and Martyr.
Liverpool	St. Nicolas (doubtful).
Llandaff	SS. Peter and Paul, St. David.
Manchester?	
Newcastle	St. Nicholas (Church?).
Norwich	St. William the Less (shrine).
Oxford	Christ Church, St. Frideswide? (shrine).
Windsor	Chapel Royal St. George.
Peterborough	SS. Peter and Paul.
Ripon	St. Wilfrid.
Rochester	St. Andrew, SS. Paulenus and Isthmar, St. William of Rochester.
St. Albans.	
St. Asaph.	
St. David.	
Salisbury	B. V. M.; St. Osmund, consecrated Sept. 30, 1238.
Sodor and Man	St. Columba.
Southwell?	
Truro?	
Wakefield?	
Worcester	Bishop Wulfsten, St. Oswald.

There are, of course, many more saints whose shrines or relics have been deposited in the different cathedrals. Whipple's 'Cathedra Hawenbutt,' second and enlarged edition; 'Cahier,' Camden; the 'Dictionnaire d'Iconographie,' par L. Abbé Migne (Murray); and Baedeker's 'England,' are always useful. 'Kelly' is good, but large, and not cheap. ELIZ. CT. D'ARLEY.

The line, 'Not she with traitrous kiss,' is from 'Woman,' by Eaton Samuel Barrett, Tasmania.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1889.

TRUTH WITH HONOUR.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE AND M. BRAMSTON.

CHAPTER XV.

UNTRUTH.

CHERITON, meanwhile, went out with the realisation of a check to his growing passion suddenly forced on him—the passion which had swept over all the full, well-ordered years that had passed since his early heart-break; which had seemed to him to fill up all blank places, to atone for all shortcomings in his lot, as it overwhelmed him with the flood of personal life.

He had no more power to interpret Maisie's looks and words, no more skill to judge of a girl's meaning, for all the insight into character, the quick appreciation of motive which he had often felt himself to possess. He was confused and bewildered, with no experience, it seemed, to fall back upon, but that scar across his soul which the old wound had left there; the wound that thrilled anew with doubt and suspicion, through all the loving-kindness, through all the gentle wisdom, which had helped to heal it. The old intense desires, the old eager hopes, were there all the same—would this lead to the same disappointment? It was not quite the same. Those years of self-discipline had not been lived in vain. Cheriton did not let himself go, his life held more than personal aims, he had had much training in unselfishness and disciplined renunciation, and he knew that this beautiful thing might never be his. Maisie's love might not be for him to win. Cheriton could not but know that he had many advantages over Lucas Ingleston, and he could hardly help laughing to himself, in the midst of his painful perplexity, at his appearance in the character of the gilded butterfly of fiction. The handsomer and better-born lover was of course the anti-hero if not the villain of the piece. Still it seemed to him that youthful strength and freshness, and old companionship, were much to set on the other side. He was unselfish, 'loving, and giving,' on the highest grounds; but he had his share of North-country shrewd-

ness and tenacity, and no romantic notions of self-sacrifice for the sake of self-sacrifice. It might be well for Maisie to marry Lucas Ingleston; but it might not. If it were well, he would yield up his hope without one grudge, though with many pangs. But if it were not well, no one and nothing should stand in his path. He knew that his brothers and sisters would not altogether approve of his choice; but it was entirely his own affair; and as for the uncomfortable mystery that divided Gwendolen from Humfrey Bevan, if, as he believed, Maisie was only involved in it for her sister's sake, she only needed the more the protection that he could give her.

When he found her, where he was certainly seeking her, in the old shady walk in Arden's Paradise, and saw the sudden brightness flash into her face as he approached her, he forgot all his misgivings, and was indeed 'happy as a lover.'

'I'm glad I have met your cousin,' he said. 'What good work he seems to be doing! He must be a capital fellow. If his brother is at all of the same sort, I think Frank couldn't do better than be with him.'

'The Inglestons are by way of being good,' said Maisie demurely. 'It runs in the family. Lucas is tremendously good. Everybody looks up to him.'

Maisie uttered this speech in an odd little made-up voice, which might have meant that she was shy of talking of Lucas, or that she was making fun of him. She was really frightened at the reference to Hal, and also extremely self-conscious.

'So I should suppose,' said Cheriton, rather flatly.

'I don't think though,' said Maisie, 'that I do like people better the *gooder* they are. One ought, I suppose.'

'I don't see why you should, at all!' was Cheriton's edifying response.

'For instance,' said Maisie, 'I'm sure, however good I get, I shall always detest Mrs. Ingleston! Lucas isn't as bad as his mother though—or as good.'

'Some people suit us better than others,' said Cheriton.

Maisie looked round at him with a curious furtive expression in her eyes that puzzled him extremely.

'Looking up to people is very fatiguing!' she said, 'even—even if they do suit us.'

Cheriton said nothing enlightening; indeed, he said nothing at all. It did not occur to him to try to help out her thoughts; he only wanted to know what she meant.

And she? Had the sight of Lucas really recalled to her what it was to be thought-free, and heart-free? Was it *Lucas* she meant when she spoke of the strain of an upward-looking love? A soul is born with many pangs, and Maisie felt that if she yielded to the mighty influence that had come upon her, the old careless life would be beyond recall. For one fleeting, shrinking moment she felt as if

she could have run away to old times with Lucas—to be the Maisie her daddy had known—even without ‘daddy.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Cheriton timidly, after a pause, ‘it might be possible—to make another happy—if there was that kind of suiting—even if one wasn’t much to look up to.’

‘Oh, what do you mean?’ said Maisie, with an odd, sudden laugh; for she knew what he did mean, and a tremendous revulsion of feeling seized on her. The influence was too mighty for her, and it overcame. Her whole face softened, and she looked up at his.

‘Oh, I do like goodness!’ she said. ‘If you only knew——’

‘Tell me,’ said Cheriton; ‘no, stay—I have something first to tell you!’

For one instant Maisie saw the face that seemed to her all light and love turned full upon her; then she sprang to her feet and turned away.

‘No, no!’ she cried; ‘no, there’s nothing to tell, and one’s little difficulties will settle themselves somehow. Girls always make mountains out of mole-hills. You’re very kind—very. But I haven’t got anything to tell you—and I promised Gwen to take a walk.’

She flew off without giving him time for another word, leaving him certain of nothing but that he had received a decided rebuff—a rebuff such as Maisie had given him no reason to anticipate. The relation that had been growing up between them changed altogether. Maisie kept him at a distance during the days that followed. But as he recalled the weeks they had spent together, nay, as he noticed her looks and tones now, he could not believe that she was quite indifferent to him. She should not be sacrificed to any old entanglement, to any half-conscious scruple. If she did not care for him at all, then—‘I am *still* easily deluded!’ thought Cheriton.

But all the pleasantness of daily life had vanished. Cheriton knew that Jack had found him out; and knew, with certain intuition, what Jack thought about it, by every tone of his voice, when he found fault with him for feeling the long-continued hot weather, which tried his strength, independently of anxiety and suspense, Quixeter air no longer having the effect of champagne upon him.

The necessity of a decision about Frank Maxwell’s future was forced upon him by a letter from another cousin of the boy’s in a distant county, offering him a post in a great brewery, in which he was a partner. Cheriton did not incline to this idea. He knew that the matter must be settled one way or another, and that he must clear up his doubts about Hal Ingleston.

‘I think I ought to go over to Paul’s Warrendon,’ he said, one day to Gipsy, whom he found in the drawing-room, just before dinner—Maisie, the only other person in the room, was sitting apart in the window. ‘I must get this matter settled, if possible.’

‘Oh, Cherry,’ said Gipsy, ‘that can’t be necessary. It is such a tiresome journey—very bad for you in this heat. I am sure

Gwen or Maisie could tell you anything you want to know about Mr. Ingleston. Don't go and knock yourself up.'

Cheriton crossed over to the window. He was not given to double motives; but the chance of consulting her, of hearing her talk about the Inglestons, and so of having a chance of guessing at her feelings towards one of them, was too sweet to be neglected.

'Can you tell me?' he said, in a low tone. 'Am I venturing too far in asking you—if you think Frank might be trusted to Mr. Henry Ingleston? Can you tell me in confidence—if he is—like his brother? Is he a man to trust a lad with, upright and dependable—quite trustworthy?'

Maisie had self-command enough to repress the start, which the question caused her; but she could not prevent the colour leaving her cheeks and lips, and then rushing back in double force.

Cheriton was watching her face. He saw that what he said had moved her.

'It is about this question of Frank Maxwell. If I could have settled the matter with your father, no doubt all would have been easy. I will tell you why I ask,' he went on, and then he proceeded to tell her more particularly the question at issue. Before he had quite finished his narration, the rest of the party entered, the gong sounded, and they went in to dinner.

Maisie felt as if she was in a dream. She had not Cheriton by her side, for in self-defence she had taken the solitary chair in the party of five; the one determination that she could form was that she would go to bed immediately after dinner, and so get the chance of a night's consideration before she had to answer that question. Having settled this, she rattled more than was her wont, and Gipsy, observing her flushed face, was not much surprised to hear her say after dinner that she was tired, and should like to go to bed at once.

'Do, Maisie, and sleep as late as you like to-morrow. You look quite feverish,' she said kindly.

Maisie slept in a dressing-room opening out of Gwen's room. Gipsy felt that the sisters were not enough united not to wish each for her own privacy, and had given it to them in this way. Maisie performed her unrobing with more deliberation than was her wont, with the desire of postponing the dreaded moment; but at last there was nothing before her left to do. Her room looked west, and the sunset sky glowed between the great elms; but poor Maisie had no heart to be comforted by its beauty. She hid her face between her two hands, and tried to think.

What could she do? Maisie did not entirely understand the history of Hal Ingleston's life before she had herself grown up; she had always heard him spoken slightly of, but she had imagined, as girls do, that his worst crime had been getting into debt and marrying with nothing to live on. All that she really knew against him was what her father had told her; and was it possible that she

could in any respect answer Cheriton's question without giving a clue that might lead to the betrayal of the secret? If she said, 'I have reason to think Hal Ingleston is not an upright and dependable man,' would not the inevitable question follow, 'What reason?' If she replied, 'I had rather not say,' would it not be at once suggesting a mystery of which Cheriton might think it his duty to find out the clue? Would not the same result follow any unwillingness to answer on her part? What could she do to keep her secret? Maisie could not think of anything except the deliberate lie, 'I know nothing to the contrary.' And the thought of telling a lie to Cheriton of all people was simply abhorrent to her. She loved Cheriton—she owned it now to herself—she believed, indeed, she had good reason to believe, that Cheriton loved her; he was not only her lover, he was the best and noblest man she had ever met—and yet she must deliberately deceive him! And that meant—Maisie felt now only too well—that she must be content, should he find her out, to be despised and misunderstood by him for evermore. Nor did it comfort her to feel that he would not find her out. No, Maisie had come so far that an undetected deceit was, as regarded her own feelings, no better than a detected one; to feel that he would despise her if he found it out, was not much better than to feel that he had found it out and did despise her. How easy it would be to tell him! how light the burden would become then! But she had promised; it was the one thing that her father had demanded of her that she should right his wrong by keeping Hal's secret; and, at whatever cost, she *must* do it.

There came a time, in the future, when Maisie came to think that she had made a mistake, and that to tell Cheriton the truth, in faith that he would help her to right the wrong, in accordance with the intuition of his character which love had given her, would have been the best and highest course after all; that as the course of loyal concealment, disregarding its cost to herself, was higher than simply holding to verbal truth in order to relieve herself of a burden, so faith would have been higher even than loyal concealment. But if so, it was a stage for which her soul was as yet unprepared. She was very young in conscience, the obligation to regard Frank Maxwell's interests did not occur to her, and the more she thought the matter over, the less possible she felt it to answer Cheriton truthfully without betraying her father's secret. If she gave him any clue to Hal's character—so she thought—his responsibility as guardian to the Maxwells would at once induce him to ferret out the whole mystery. Oh, how hard it was! Maisie felt that she had not sympathised enough with Gwen in her trouble; and yet she dared not go and consult Gwen now. She was sure that Gwen would want her to tell—nay, very probably would take it into her own hands to explain—for she knew only too well that Gwen's heart was not in the concealment as hers was, for her father's sake, and she was

never sure that Gwen might not take the matter upon herself, or at least give every facility to Cheriton to find out what it was. So the poor girl went over the matter, backwards and forwards, but could see nothing but that it was her duty to deceive Cheriton Lester. Hours and hours had past; the after-glow of the sunset had died away, the moonlight lay on the lawn, fretting it with the shadows of the elms; and as Maisie stood there, bracing herself with tearless eyes and bleeding heart to endure the destruction of the most beautiful thing that ever had, and in all probability ever would, come into her life rather than betray her promise to her father, a thought came to her little childish soul which gave her courage and determination to overcome. Perhaps she was bearing this pain for him! and perhaps—nay, surely—Cheriton would know it one day. When the secrets of all hearts were revealed, he would know that she could not help it—that it was that she *must* not tell. And comforted a little with this thought, Maisie threw herself on her bed, and cried herself to sleep.

Gipsy came in to look after her the next morning, and found her quite unfit to get up, with severe nervous headache. But Maisie's determination held.

'Gipsy,' she said, 'you know Mr. Cheriton Lester asked me a question about—some one—whether he was an upright and dependable person. Will you say, please—I had no opportunity last night—that I know nothing against the person he spoke of?'

'Mr. Ingleston?—oh! Wait till you see him and explain—wouldn't it be better?' said Gipsy. 'He would not go to Paul's to-day.'

'Please tell him!' said poor Maisie, with a pleading face and dazed eyes. 'He wanted to know, but I had to go to bed.'

'All right, I'll tell him,' said Gipsy, thinking that Maisie was most unnecessarily fussy about what seemed to her an unimportant matter, but putting it down to a 'Despard headache.' Gwen was subject to them, and scarcely knew where she was or what she was doing when undergoing a bad one; Maisie, before the accident on the marsh, had not known what they were.

She gave her message at breakfast time, and Cheriton received it without comment. Soon afterwards the letters came in. He opened the only one for himself, and read it. It was marked 'Private and Confidential.'

'DEAR SIR,

'My son Lucas tells me my sister is thinking of placing her step-son in my son Henry's bank at Paul's Warrendon, and that you are disposed to further the plan. I think for my own part that you had better place him elsewhere. My son is not, in my opinion, a person of sufficiently formed principles to have the training of a young man, and I recommend you to think of some other plan for Frank Maxwell. Lucas and I think we could do something for him by putting him into this business, if he turned out steady and

industrious; but his mother has queer notions in her head, and does not particularly care about our interference. As to his being put under Henry's charge, I consider it quite out of the question. I fear the Miss Despards must be aware how lightly he is looked upon here, and I am sorry to say, with reason. He is improving now, and I have had no fault to find with him of late; but his former career has not been blameless, as any one will tell you.

‘I remain, yours faithfully,

‘SAMUEL INGLESTON.’

Cheriton folded up this letter and put it in his pocket, feeling more and more puzzled. Why, in that case, should Maisie have taken the trouble to send him a message to the contrary? Why should she not have let the matter stand? He resolved to make one more effort to come to an understanding for both their sakes.

Maisie came down in the evening, looking very white, but otherwise better; her headache had gone, and she made an effort to talk and laugh as usual, almost as she had done the night before. They all went out on the lawn after dinner, and Maisie tried to keep near the rest, and to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with Cheriton; but she was not fated to do so.

‘One moment,’ he said to her, as the rest were going in; ‘it was very good of you to send me that message about Mr. Henry Ingleston; but it is rather an important thing, and I want to know—if you will tell me—how much you have to go upon, when you say you know nothing against him.’

Poor Maisie detected at once the shade of coldness in his tone, and noticed that his eyes looked at her differently—less sympathetically, more scrutinisingly. He could not help seeing that every shade of colour went out of her cheeks and lips. It was with a great effort that she kept herself from trembling visibly. ‘For dear daddy—for his sake,’ she said to herself—and then, in a composed, almost hard tone—

‘I know him as my second cousin, and my father's partner. If he had ever done anything to make him—what did you say? not upright or dependable, I suppose I should have known it.’

‘And you don't?’ said Cheriton, perceiving, as Maisie hardly did, that this was no assertion at all.

Maisie braced herself to face him with her great grey eyes—it was still broad daylight, and he saw that there was a steady, hard—yes—*false* look in them, as she answered ‘No.’ He could not repress the look of incredulity and pain that came over his own face. Maisie saw it, and *knew* that he saw that she lied. Each turned away from the other at the same moment, Maisie feeling as if life were at an end, Cheriton, that he had made a second fatal mistake.

CHAPTER XVI.

BURNING QUESTIONS.

CHERITON had, through life, been often baffled in his heart's desires, and had let many a one go, with sweet and gallant patience. And though he was one whose offerings could never cost him nothing, he would have wished his strong fresh hope farewell, with a conquering smile in his heart as well as on his lip, if he had felt that happiness for Maisie meant her marriage with her cousin.

If that had been all !

But the definite falsehood that she had told him, her evident distress in telling it, her shrinking dread of Hal Ingleston's name or presence, could not surely spring from tenderness for the character of Lucas's brother. As Cheriton turned over in his mind what he had guessed or gathered about Hal, as one dim suspicion after another suggested themselves to him, he was almost driven to hope that so it might be. Yet if so, then this sweet keen-eyed girl, with her gay or tender sympathy, her eager wistful search of help in her difficulties, had utterly misled him. '*That* may well be,' he said bitterly to himself, as he walked up and down in the dusky garden where she had left him. Was she indeed unworthy ? unformed, unprincipled, in a negative sense, he knew her to be—but unworthy ? False, like that other whose false dealing had shipwrecked his youth ? It went hard with Maisie's chances at that moment, for Cheriton nearly gave up the game. But there was another side to the question ; and, with his brows set into what Gipsy called the family frown, he thought the matter resolutely out.

There was a secret, not only concerning Maisie. It had parted her sister from Humfrey Bevan. Maisie had told him a lie to save the character of Henry Ingleston. The secret was therefore connected with him. What was the connection ? and was Gwendolen, or was Maisie, the principal in the matter ? The sisters were both under some painful and shameful bondage ; and it appeared that Henry Ingleston was the person of whom they were afraid. The secret might be in Gwendolen's life ; but Cheriton, in a cooler, clearer mood, had noticed her closely, and he did not think she was accustomed to concealment. She gave him, as she gave every one else, the impression of being used to fearless openness. Something in her tone towards Maisie lent itself to the more painful theory that she felt her sister to be the person to blame. But if so, why refuse her own lover ? Something very like the truth flashed into Cheriton's mind. The Despards' father did not seem to have borne a first-rate character, as Jack had taken care to mention. This Henry Ingleston knew something to his disadvantage, the daughters knew it too, and were afraid of provoking him to a betrayal. This thought came like a flash of light. He turned back to the house, to justify his own arguments,

by another look at Maisie, feeling as if hope had dawned again. His arguments were lucid, his penetration considerable; he was very near the right end of the thread. But emotions and agitation confuse the best logic. This Saturday evening there was a fortnightly gathering at the Lesters of some of the younger masters, and a few other friends, and when Maisie, to hide her own misery, laughed, talked, and made herself the centre of attraction, she deceived Cheriton far more effectually than by her actual falsehood. He had divined that there might be a reason for that; but it did not occur to his masculine intelligence that through all her chatter, she was conscious of no one but himself. Her words might have misled him as to a fact; but her conduct deceived him as to her feelings, as to her whole nature. He controlled his manner creditably; but he had never in his life been able to control the sensitive colour and varying expression that betrayed him in spite of himself.

Humfrey Bevan came to the house as a matter of propriety on these occasions. Most people knew his secret, and he could look miserable in peace, especially as Gwendolen looked miserable too; and at least gave him no cause for jealousy. But he missed his usual refuge in Cheriton's gentle pleasant talk. He perceived that his friend avoided him, and, looking at him, saw quite another Cheriton Lester than he had ever known.

'Is *that* Cheriton Lester?' he heard a lady say to Mrs. Tanner, who was standing near. 'I was told to look at him by some people who knew him, because he had such a beautiful, spiritual kind of face. He is very handsome certainly; but he looks to me much more like an old Viking than like a saint!'

'He is much better mannered than the average parson,' said Mrs. Tanner; 'but I don't think him at all a remarkable character. I never heard him say anything worth hearing.'

At this moment Cheriton caught sight of Humfrey, and crossed over to him, straightening his brows, and greeting Mrs. Tanner politely.

'Well, Mr. Lester,' she said, 'we had our debate on "Verbal Truth," the votes were in favour of what I call verbal *accuracy*. But I am more than ever convinced that it is the motive that matters. Do let us renew it, Gipsy,' she added, turning to her hostess. 'Here are several of our debaters. Can't we take the opportunity of profiting by the masculine view. We never really finished off the subject.'

It was not unusual at these fortnightly gatherings to have readings or recitations, leading to much discussion and encounter of wit. Several of the young masters and a few ladies came forward ready for a fray; while the two Despards, who had made their mourning an excuse from attending the debate, felt their hearts almost stop beating.

'Now—now,' said Maisie, 'I shall hear what he thinks.'

'Now—now,' thought Gwendolen, 'they will make me speak, and he will not believe what I say.'

Humfrey Bevan, usually an effective free lance on these occasions, kept in the background, and Cheriton, to whom Gipsy eagerly appealed for a first sentiment, looked shy and cross, and muttered that he hated casuistry, only recovering himself enough to say stiffly—

‘It is surely for the ladies to tell us first at what conclusion they have arrived.’

The room was in a soft half light; the lamps lit, but the windows wide open to the summer air; the scent of honeysuckle and roses floated in from the garden.

Gwendolen, as she sat in her dark corner, thought with unspeakable bitterness, how delightful all this congenial society had been to her once, what this evening would have been if, as had been so likely, she had been there as Humfrey Bevan’s promised wife. If it had been her world, *her* circle; if *she* had been likely in her turn to hold such a *salon bleu*; if Humfrey had been standing by her side, sharing her words and her thoughts, instead of keeping far off and silent, yet thinking of her—of her only—as she thought only of him. Yes; but thinking of her—what?

As for Maisie, saucy, irreverent Maisie, she sat in the dark and watched the outline of Cheriton’s tall figure, till *he* should tell her what was right. If it condemned her, crushed her, she at least would *know*. But she did not watch in silence, she whispered and laughed a little with one or two of the lighter spirits, and her oracle hardly heard Mrs. Tanner’s lucid statement. He was wondering what charms distracted Maisie’s attention from it.

‘There are two points,’ Mrs. Tanner was saying, ‘which get confused. First, whether it is justifiable to tell a lie to keep a secret, or for any such sufficient reason; and secondly, whether, when words are spoken with intent to deceive, their verbal accuracy makes any moral difference.’

‘People must keep secrets, of course,’ said one of the men present.

‘I suppose most people would consider practically that the point of honour formed a prior obligation. There are things of course you can’t mention,’ said another.’

‘Schoolboys don’t, anyhow, I suppose,’ said Gipsy.

‘Duels were a point of honour,’ suddenly said Gwendolen; ‘but people were right in refusing to fight them.’

‘That was false honour,’ said Mrs. Tanner.

‘I dare say,’ said the first speaker, ‘that the fellows who refused were prigs.’

‘The consensus of public opinion changed,’ said some one. ‘The point of honour shifted.’

‘But the first people had to defy it,’ said Gwendolen. ‘Right isn’t a matter of public opinion.’

‘The noblest spirits,’ said Humfrey Bevan eagerly, ‘are those who dare to be original in matters of conscience.’

'If people wouldn't keep secrets at all costs, it would stop confidence,' said Gipsy. 'Cheriton, what do you think?'

'I don't think that straightforward people get into such difficulties,' said Cheriton grimly.

'That's begging the question,' said Jack. 'But after all, the conventional denial withholds information of course; but it hardly establishes fact. When you know a man can't do otherwise, his words leave the matter where they found it.'

Several of the ladies demurred to this.

'But do you think,' persisted Mrs. Tanner, 'that everything depends on the verbal accuracy of the form of expression?'

'I think,' said Cheriton, suddenly bethinking himself that silence and surliness would attract attention, yet saying every word with an underlying reference to Maisie, 'that that depends a good bit on the individual conscience. If the false form of words is felt to be the sin, it should be avoided. If people have risen to the sense that the evil lies in creating a false impression, in propagating falsehood, they will feel as much ashamed of equivocation. If they find any kind of false dealing easy but an actual lie, probably they will save themselves trouble in life—and—make it for others.'

'Cherry,' said Gipsy, puzzled, 'I did not think you would be so hard. You always make allowances. Don't you see what a cruel thing it might be to have to tell the truth?'

'I don't think I like abstract discussions, Gipsy,' said Cherry, in a different tone. 'I am sure they do not lead to wise judgments in particular instances. I can't lay down a rule. But I think, to go rather deeper into the thing, that though it is possible that a lie may be a form of necessary silence, that labouring to create a false impression, trying to establish a pretence of any kind, is a sort of playing at Providence that any one would undertake at a fearful risk. Things are so—perhaps it is meant that they should have their natural consequences. We take the law into our own hands, when we attempt to alter their appearance.'

Cheriton spoke quite gently now; but the gravity of his tone was so intense that a silence fell on the party, till one lady said—

'No temporary advantage could outweigh the blessing of being thoroughly able to trust the words of one's friends.'

'There may be such trust in their *characters*,' said Humfrey Bevan, 'that even a word known to be false could not shake it.'

And Gwendolen's heart thrilled with joy, in spite of all her perplexities. Something, some bond was between herself and Humfrey, and the blessed conviction fell upon her that it would outlast the miseries that separated them.

Maisie, too, had heard Humfrey's words; but she listened in vain for their endorsement. Cheriton was silent; but something in Maisie's look of attracted attention as she unconsciously moved a little into the lamplight, made Mrs. Tanner turn to her and say—

‘Well, little one, what is your idea of this disputed subject?’

Maisie disliked very much being called ‘little one’ by Mrs. Tanner, and this possibly gave a sharpness to her tone as she answered—

‘I really never did take any interest in moral discussions, and I’m afraid I haven’t heard all you have been saying. I never trouble about people’s goodness or badness, it’s their niceness that *I* care about.’

The sudden entrance of some cups of coffee closed the discussion; but nothing else that had passed so jarred on Cheriton as this careless repetition to careless ears, of a sentiment which he had thought had been made in confidence to himself.

‘I told you so, Gipsy,’ said Jack grimly, when he found himself alone with his wife and brother. ‘I told you that girl would turn the fellows’ heads, and she was doing it to-night, as hard as she could!’

‘Good-night, Gipsy,’ said Cheriton abruptly, ‘I am very tired.’

Gipsy looked at him as he turned away, and then at her husband, and finally fled upstairs, feeling, as she expressed it afterwards, ‘afraid to meddle with either of them.’

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. BROWNING'S HOME.

'DEAR MRS. DRAYTON,

'Will you kindly order cabs to be at the station to meet me? Five will be required, but if so many cannot be had, we must make two journeys of it, unless some can walk. I am bringing quite an army with me. I hope all the beds are aired, and will you tell the servants to have dinner ready for a large party. We shall meet so soon that I shall say no more—how glad I shall be to see you and Mr. Drayton again.

'Your affectionate

'AGATHA SEYMOUR.'

'Oblige me by reading that, George!' said Mrs. Drayton.

'She is bringing the children and governesses, I suppose,' said Mr. Drayton, when he had obeyed.

'I suppose so. And I had formed more than one plan! I thought that Hannah Phillips, who is now far from well off, would be so glad of an asylum at Sunnybank! and poor Fanny Curtis—you know as Fanny Morton she was very intimate with Agatha; she has two little girls of a very suitable age, and she is so unsystematic in her way of bringing them up. A widow, too, poor thing. But I presume that as usual, Agatha has her own plans and will take her own way. Glad to see us!' she went on, looking over the letter, 'she may be glad; but she surely has not been in any hurry about it.'

'Now, Barbara! if I did not know that the first look from Agatha's eyes will drive away all these cobwebs, I should scold you well. Can you never learn to trust, my dear? You know this girl—you have always had to confess that she acts on principle, and yet, because she does not talk over every several step she takes, you are always expecting her to do wrong.'

'No, no! But I confess I think she is too reserved, George. Too sure that she is in the right, and with too little humility.'

'That is a serious accusation, not to be made without consideration. Agatha has more than common decision and foresight, and is really

better qualified to form plans and opinions than most of the people from whom you think she ought to ask advice. When anything puzzles her, she not only asks advice, but follows it, whereas in nine cases out of ten, asking advice simply means discussing a subject, and taking your own way after all. Circumstances have made her self-dependent—luckily she is a wise girl and not likely to go wrong—indeed, you should remember, too, that she is no longer a mere girl. Shall you go to the station to meet her?’

‘I think not. Of course what you say is excellent, George; but I do feel a little hurt. I think I might have been consulted.’

‘Take my advice and go, Barbara.’

‘I really would rather not. I shall go to Sunnybank later in the day.’

‘I cannot go, for I have two weddings and a funeral. Well, I am off, and as I pass the hotel I can see about the five cabs.’

The train by which Agatha was expected came in at two o’clock, and Mrs. Drayton saw the five cabs go in long procession past her gate. She saw that there were a number of little girls and several grown-up persons—luggage piled high on the roofs made a goodly show. But she merely looked out through her venetian blinds and then sat down to finish a piece of work upon which she was engaged. In less time than she could have imagined it possible, a quick step was heard on the gravel—then in the hall, and Agatha came in.

‘Oh! I am so glad to see you here—I was really sure that you were ill. Dear Mrs. Drayton!’ kissing her affectionately, ‘I was so disappointed and frightened when we did not find you at Sunnybank, that I left them all to get on as best they can, and ran back here; but I am so glad it was only a mistake. You forgot the hour, I suppose?’

‘N—no—not exactly,’ Mrs. Drayton said. She made a struggle to be cool, but she really loved the girl, and with her arms round her, and voice and look so full of cordial affection, it was very hard not to melt. Agatha, who was quite incapable of understanding the real state of things, had long ago concluded that when Mrs. Drayton was particularly prim, it arose from a strange kind of shyness that seized upon her now and then, and of which it was best to take no notice; which was really much the best way, from whatever cause the stiffness arose.

‘After all, I am better pleased to meet you here, so quietly and comfortably, than among a host of strangers. Not that they are quite strangers to me, of course. I left Miss Leslie in command, and they are to go to dinner without me; so if you will give me something to eat I can stay here for two hours—after that I must go to Sunnybank, and perhaps you will go with me.’

‘Is Miss Susie with you?’

‘No; Lady Archer could not be left with only servants. Ever since her experience of Mrs. Butts she is so afraid of being governed

by them, that she is dreadfully hard on them. I have so much to tell you, Mrs. Drayton, but I want to tell Mr. Drayton too. Where is he?’

‘He will be here very soon now. I will just order luncheon and come back to you. Go to my room, my love, and take off your bonnet. I shall bring you some hot water—it is so refreshing to wash one’s hands and face after a journey.’

When Mr. Drayton entered his wife’s drawing-room, he perceived at a glance that his prophecy had been a true one—the cobwebs were gone. Agatha rose and came to meet him. Not being, like his wife, occupied with private reflections, he was at once aware that there was a great change in Agatha. Instead of a somewhat angular girl, whose quiet easy movements alone saved her from being awkward-looking, she had become a dignified and stately woman, and he soon perceived that her manner had acquired a softness and repose which had not belonged to it of old. She was still in mourning, but was very handsomely dressed, though not by any means in the extreme of the fashion. He greeted her very heartily, and they then had luncheon together, and much pleasant talk.

‘Now,’ said Agatha, when they had returned to the drawing-room, ‘I have only time to tell you one or two things that will surprise you.’

She was silent then for some time, looking down thoughtfully—until Mr. Drayton said, ‘I am waiting to be surprised!’

‘Yes; I am thinking where to begin. Well—do you know that I am very rich?’

‘No—yes—for I know that you have more than you care to spend,’ said the Rector.

‘But I mean really rich. My dear father had made a very large fortune, and he left it all to me.’

‘Ha! that explains a good deal that puzzled me at the time. Come now! have pity on our curiosity, and tell us your whole story. Why did you not come to Market-Yoredale when you returned from Pau?’

Agatha explained everything to the satisfaction even of Mrs. Drayton, who remarked, ‘You made a most judicious decision.’

‘After thinking over various schemes,’ Agatha went on, ‘I came to the conclusion that I would devote my dear aunt’s money to the institution at Sunnybank—and I have waited all this time, wishing it to be my first independent undertaking. At one time I thought of enlarging it very much; but I have been visiting and inquiring about such places, and I have made up my mind that a small establishment—three servants, a matron, two governesses, and twelve or thirteen children of different ages—just a large family—would be better than a great big place, where the children must be drilled out of all individuality. I hope to have two more of the same size, and what I wish is that each should be as like a family as possible. This one will be called “Mrs. Browning’s Home.”’

‘Have you brought the whole establishment with you?’

‘Yes, except the two servants you found for me—nurserymaid, English governess, French ditto, matron—a dear old lady who will please you, Mrs. Drayton—and twelve girls, from thirteen down to a mere baby. Not all orphans, but all requiring help. I must tell you their stories presently. I have been looking out for them ever since I came home. I was in despair about a matron, but Colonel Archer found Mrs. Nowell for me.’

‘Who is Colonel Archer?’ said Mrs. Drayton, pricking up her ears.

‘Nephew (by marriage) to Lady Archer; he is one of the best men I ever knew. He is well off, though not rich, and the amount of good he does would surprise you. Mrs. Nowell is the widow of a brother officer of his.’

‘My love,’ said Mrs. Drayton, ‘is he an old man?’

‘About forty—oh, no, not old, and a very pleasant-looking man. He is in the Artillery, but not on active service now. I like him, because he is one of the few who never say to me “you owe it to yourself to do this, or that.” He would spend all he has in doing good—so he is not surprised that I should want to do so too.’

‘All!’ said the Rector; ‘you must not be extravagant, Agatha.’

‘Mr. Drayton, I was not brought up to be a fine lady. A maid perpetually at my elbow is a bother to me, and I can get about without a footman marching behind me. I look upon it as my simple duty to do all the good I can with this money. It seems to me as if I had been specially trained for this purpose, and it makes me very happy too, so that no one need be sorry for me. At first I sincerely regretted being so rich. I do not now, for I have found out how to spend my money in my Master’s service—and oh, how much misery and anxiety there are in the world that a little money can relieve. If you knew all the things that Colonel Archer has told me, you would not wonder that I refuse to waste money on expenses which would give me no pleasure—and do no good to any one. But come, Mrs. Drayton, come and see them all. I want you to undertake the office of visitor, and I am sure you will, for you always took an interest in Aunt Mary’s plans. And I want you, Mr. Drayton, to give them a lesson once a week—I shall feel satisfied about them if you will undertake that.’

‘Catechizing? very well, I will with pleasure. May I come now, or are “ladies only,” admitted?’

‘Oh, come with us. I am going to stay here for some days, and I mean to have my old room kept for me, and to pop in occasionally.’

As they walked along the old lane, where every tree and bush seemed like an old friend to Agatha, Mrs. Drayton found time to mention Hannah Phillips and the two little Curtis girls.

‘I am very sorry for Fanny,’ said Agatha. ‘I must go and see her. I dare say she would rather keep her children with her.’

‘But she does not manage them well, Agatha. I wish you could take them in here.’

'We think it better to have children with no connections in the place. If Fanny likes I could put them into the home I am going to open near London. But I hope she will prefer to keep them, for somehow I think it is a very bad mother who is not better than any one else for her own child—and Fanny was such a good affectionate girl.'

'And Hannah Phillips, dear. Could you not take her as one of your teachers?'

'No; I will try to help her, but not in that way. These little girls are trusted to me, you know—and I never could like Hannah. You must tell me all about her to-morrow—here we are now at my dear little old home.'

Time and space forbid me to describe the rest of that day, or indeed of Agatha's stay at Sunnybank. Many had reason to rejoice that she had come there, and among these were both Fanny Curtis and Hannah Phillips—the latter she found very much improved since their girlish days, and it ended in Hannah being the English governess in the London Home.

Agatha returned to London after a fortnight at Sunnybank, but she very often came for a week or so, and 'Mrs. Browning's Home' prospered and flourished. It was not the only good work which Agatha set on foot in Market-Yoredale, though it is the only one of which I need say much. An asylum for aged ladies, of which Fanny Curtis was the first matron; and a convalescent home for governesses and all other ladies who were dependent on their own work—a home where they could stay till they were really well, and from which they were not sent forth until employment had been found for them—these institutions were at Market-Yoredale, and not far from Sunnybank.

Lady Archer lived for three years after Agatha rescued her from Mrs. Butts; and when she died, she left her house in Kensington to Agatha, and the rest of her belongings to Colonel Archer. Agatha wrote to Mrs. Drayton that she, Miss Susie, and poor Atwood (who was quite worn out), all three needed rest, and were coming to Sunnybank for some time. Mrs. Drayton was in great delight, and this time there were no cobwebs to brush away, so that Mr. Drayton was the more surprised to find her sitting by the fire in her bonnet and cloak, though he knew that she had been at home for some time. He knew that this was a sign that something had greatly vexed her spirit.

'No bad news, I hope, Barbara.'

'I suppose not! they are all well at Sunnybank'—in a very mournful voice.

'Well, dear, what is it? Something has put you out.'

'I am *more* than put out, George; I am oppressed with anxiety. I am most unhappy. Edward Winstanley came home yesterday. You know Mr. Alcester is not coming back—his lease is up. I was at the

Convalescent Home and Fanny Curtis told me. She is a very silly young woman; she actually laughed.'

'I don't wonder you are anxious. Agatha comes here for rest, and however this may end, I fear it will agitate her a good deal. Did you hear anything about him? How does he look?'

'I did not hear. Would it not be well to warn Agatha?'

'How could we do it? A letter would not reach her in time, and one would not care to telegraph. Besides, my dear, we do not at all know her feelings. She may wish to meet him.'

'She told me once that she loved him as well as ever. And I never thought him worthy of her, not even when we came here first.'

'Nor I, truly. Agatha is greatly changed since those days—greatly developed in character. Unless he has improved very much I should say that to meet him would be to break the charm. Has she spoken of him lately?'

'Never but that once—it was just after Mrs. Browning's death. But she is so reserved—that means nothing.'

'That is true. Well, we must take care what we are about now, Barbara. Any interference, however well meant, would be a great mistake. I do not think there is much to fear. If he failed to persuade her to trust him when she was a mere girl, she will not be won now unless he is a changed man.'

'No change could make him worthy of Agatha!' said Mrs. Drayton, with unwonted emphasis. 'He was shallow—pleasant, clever, and wonderfully like a gentleman—but I always felt as if it was only being *like*, not really being one. And poor Mrs. Lisle was quite a lady.'

'Yes; but she was simple and humble, whereas I suspect Master Ned thought a good deal of himself. Had far too high an opinion of himself.'

'Many gentlemen have that, George. It does not account for my feeling about him.'

'A gentleman may *have* it, but he will not show it openly; perhaps that is the difference. Gentleman or no gentleman, I wish Edward Winstanley had stayed away until next spring.'

Agatha arrived that afternoon. Mrs. Drayton met her at the station, but so did Miss Leslie and a detachment of the elder girls. They all drove to Sunnybank; but Mrs. Drayton never had a chance of saying a private word to Agatha, the children hung about her, and the elder people had so much to tell her. Then Mr. Drayton came and hurried his wife away to see after a badly-scalded child. It was fine, frosty weather, and when the children had all departed to the schoolroom for evening study, Agatha put on her hat and fur mantle, and declaring that the air would do her good, set out alone for the Rectory.

She sped along the lane—when alone she always walked very fast—and when she drew near the gate and the spreading lime-trees,

something, she knew not what, made her think of the evening when she had waited there for Edward—for the last time. It was not the evening that reminded her of it, for that was a summer evening, and this was mid-winter, with white frost crackling under her feet as she walked. Yet the past came back—even to the damp clinging feel of her white muslin when the dew had taken all the stiffness out of it, and many other small particulars, unnoted at the time. She looked at the seat under the lime, half expecting to see a white figure sitting there. It was quite dusk now, being past four, but the clear frosty air made things pretty plain, and she now saw some one coming through the gate. She was passing him without a glance, when he paused and said—

‘Will you kindly tell me if Miss Seymour is still at Sunnybank?’

Agatha started; were her senses playing her a trick, or was the voice she now heard really the voice of Edward Winstanley?

‘I am Miss Seymour,’ she said breathlessly.

‘You! Agatha—is it really you?’

‘Then I was right,’ Agatha said, controlling herself so well, that he did not perceive her agitation. ‘I thought I knew your voice. You are welcome home, Edward.’

‘I was going to you—to Sunnybank—but I got so anxious that at last I could no longer resist the longing to ask that question.’

‘I do not live here now, but I am staying for a time. I am going to the Rectory now.’

‘May I walk there with you?’ he asked. ‘I have much to say to you.’

‘It will take you out of your way, I fear,’ she replied—but he turned and walked along beside her.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

FOR some minutes they walked in silence—at last Edward roused himself and said—

‘I deserve that you should meet me coldly, Agatha.’

‘I did not mean to be cold,’ she answered gently; ‘but you took me so completely by surprise. I did not know that you were in England.’

‘I arrived only a day or two since—I came home here at once, and have not seen a soul of whom I could ask a question. There was business to be done at Crossley, so that I could not leave home early—as soon as I could I set off to see you. I have much to tell you—much to say—but first let me thank you for your kindness to poor Lucy. I have seen Lisle, and heard all about it.’

‘There is no need to thank me. I loved Lucy most dearly—we

were children together. Did you see Mr. Lisle lately? How are the two girls, Sissie and Minnie?’

‘Very well—good, useful girls they are, too. They have not forgotten you—they sent you their love, and they want you to write to them.’

‘Did they really? I will certainly write. And do they seem happy?’

‘Oh, yes, very. Willie is getting on so well now. It was from him that I heard of your sad loss—your dear kind aunt.’

‘There have been many other changes of which he knows nothing,’ said Agatha. ‘Here we are at the Rectory; have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Drayton yet? Oh, then come in and see them now, if you have time.’

She opened the gate as she spoke, but he stopped her.

‘Do not go in yet. I have so much to say! I have longed for this meeting. I know that you have every right to be angry, but I want to set all right—won’t you let me speak?’

Agatha was trembling now, though she hardly knew why. But she was outwardly calm, and by leaning on the gate she concealed her trembling.

‘Edward,’ she said very gently, ‘I will not let you speak now. We were boy and girl in those old days—we are man and woman now.’

‘Are the old days to go for nothing, Agatha?’

‘No—we must always be friends. I will not say more, Edward. You must be reasonable. I have not even seen your face, nor you mine. I am not the same in any way, that I was then, though I did not know myself how changed I am, until now.’

‘You *are* changed, indeed,’ he said, almost resentfully, as he followed her up to the house. ‘And I must tell you one thing—the vow that you wanted me to take, and that I refused, I took it two years ago, and have kept it. And by God’s help, I mean to keep it always,’ he added, more quietly.

‘Oh, I am so glad!’ Agatha cried. She had not time to say more, for the hall door opened, and Mrs. Drayton looked out.

‘I thought I heard steps,’ she said. ‘Who have you brought with you, Agatha?’

‘Mr. Winstanley—did you know that he has come home?’

Of course Mrs. Drayton had to ask him to come in, and he accepted the invitation. Agatha threw off her hat and cloak in the hall, and in a few minutes they were seated at a well-spread tea-table, and for the first time, Agatha and Edward saw each other. What the years had made of her, we know. Edward was aware of a great change, but we may doubt that he understood it.

‘She has not been fretting herself too much about me,’ he thought, as he looked at her calm, thoughtful face. He was rather silent at first, but listened to the conversation, till somehow the Agatha of old

times seemed to fade away—to turn by some magic process into this dignified, quiet lady. A feeling that had often troubled him in old times—that he did not quite understand her—returned with double force now. She, on her part, was looking to see what changes time had made in him, and she found herself wondering because he was so little changed. He looked very little older; he was browner, and had a thick, short beard of reddish gold—he was perhaps a little stouter, but not much. He was, as he had always been, a very handsome man: there was no doubt of that.

Mr. Drayton asked him presently, 'was he going to remain at Crossley?'

'Oh, yes. I mean to take to farming again. I have learned a lesson or two, and shall keep out of mischief now, I hope.'

'You have been a long time away—have you travelled much?' Mr. Drayton went on; for he saw that Agatha was wishing to know, and not caring to ask.

'Yes, I have travelled a good deal. When I went to California first, poor Fordyce and I tried our hands at various things: cattle raising, gold digging, commerce—but we prospered in none of them. It was no wonder,' he went on, his eyes seeking Agatha's face, 'for we were an idle couple—worse than idle. Fordyce was a bad companion for me—he was inclined to the same failings. I—sank very low.'

'Where is your friend now?' Mr. Drayton asked.

'I don't know. We parted company in California. I should like to tell you all about it, Mr. Drayton, if you'll allow me. Fordyce stayed in San Francisco—but I took fright at the habits I was getting into, and left the place, alone. I went with a hunting party into the interior of the country, and after several months, I had a bad fall from my horse and was seriously hurt. The party carried me, while I knew nothing of what was going on, to a Mission station, where they left me. I was nursed there, most kindly. I learned many lessons there. I stayed a long time, and then joined another party of hunters, and made my way back to Frisco. There I found letters—one from Lucy, others from Lisle. It was while I was there that I took the total abstinence pledge. I had been comparatively out of temptation for a long time; but I found it was safer to take it when I got among old acquaintances again. I went back to the Mission station with the hunters, for want, I think, of something to do; but when I returned again to Frisco, I met a fellow who told me that Lisle was settled in Minnesota, doing well. I went there to see him, and from that, I came home.'

There was a rather awkward pause. Mr. Drayton was quite aware that this long explanation was for Agatha's ears rather than his—and Agatha would not appear to see this—so neither of them spoke. Mrs. Drayton, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience, now said in her most sententious voice—

‘A most interesting narrative, Mr. Winstanley; you have much to see in your native place. There are several changes—thanks to Miss Seymour.’

‘I—don’t understand,’ said Edward, looking at her.

‘Will you have another cup of tea? You will, Agatha, I know. Miss Seymour only came to Sunnybank to-day, and she is tired, I think. You look tired, my love.’

‘I am very tired—I had so much to do this morning, for I want the house in Kensington to be papered and painted while Miss Susie and I are here. I think I shall go back to Sunnybank now, if Mr. Drayton will kindly walk with me. Good-night, Mrs. Drayton—come up early to-morrow, if you can. Good-night, Edward—I shall see you again soon, I hope.’

Edward followed her into the hall; but she then said good-night in so decided a manner that he had no choice but to return to the parlour, and let her and Mr. Drayton walk off.

‘Tell me, Mrs. Drayton, what you mean about changes? I have heard nothing from home, since—later, I mean, than when Lisle came here for his little girls.’

Mrs. Drayton enlightened him; she did not like the talk, and was wishing him back in California all the time. But whatever effect the news might have, he was bound to hear it from some one! so she gave it to him in good set terms. He sat quite silent for some time after she ceased to speak, then got up and said—

‘Well, thank you, Mrs. Drayton. I must get home now. Tell Mr. Drayton to excuse me for leaving before he returns. I have a goodish walk before me, you know.’

He walked fast—and many thoughts went with him along the way. He had never been able to forget Agatha—the memory of her frank and loyal nature had clung to him, and often had he confessed to himself that she had been right, and he, a fool. But he had shrunk, with all his old vanity, from coming back to find himself forgotten; until his lurking fear on this head was banished by honest, blundering Willie Lisle, who told him the story of poor Lucy, and Agatha’s care for her; and Edward fancied he could read between the lines. She had utterly refused to go to Crossley—then she had not forgotten him, that was plain. Poor girl! so faithful—for so long a time! He would go home to her—and make her happy; so happy that she should forget how long she had waited, friendless and lonely, for him. But, behold! it turned out that far from waiting in silent patient loneliness, Agatha had been living her life—Agatha was a rich woman—a woman whose name was well known for the ‘alms deeds which she did’—a woman who was an influence and a power in her generation. Not his own bright, merry, loving Agatha; but a self-possessed stately woman, with whom he did not feel particularly at home.

‘But that may all be put on,’ he said. ‘I forget how long it is. I

was a fool to expect her to receive me like that—she was always proud, my poor Agatha. I won't be discouraged. I know she loved me well—and if she loves me still, neither money nor anything else shall come between us. But I see I must begin in a different way, just as if she had never cared for me before.'

Agatha meantime walked beside Mr. Drayton in dead silence. She was strangely moved by this sudden meeting with the lover of her girlhood—the man whose wife she would now have been these seven or eight years, if only he had granted that one request: the man for whose welfare, temporal and spiritual, she had faithfully prayed every day of her life since they parted; nay, more, the man whom she had declared that she still loved, only that very morning. And as all sorts of thoughts went whirling through her brain, she seemed to see a kind, pleasant, manly face looking at her gently; through all the pain she had inflicted, thinking only of her pain in inflicting it. A voice rang in her ears, saying, 'Forget this interview, Miss Seymour, and let me still be your friend on the old terms. I quite understand you. Until you have seen your old friend again, no one else has any chance. Believe me, I will not annoy you in any way. I will only ask, as a great favour, your promise that if you do meet this gentleman and find that you no longer think him suited to you, you will let me know.' Now why, she dimly wondered, was she thinking more of Colonel Basil Archer, who had that morning startled her by telling her that he loved her, than of Edward Winstanley, from whom she had just parted after meeting him so strangely?

Mr. Drayton perceived that she was greatly agitated, and being a wise man, he held his peace and let her think as much as she liked. He left her at the door of Sunnybank, and hurried home, knowing that his wife would be glad to be relieved from the task of entertaining Edward Winstanley, who, however, had, as we know, already departed.

During that night Agatha thought long and deeply about her strange feeling, or want of feeling, on the subject of Edward's return. And she came to the conclusion that the old feelings had been so long put aside, and so hidden from her by her many avocations, duties, and engagements, that they required time to awaken and assert themselves. She would meet Edward in a friendly spirit, and without allowing a word to be said about former ties, would give him a fair opportunity of winning her, if on thus renewing her acquaintance with him she found that he was really what she hoped to find him.

And so all that winter Mrs. Drayton was kept in a state of anxiety and restlessness that could not be exceeded. She had never liked Edward, and truly believed that nothing could make him worthy of Agatha. She felt convinced that such a marriage would simply mean life-long unhappiness to the girl she had learned to love so fondly.

‘You know,’ she said to her husband, ‘I never could understand how she came to love him, even when she was a young unformed girl. It was only that her life was such a quiet, repressed one, and she saw so few people. I never could imagine how Mrs. Browning allowed it. I am sure he has become a really steady, religious man; but for all that he is even less suited to Agatha now, than he was then.’

‘I am afraid you are a worldly-minded woman, Barbara!’ said Mr. Drayton.

‘No. Oh, it is not because she is rich and he is not, or because she is well-born and he only a farmer’s son; but because she is a talented, high-minded woman, and he is a shallow, unthinking man. You will see; if she marries him, it will end either in her having to take the upper hand—which is so undesirable, and never contributes to a woman’s happiness—or else he will assert himself by differing from her a hundred times a day! thwart her plans and spoil her temper. Oh, my poor Agatha!’

Meantime Agatha did all she could; she resolutely set herself to re-establish the old frank intercourse with Edward, and she failed. He was stiff and awkward—either somewhat noisy from trying to be at ease, or somewhat sulky from a feeling of restraint. And the truth must be told—both parties were exceedingly weary after a long conversation together. When once Edward had told all his adventures, and described all his intended improvements at Crossley, he had not much to say for himself; and for the subjects which interested Agatha he did not greatly care—in fact, they wearied him. Had they been married seven years ago, Agatha would have been a loving, faithful wife, and might never have found out that he neither understood nor valued what was best in her. But in the years that had passed she had outgrown him; and after a time he recognised this fact.

May came, and Agatha announced that the house at Kensington was ready for her, and that she must go to London, as she had business to attend to. She wished very much to come to an understanding with Edward before she left Sunnybank; but as he did not speak, what was she to do? She was walking down to the Rectory one evening, wondering how she could put an end to the very uncomfortable state of things between them, when near the Rectory gate she met him.

‘I was going to Sunnybank,’ he said; ‘will you take a turn with me—as far as the lane?’

Agatha turned round and went with him. He hardly spoke until they reached the gate and the old lime-tree. Here he looked at her for a moment, and then walked over to the lime-tree, and stood under it, and she followed him in silence.

‘Miss Seymour,’ he said—the familiar ‘Agatha’ had been laid aside—‘I’ve been wishing to speak to you. I wish I could say exactly what I mean; but somehow I never do.’

‘Edward,’ she said softly, ‘I hope——’

She turned away suddenly, for she could not keep from tears. It was very bitter to this woman, whose nature was so faithful, to confess that the love of her youth had died out. Edward saw her agitation, and the sight of it seemed to give him composure.

‘Don’t be afraid, Agatha—I will call you Agatha this once more—I know what you want to say. I know you have tried honestly to go back to the old feelings—but you can’t; and I just want to tell you that I see it, and give up.’

‘There is no going back,’ she said mournfully. ‘When you and I loved each other, Edward, I was not the same woman that I am now. I had no idea that I had changed. Only the morning of the day you came home, I said and believed that I loved you still. And I do—but not in that way. Oh, I am ashamed—utterly ashamed! to find that it is so.’

‘Well now, Agatha!’ said Edward, sitting down beside her on the old rustic seat, ‘look here, you have no need to be ashamed. I have been thinking a good deal—hard work thinking is, too—and I have confessed to myself that you have nothing to be ashamed of—nothing to blame yourself for. You were true and loving—you were very young—if you had been a few years older you would never have cared for me. I was a fool in those days, and as vain as any peacock. I didn’t see how much you were superior to me, and I didn’t value you as you deserved. I went off and left you, staying away year after year, always thinking, like the vain fool I was, that you would be exactly the same to me whenever I chose to go home. I see all this now, and that it is I, not you, that ought to be ashamed. You are far above me now—you were always too good for me. I’m not talking of your money, but of yourself. It would not make either of us happy now, Agatha. A man ought not to feel that he is only fit to be his wife’s servant. Even if you could bear it, I don’t think I could, and yet I cannot let you think that I am angry or feel illused. As long as I live, I shall always think you the best and—grandest woman in the world, and I’ll try to be fit to be your friend, if you’ll let me. You’re not to cry, Agatha. You have done me nothing but good. It was you, and the things you said, that kept me from going to the bad altogether—and now you’ve taught me to see myself as I am. So shake hands, and let us part friends.’

She put her hand into his, and looking at him through her tears, said,

‘God bless you, Edward! You have comforted me very much. What you say is true—we have fallen apart—we should not be happy; but for all that, our love was not wasted. All these years I have prayed for you every day—and my prayers have been heard. We will be friends always, and I hope some day to see you happy with a wife who will love you as I once did, and who has not outlived the feelings of her youth as I have.’

They got up and walked together to the Rectory gate; there, with a silent hand-clasp, they parted.

Agatha did not often shed tears, and the traces of tears were very visible on her face when she reached the Rectory. Mrs. Drayton had seen her and Edward at the gate, and her anxiety was so great that she could not be silent—she asked ‘if anything had gone wrong—had anything unpleasant happened?’ and poor Agatha, quite thrown off the balance by the scene she had just gone through, and the sense of relief that mingled with her discomfort, could not help bursting into tears again, and weeping even more bitterly than before. It was some time before she was able to make Mrs. Drayton understand what had occurred.

‘My dear girl, I am so thankful—I have been quite miserable about you! fearing that some feeling of honour—misplaced and mistaken—might make you wreck your life by renewing the old tie.’

‘Ah, no—I have felt for some time that it could not be—not even if he had urged it, and he did not—he saw as clearly as I do that we have drifted too far apart. He will find a nice little wife, and be very happy—as for me, you used to talk about my vocation, do you remember? I begin to think that my vocation is, to be an old maid!’

But there was one person of her acquaintance who was pretty sure not to think so! and this was Colonel Basil Archer; of whom I have had no opportunity of telling you much, and therefore I shall not tell you whether he succeeded in winning her or not. Only one thing I will say, he deserved to succeed, and I hope he did—and that Agatha’s womanhood enjoyed the peace and happiness of the domestic ties denied to her in her youth.

THE END.

‘LOST IN THE FINDING.’

A STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

BY L. H. APAQUE.

CHAPTER VI.

Two months later and Margaret Hawthorne was an orphan. Madam Hawthorne had been laid to rest in a quiet spot which they had cleared, not far above them, among the brushwood on the hill; for to convey her body to the little English cemetery two miles off was utterly impossible. So her husband and Pasco dug the grave (poor Antony was too old and feeble to help much at such work), and Pasco often told afterwards how his master toiled in silence, except once, when he, Pasco, having paused in his labour, Mr. Hawthorne said, ‘Dig it deep enough for two!’

Was it a foreboding, or only an utterance of the wish, which is often ‘father to the thought?’ Who can tell? Certain it is that, from the time his wife was taken from him, Mr. Hawthorne seemed gradually to fail, as though his faculties were paralysed by the sudden stoppage in all the work, hopes, aims, and objects of his life.

At first Margaret shrank from trying to rouse him; and when at last, urged by Sister Ellen, she made the effort, it proved useless. Hitherto a masterful man, prompt in decision and action, and liking to rule all about him even in minor details, he now left everything to her, or referred her to Antony, with a querulous impatience quite unlike himself; till, at last, it became evident that the lethargy of mind was extending to his body; and what must have been a stroke of paralysis, had entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs about a fortnight before poor Margaret found him one morning, sleeping, with that unmistakable seal of death upon his face which she had so lately seen upon her mother’s.

And now the poor girl’s position was desolate indeed. Most thankful did she feel that, during the first days after Madam Hawthorne’s death, the barrier of reserve broke down between her and her father, and he had told her what he could concerning Humphrey, and had also given her full instructions as to the course she was to pursue in case of any ‘accident’ happening to himself while they were in their present situation. These instructions were brief, but positive. She was on no account to leave her refuge, or to diminish any precautions until sought out by some of their former friends and neighbours, which Mr. Hawthorne felt sure that they

would be so soon as law and order began to be restored in the city. Then she must communicate at once with Mr. Faversham, and with her relations in England, with whom, if possible, he wished her to make her home, and that she was to proceed to England by the first opportunity. Her uncle (his brother) and Mr. Faversham were, he told her, appointed her guardians by his will, which was in England in the hands of his man of business; and he had no doubt that there would be sufficient left—in spite of the enormous loss occasioned by the earthquake—to support her amply.

In all this Margaret could not but see that her father either regarded Humphrey's death as an inevitable fact;—or, living, considered that he would no longer have any influence in *her* life. She learnt that Mr. Hawthorne had sent a messenger to him on the evening of the day of his return, desiring him to come to the office (instead of to his own house) on the following morning. Not only Humphrey, but old Mr. Coppleston (who for some time past had rarely gone beyond his own estate) attended this interview, which had proved stormy; for, on this occasion, Mr. Coppleston entirely upheld his grandson's position. Upon him Humphrey's revelations, concerning the conduct of the London business, fell like a thunderbolt. In his opinion, the very honour of his name was at stake; and he was, perhaps, not far wrong when he affirmed that Mr. Hawthorne's protestations of non-connivance betrayed wilful ignorance, if not culpability!

It was many years since he had taken any personal share in the business, and it is probable that he could not understand the temptation to the younger partner to ignore what it was more convenient not to know. Never in their lives had he and Mr. Hawthorne been so near a direct personal quarrel; and the ill-feeling engendered on both sides by no means smoothed the way for negotiations on the more private business to be discussed. In only one respect did the upshot of this discussion differ from what Margaret had already learned from her mother. Mr. Hawthorne held firmly to his determination that the engagement should be absolutely broken off, in spite of all that Mr. Coppleston and Humphrey could urge to the contrary; the former actually going so far as to offer at once a sufficient provision for the present (with a home in his own house for the young couple), and promising to no longer delay signing the will—long since drawn up—by which he had always intended to make Humphrey his heir, if the latter should prove worthy.

Little did either of the three—so intimately connected, and bound by so many ties—think that their angry parting would be, in this world, a final one.

Once only after this explanation did Mr. Hawthorne allude to Humphrey, and this was shortly before his death, when he would sometimes, though not often, mutter a few words, not always even

intelligible, at others clear and pertinent; but then, always referring to the past. Margaret was bending over him when he suddenly looked up in her face,—a face how changed from that of the bright young girl to whom he had formerly given his rare caresses! Perhaps the pale and hollow cheeks, and swollen eyelids, recalled some part of what she must be suffering; for he raised his trembling hand to her face, saying—

'Have patience, daughter! Trouble is a hard and bitter master; but he teaches, sometimes, sweet truths. Who knows but that the lad will come forth as gold purified from the fire of affliction, and then——'

Here voice and intelligence again failed; but as Margaret turned away to hide her tears, she felt doubly comforted. She recognised the allusion to the chapter which that morning she had read aloud, as usual, in her father's presence, not knowing latterly whether any part reached his comprehension; and it would be a consolation through life to remember that his last words and thoughts concerning Humphrey were less bitter before they met again on the other side of the grave.

One other and somewhat startling fact Margaret learned not long after her father's death. Pasco, now virtually his own master, occasionally made excursions in search of such information as could be gleaned without going into the town. Sometimes he returned from these expeditions without meeting any one whatever; but, from time to time, he brought back information which convinced Margaret of the wisdom of her father's commands, and showed the prisoners (as they might well be called) that they were really better off than most of those who had escaped with their lives—but with little or nothing else—from the city.

Most of these had to spend the whole of that winter in huts, tents, or sheds in the open fields, exposed to every description of hardship and misery. At first many ventured after a time to return to the city, either seeking lost relations and friends, or hoping to reclaim some of their property; but of these few returned with news good or bad, and it soon became known that death was still reigning rampant among those charred ruins. Pestilence had followed as a necessary consequence where thousands remained unburied; and, worse still, the place was infested by ruffians of the very lowest type, who, not content with plundering, did not hesitate still to add murder and violence of every description to the misery around them. Soon famine followed. Even when corn could be obtained, the public ovens were found to be useless, having been cracked in the earthquake; and, when they were repaired, it was necessary to place guards of soldiers round them to prevent them from being actually mobbed.

King Joseph and his Prime Minister did what they could. The former, with his family, had escaped as by a miracle, having fled

from the Palace at the first shock, a very few minutes before it fell, and sought refuge at Ajuda. He was now constantly driving about, giving directions and what personal help he could; and was said to have cut down with his own hand some ruffians whom he encountered when they were plundering a house on the outskirts of the city.

The man who gave Pasco this last piece of news was an old servant of the Copplestons, who boasted that he was now in the service of the Government. He produced a paper on which he entered Pasco's name, explaining that he was one of many, sent in every direction, by the King's orders, to collect in this way the names of survivors. They had to return at stated intervals, when their papers were overlooked by secretaries, who classified the list of names thus collected, and sent each man out with a *full* list to show to any who cared to examine them. In this way the minds of many were relieved, and friends and relations brought together again.

Pasco, however, mindful of Margaret's orders to in no way betray their position, had given in no name but his own; but he wished for her instructions in case he should again meet one of these collectors.

For the moment, Margaret could think of nothing but the possibility thus afforded of obtaining news of Humphrey and his grandfather.

'Which of Mr. Coppleston's servants was it?' she questioned Pasco.

An under-gardener. He knew nothing of his old master and Mr. Humphrey, excepting that he had himself seen them start together for the city at about half-past seven on the fatal morning. Certainly their names had not yet been added to the list of the saved; for the man had inquired himself when these were last collected.

But little ground as this afforded for hope, it was startling news, and Margaret wearied herself with vain surmisings as to what could have taken them to the city on that day, and at an hour when old Mr. Coppleston would usually have been still in bed. Being a holiday, the offices would have been closed, and no business of any sort going on there or elsewhere. Could it be possible that for some mysterious reason they had gone towards the country instead of the town? For an instant Margaret's heart beat fast with sudden hope, but then fell again as the old conviction flashed across her that Humphrey, if alive, would never have rested till he had sought her out. Even if he had been so injured as to be unable to come himself, he would most surely have found means to send to her. Besides, they could not have gone far, and their names would assuredly have been entered on the list of the saved.

She longed to see that list, and felt tempted to disobey her father's injunctions to secrecy—for it was evident that there was no chance of getting hold of a copy without revealing her own existence and whereabouts. But she could not honestly persuade herself that

he would wish her to do so while such anarchy still prevailed. All she could do was to give Pasco instructions to inquire after a few of their own particular friends as he had opportunity, with a view to communicating with them if need be.

Their *acquaintances* in and around Lisbon were, of course, very numerous; but there were but few among these with whom Margaret had ever been allowed to be intimate: for the generality of the English Colony were no more desirable intimates at that time, than when, a few years later, Southey described them as 'the most indefatigable dancers, and the most inveterate casino players, in Europe!'

Unfortunately that winter proved an unusually severe one. Few could remember such exceptionally cold weather in Portugal. Snow, even, fell,—the first Margaret had ever seen! though she remembered one of her father's favourite stories of how, when a junior clerk, he had to be sent on a journey to conduct some business negotiation because of a slight snow-storm, which so much alarmed the senior clerk (a Portuguese) that he absolutely refused to leave the counting house, saying that he 'did not understand such weather;' and how when, after a day or two's journey northward, it began to snow really heavily, the alarmed coachman leapt from the box of the post-chaise, and, refusing to proceed further, took refuge in a church, saying, 'You must get home as you can; for my part, I must make the best use I can of the little time left to me!'

Margaret often said in after years that she did not know how she could have lived through those terrible months without the little nun's companionship, kindly sympathy, and ever ready help. Differences of religion were forgotten in the common bond of that charity which 'thinketh no evil, and seeketh not her own;' and, as time passed on, and they naturally grew more confidential, both were surprised to find how many points of accord there were between them whenever they touched upon the 'root of the matter.'

Still it was long before Margaret, who delicately forbore to ask questions, learned the secret of those mysterious iron keys, which Sister Ellen continued to guard with the utmost vigilance; at first she had never trusted them out of her sight, and was often evidently divided between her desire to help in any emergency requiring skill or strength, and her fear of, even for a moment, relinquishing her awkward burden. At last Margaret suggested that they should be sewed up inside one of the floor-cushions (some of which, with other comforts, it had been possible to rescue from the ruins), and the cushion itself was placed under the rough couch which had been contrived for the nun's sleeping accommodation. In her gratitude for this brilliant suggestion, Sister Ellen relaxed so far as to confide to Margaret that these were actually the keys belonging to the original Briggittine Convent at Sion, from which the nuns were driven at the time of the suppression of convents by Henry VIII.

All their possessions were then seized, except the very few treasures which in their hasty flight they could conceal about their persons; among other things these keys, which were most carefully preserved; the poor nuns fancying that their possession gave them still a claim upon their sequestered property, to which they would some day return in triumph! For thirty-seven years they wandered through France and Flanders, till Isabel de Ayendo gave them a settlement in Lisbon. But even then their troubles were not over, for in 1651 their new convent was destroyed by fire; and now, once again it lay in ruins!

Many were the stories Sister Ellen could tell of the marvellous adventures of her fore-runners during their wanderings; and of the hair-breadth escapes which they owed to the protection of their patron, Saint Bridget. Among others, how, when the English heretics tore away the Crucifix from Sister Isabel Arte while she was embracing it, and cast it into the fire, the nun burst from them, and rushed after it into the flames, escaping with it, and herself, unburnt!

But after a time Sister Ellen noticed that during the recital of such legends as these, Margaret's attention was apt to flag, and her face would gradually resume the sad, dreamy, sometimes almost despairing look, which it had become the good little nun's chief object to drive away. Though her reasoning powers had been left somewhat uncultivated in her convent education, tact and discernment were her's by nature; and, more important still, she had learned to put her whole heart into whatever duty came nearest to her; and that, surely, at this moment, was to do her best to comfort the lonely girl into whose company she had been so strangely thrown. As we have said, she had belonged to the nursing part of the Sisterhood, and she soon found that she rarely failed to rouse Margaret's interest and attention when she told her *true* stories of the sick and poor among whom her work had lain. The girl would sit sometimes transfixed with horror at the sudden revelation which these stories brought, as to what had in reality been going on around her all her life. Owing partly to her mother's ill-health, still more to the seclusive habits of the English residents, she had grown up absolutely ignorant of the habits and necessities of her poorer neighbours. What a selfish, aimless life her's had hitherto been! She shuddered when she thought of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and was ready to believe that the earthquake, and its consequences, were a personal judgment!

But when she hinted something of this to Sister Ellen, the latter listened with astonishment.

'Surely, my child,' she said, 'even if you had not had your home duties to attend to, you could have done little or nothing to help in such work, at *your* age! In the convent no Sister who is less than forty years of age is allowed beyond the walls. Your time may yet come,' she added, not perhaps without an inward hope that Margaret

was inclining towards something more than the *work* of a ‘*sœur de charité*!’

Already the shrubbery was clothed in tender green; delicate pink buds gave promise of speedily coming blossom, and the ground was carpeted with many-coloured flowers. Spring comes early in Portugal; and, seated just outside her hut in February, Margaret was unconsciously yielding to the influence of the general relaxation around her. Warmed by the noon-day sun, and soothed by the hum of insects, and the gentle whispering—laden with scents of orange-blossom—which crept to her through the shrubs from the distant grey-green poplars, she was watching the stir and bustle in the harbour below, which, for the last few days, had constantly surrounded the coming and going of boats from two ships which lay-to in the distance; compelled to anchor outside the bar, now that the quay no longer existed.

Margaret knew that those ships were messengers of mercy from England: Pasco had brought word of the corn with which they were laden, and of how the poor famished people crowded to the granaries from whence it was distributed, and from thence to the public ovens, in such numbers that many actually lost the lives they were struggling to preserve in their efforts to obtain bread. She did not know till afterwards how King George’s appeal to Parliament had been promptly answered by a vote of £100,000 for the surviving sufferers! Nor had Spain been behindhand; King Ferdinand having entirely repealed the existing prohibitions and heavy duties on the necessaries of life exported into Portugal.

The news of ships from England reminded her afresh of her father’s last injunctions. Not that the thought of going there had any pleasure for her now. Her future life, wherever it might have to be passed, seemed a blank without hope of alleviation or interest. Sometimes she could combat such feelings, knowing them to be wrong; that the very fact of God having spared her life was in itself enough to prove that He needed her where she was—on this earth—in this stage of her existence, to do something for Him; and that He would surely show her at the right time what that something was to be.

To-day, however, she felt too languid for mental argument, or even for deep regret; and with her head resting on her hand, slumber at last stole over her.

She was roused by a step on the Terrace; a firm, manly tread, unlike poor Antony’s increasingly shuffling footsteps, or Pasco’s light springy walk; besides, the latter was out, and probably far away. She started to her feet in some alarm; and saw, standing on the other side of the chasm, Sir Godfrey Lester!

Had a ghost arisen to confront her, she could scarcely have been more startled; while he appeared scarcely less surprised.

‘Miss Hawthorne!’ he exclaimed. ‘Thank God! I thought you were all—— But how can I reach you?’ he went on hastily.

Her voice had forsaken her, but she pointed to the plank lying close to her, as she turned away to fetch Antony. He was not within sight; but Sister Ellen, scared by her white face, as she looked hastily into the hut, ran out to see the cause; and between them the rough bridge was soon pushed across, and in another minute Godfrey was eagerly grasping her hand, as she muttered some word of welcome.

‘I am indeed thankful,’ he said again, as he gazed in bewilderment at the narrow space, the shrouded harbour, and the unaccountable figure of the little nun; ‘but I trust,’ he added, ‘I hope! surely you are not alone?’

Poor Margaret’s voice still failed her. Sister Ellen touched his arm, and pointed up the hill towards a small cleared space, where was standing, plainly visible, the rough wooden cross with which they had marked the double grave.

‘*Both?*’ he whispered, speaking this time to the nun.

She simply nodded, and then turned away to fetch some water for the girl, who, overcome by the sudden rush of varied emotion, had sunk down again—almost fainting—where she had before been seated.

Sir Godfrey stood beside her, too much shocked and grieved for words; but after a moment she recovered herself, looked up, and even smiled, as she said—

‘You must forgive me, it is months now since I have seen a fresh face; and, indeed, we never dared to hope that you and your uncle could have escaped from the Cathedral.’

‘I never went there; my poor uncle! But never mind that now. Tell me about yourself. How have you survived all these miserable months up here alone?’

‘I have not been alone long; not *really* alone at all. My dear father was taken from me just five weeks ago; my mother very shortly after it happened. She was injured, and never recovered the shock. But, can you tell me of others? I have been shut up here like a prisoner, and know nothing. We had relations living near us. One, I think you knew; he came out in the same vessel.’

‘I have only just returned from England again myself,’ said Sir Godfrey hastily; ‘in one of the corn ships. Just after we had started from here on that terrible morning, my horse lost a shoe. We thought nothing of it at the time, for we were close to a forge, and I would not let the others wait for me, though my uncle was anxious to do so. Ah! how I wished afterwards that I had not dissuaded him! I found that the blacksmith, like most people, had taken a holiday, leaving a clumsy fellow in charge, who evidently did not understand his trade. He was a long time about his work, and when at last I rode off, I had not gone many yards before I discovered that my horse was limping. It was, as you know, one of your father’s, and I could not risk riding it in that condition; so I determined to

walk, turned back to the forge, left the horse there, and had just started again on foot when that first fearful crash came. It literally threw me off my feet, and I think I must have been stunned in falling, for I have only a dim idea of horrible rocking and noise, till I came to myself some hours later, conscious, for the moment, of nothing but intense thirst. Luckily there was water not far off; but when I had drunk, and at last could stand upright and look about me, I really thought I must have gone mad in the interval! It seemed incredible that the scene around me could be the same I had beheld only a short time before. Gradually I realised what had happened, and you must forgive me if my first thought was for my uncle.'

'Of course.'

'I hurried towards what *had* been the city; but, as it happened, I came across, on my way, the Royal Family, fugitives like every one else, and, at that moment, in great distress and difficulty. I was able to render them some little assistance, and was treated by them, then and afterwards, with great kindness and consideration. They tried to dissuade me from seeking for my uncle, assuring me that to do so was as useless as it was dangerous. You must have heard and seen enough to know that they were right. I can never forget, and would not for worlds describe to you, what I encountered in my vain efforts to reach the place where the Cathedral had been! Returning, exhausted and despairing, two days later, I looked up at the place where your beautiful house had stood, and could only conclude that you had shared the almost universal fate! Viewed from below, it seemed to have fallen over bodily; and the fact that the Terrace wall was gone too, helped to deceive me. Nevertheless, I meant to return and climb up for a closer inspection by daylight (it was then evening); but when I reached Ajuda, I found the King most anxious that I should start at daybreak with despatches for England to ask for help. You will easily understand that trustworthy messengers were hard to come by just then. I could scarcely refuse, and, indeed, was thankful for any active work which might prove a distraction. But I could not forget all your father's kindness and hospitality, and begged for a day's grace, explaining why. The King promised faithfully to send explorers here at once, and I cannot understand——'

'I have no doubt he kept his word,' said Margaret. 'But my father believed it to be safer *not* to be discovered at that time, and took every precaution against it. No one, simply inspecting the house from the other side, would have supposed we were here.'

'No; that was it, no doubt. Still, I do wish I had been able to come myself.'

'You need not regret it; what could you, or any one, have done for us? Even if my poor mother could have been moved, there was nowhere to move her to! We were well provisioned here, and have been, I believe, better off than most.'

'But doctors?' said Godfrey, hesitatingly.

‘Ah! we did indeed long for our English doctor. But we have since learnt that he was absent.’

‘Is Sister Ellen the nun I saw? How did she come here?’

At that moment the nun herself emerged from the arbour laden with two cups of coffee. Some coffee berries had been part of their salvage from the house, and had been hitherto sparingly used; but now, she thought, they could afford to be prodigal! For who could this stranger be but her dear Margaret’s *fiancée*?—the Humphrey of whom she had heard; and about whom, without any very plain words, she had gathered enough to guess pretty well how the land lay;—nun though she was! And now she was rejoicing with all her unselfish little heart that *one* was saved to comfort and help her dear child, even though his coming must separate them, probably for ever.

Advancing proudly, her eyes beaming with love and congratulation, she said to Margaret—

‘Surely, my child, Mr. Humphrey will need some refreshment?’

The effect of her words on Sir Godfrey was even more startling than on Margaret herself. The latter, indeed, turned very pale; but she had no reason to suppose that her visitor knew anything of the relations which had existed between Humphrey and herself, and could therefore with tolerable composure correct Sister Ellen’s mistake by simply introducing Sir Godfrey by his real name. But Sister Ellen’s look of disappointment was surpassed by Godfrey’s face of confusion and regret; and as, overwhelmed by her mistake, the nun turned to go away, Margaret chanced to intercept a sudden look—a gesture—by which the young man signed to her to remain where she was.

In an instant Margaret’s suspicions were aroused. It flashed across her that he had interrupted her inquiries for the Copplestons, and evaded a direct answer. That he had prolonged the account of his own doings, after professing anxiety about *her* affairs. Love has intuitions, and is quick to jump to conclusions when suspicion is once aroused. Now she turned towards him swiftly.

‘You *do* know Humphrey’s fate,’ she said. ‘Tell me—tell me quickly!’

For all answer at that moment he took her hands in his, and gently forced her back into her seat. Then, standing in front of her, he said, in a voice which he vainly tried to steady—

‘Can you bear it, after all *this*, too?’

‘I know—I know that he is dead. I have known that a long time, only——’

‘Only!’ Ah, that one word! How much it meant only those can know who have clung, unconsciously maybe, to the shadow of hope, until even that refuge is blotted out by the blinding glare of cruel certainty.

She could not say more; but, looking from her to him, Sister Ellen spoke.

‘Tell her what you know as quickly as you can. That will be best.’

'He went with his grandfather to the counting-house that morning. They must have been there when the crash came. I have been there to-day.'

A quick gasping sob from the poor girl. Sister Ellen signed to him to go on.

Kneeling down in front of her, he took from his pocket a plain gold band ring; the counterpart of it was still on the third finger of Margaret's left hand. This one which he handed to her had her own initials engraved on the inside. She knew it in an instant as the one she had given Humphrey in exchange. Now she took it mechanically, and still looked at Godfrey, silently, but with hungry, pleading eyes.

Yes, there was more to come. A purse, which she had netted for her lover, still containing a few coins, and a watch, there was no mistaking *that*, with the Coppleston arms engraved on the back—a ponderous machine in a shagreen case, with seals dangling from a broad black riband, the very sight of which brought back days when she had sat on old Mr. Coppleston's knee with Humphrey standing by her side, and both had been bidden to hold their breath while they studied the wonderful mechanism within. Odd! that *that* scene should come back to her so vividly now! Not Humphrey and his grandfather, lying crushed and bleeding; dying, perhaps, a slow and agonising death, beyond reach of hope or succour,—but the white-headed, hale old man, with her, a tiny child, on his lap, and the cheerful light-hearted boy by his side. What did it all mean? Which was true?

Who was it sprinkling water on her face, and saying, 'You are better now, my child?'

And yet, to Margaret herself, there seemed to have been no interval before she was again looking in Godfrey's face, again signing to him to go on, if there was yet more to tell.

It was well that the months which had elapsed since they last met had done much to age him as well as her, for he had no easy task to perform. He explained how, during his recent stay in London, he had visited Mr. Faversham (from whom, it must be remembered, that he and Mr. Lester had received their letters of introduction to Mr. Hawthorne), and had found him in great anxiety about his partners, of whom he had received no information since the earthquake. Any communication with Lisbon was still exceedingly difficult; and Godfrey, whose mission obliged him to return there, undertook to make what inquiries he could all the more readily in remembrance of the kindness he had himself received.

Of Mr. Thomas Hawthorne's fate, and that of his family, he had, however, told Mr. Faversham that he had but little doubt from what he had already seen; but Mr. Faversham still thought it possible that old Mr. Coppleston might have survived. It was then that Godfrey heard for the first time of the engagement between

Humphrey and Margaret, and he was surprised and interested to find that the former had been a fellow-passenger to whom he had taken a great liking during his previous voyage.

In any case, Mr. Faversham was most anxious to obtain possession of various important books and papers which would naturally be in the Lisbon office, and which he begged Godfrey to secure if it were still possible to do so. For the actual state of things in that part of the city was, even then, beyond his conception.

Arrived there, Godfrey found that in spite of all that had been done to clear away the ruins and restore order, many parts of the town still remained exactly as they were left after the catastrophe; while those employed in the work of clearance still daily discovered the remains of human bodies which had been buried too deeply beneath the ruins to be destroyed by fire, or by other means too shocking to particularise.

Mr. Hawthorne's office, one of the oldest in Lisbon, was situated in the very heart of the English quarter, surrounded on all sides by high buildings, and at all times difficult of access. Apparently no effort had as yet been made to reach it—strong evidence, as Godfrey at once realised, of the death of both partners. He had no difficulty,—thanks to his interest with the King, and therefore with Pombal,—in obtaining workmen, who, used as they by this time were to such undertakings, pronounced this an unusually difficult one, likely to take some time. But they had not proceeded far before one of them discovered that there was an unexpected means of access through some back premises, communicating with a narrow lane leading to the river; probably the in-rush of the latter had helped to keep this clear. It was, however, a hard day's work before they reached a tiny area at the back, from which a door led into the main office.

After all that he had already seen and heard, it was a relief to Godfrey to know that the place would naturally have been empty on the fatal day; and the shock was correspondingly great when, entering through the broken-down door, the first thing which met his gaze was what *might* have been a mummy, lying on the ground by the side of a high office stool and desk. On closer inspection his more experienced companions pronounced this to be the body of a very old man. Grasped in the withered hand was an (even then) old-fashioned gold pen-holder, with the quill still firm in it, and on his person was the watch which left no doubt as to his identity, and the hands of which stood still at 9.50.

Stranger though he was, Godfrey trusted that the old man's life had ceased as abruptly and as early on that day of misery; for there were worse sights than this in the room. In one corner a whole mass of stone-work seemed to have fallen, advancing towards which one of the explorers uttered an exclamation; for here again, what had been a human hand was visible, close to which was lying something which he picked up and handed to Sir Godfrey. It was

the ring, the counterpart to which the latter remembered noticing on Miss Hawthorne's finger that evening in the music-room; so that he scarcely needed the initials inside to give him the clue as to its owner. Had it not been for this, it would have been impossible to identify the shapeless mass which was at last disclosed, when some of the heavy stones had been removed; and, alas! the workmen gave it as their opinion that this victim must have crawled here after some previous injury, and have been afterwards overwhelmed by the falling in of the upper story; for there were marks of blood upon the floor, for which it was impossible otherwise to account, and, close to these, a purse, which they could only conclude that young Mr. Coppleston must have had in his hand, and have dropped when the first shock came.

On the desk lay some papers which, together with others scattered about the room, Godfrey collected, and had removed with all the office books, strong boxes, etc., of which he had come in search; and he also made such arrangements as were possible for the decent burial of the two bodies—arrangements to which the workmen were, by this time, only too well accustomed.

Much of all this, as may be imagined, Godfrey managed to suppress in his conversation with Margaret; and, no doubt, mercifully, the poor girl was, for the time, so absolutely stunned as to be incapable of coherent reasoning or questions.

It was merciful in many ways; for events followed each other quickly, and the time of passive waiting came to an end abruptly with Godfrey's visit. He returned the next day, bringing with him Dr. Allen, at the sight of whose well-known face Margaret at last broke down, shedding tears which were almost those of joy in her relief at seeing at last *one* old friend. He, poor man, though he had spent much of the winter among such scenes, could scarcely restrain his own grief, and his dismay at having neglected to find her out, though he might be forgiven for having believed too easily the assurance which had reached him that the whole family had perished, considering how many such instances there had been. He himself had been severely injured at the time of the earthquake, and for two months had been incapable of doing anything. When at last, as soon as he could begin to crawl about, he eagerly sought for news of his flock, it was, as he said to Margaret, 'as though your dear mother's belief and hope had been fulfilled; as though our Lord had come to gather that first-fruits to Himself of which she so often spoke, when "one shall be taken, and the other left"—spoke often to me, that is, for I begged her not to do so to others. I confess it seemed to me then a vague and visionary dream, as she interpreted it; but who was I that I should judge one who spent her life in such close communion with her Master, and whose wisdom was culled from the one all-wise Book. Still, let that be as it may, I soon saw that *this* partial judgment could not be the fulfilment of a warning

addressed to all Christendom ; and, indeed, it seems to me still, as I sometimes said to her then, that in all God's dealings with mankind, He has ever warned before He struck ; He has ever given space for repentance, sending His messengers to prepare His way before Him. And so, surely when He comes again, it cannot be to a *sleeping* Church ; but to those who *look* for Him that He will arise with healing in His wings. Perhaps, had we all been looking for Him as she was, He would have come long ere this, and such warnings as this terrible calamity which has overtaken us, would never have been needed.'

To Margaret, in her condition of listless, almost hopeless sorrow, such words and thoughts seemed uninteresting and profitless. But she need not have reproached herself as she did for this feeling ; they were the seeds of future hope and comfort, which must be dormant before they could fructify.

Most willingly she resigned the management of herself and her affairs into Dr. Allen's hands, leaving him to make such arrangements for her as he thought best. But it was a fresh shock when he told her that he thought she ought to take advantage of the returning corn ships, and proceed to England at once. They were sailing within a week, and it might be long before such another opportunity arose of fulfilling her father's injunctions. Several other ladies, too, were availing themselves of the chance, so that it seemed the best plan in every way ; and Sir Godfrey Lester, who was also returning, eagerly promised all the assistance and protection he could give.

'Would not Sister Ellen go too?' he asked.

But the little Sister tearfully declined. She and Margaret had already discussed that point. Most gladly would she have remained with the poor girl who had become so dear to her, and who clung to her now as to an old friend ; but her path of duty was clear. She had learnt from Dr. Allen that a few others of the Sisterhood had also survived the earthquake, and were gradually re-assembling in a house outside the city. These she would join as soon as the parting was over, and resume her former work, of which there would assuredly be no lack.

Margaret had stipulated that she might remain in her refuge to the last. Thence Dr. Allen fetched her in the early morning of a bright spring day. He found her kneeling by the grave on the hill-side, which Sister Ellen had promised to tend in her absence. There, beside the emblem of the cross which she was called upon to bear, he prayed for her that she might carry it bravely and humbly in the footsteps of Him Who knew its weight, and Who would be ever ready to take the load upon Himself, and to give rest to her weary steps.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXIV.

DERRY AND THE BOYNE.

1689-1698.

SYMPATHY somewhat changes sides when the scene changes from Scotland to Ireland, for Jacobitism in the former country attracted the nobler spirits, while in the latter it became identified with the general spirit of misrule and rebellion.

Still that the Roman Catholic country should cling to the Roman Catholic king was only natural, and a great deal had been suffered from the English immigrants, so that the great body of the country was Jacobite, and the Revolution had received no recognition. Indeed, the deputy, Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, had carefully filled every post in his power with Romanists, the Chief Baron being Stephen Rice, who is said to have originated the saying that he could drive a coach and horses through any Act of Parliament. The Protestants had for three years past been systematically depressed, suffering somewhat of the injustice they had inflicted on the Roman Catholics, and when William's arrival in England was known, a report was spread that they were all to be massacred, as in the early days of the Great Rebellion. The 9th of December, 1688, was the day when this slaughter was expected, and the Protestant population of Dublin crowded down to Kingstown entreating to be taken on board ship and carried into safety.

Tyrconnel sent two of the Lords of Council to reassure them; but as many as possible got on board, and the rest remained in fear and trembling.

At Bandon, Mallow, and Sligo, bands were formed for self-defence, and at Enniskillen, on Lough Erne, not only was the place put in a state of defence, but the gentlemen sallied out and drove Tyrconnel's troops back to Cavan.

The Earl of Antrim, with 1200 men, chiefly Highlanders, was sent by Tyrconnel to garrison Londonderry. The magistrates, under the influence of Rice, would have received him, but the citizens were of another mind. As the soldiers were approaching, nine apprentice lads, under a sudden impulse, rushed at the gates, closed, barred, locked them, drew up the drawbridge, and let down the portcullis. Man after man of all ranks followed the impetus, the guns were manned, and minds were braced to a desperate resistance.

Antrim durst not attack the place, and Tyrconnel sent the Master of the Ordnance, Lord Mountjoy, himself a Protestant, to induce the

Ulster men to lay aside their fears, and admit the troops; but this proved a failure, and, moreover, the Romanists were showing themselves sufficiently inclined to commit violences that there was danger of their justifying the alarms of the Protestants. Tyrconnel upon this sent Lord Mountjoy and Chief Baron Rice to France to urge James to come at once and make Ireland a point of vantage for the recovery of his throne—and it is said that he even offered Louis privately to make Ireland a dependency of France if his master would not make the attempt.

‘Now or never! Now or for ever!’ was on the flag he hoisted on the Castle at Dublin, and he enlisted 50,000 Irish in James’s cause; but there were many who, unwilling to submit to discipline, roamed the country, plundering, burning, and killing the cattle of the Protestants. Most of the persons, however, fled before the marauders, and took refuge in Ulster, where the population was in great part of Scottish or English extraction. In Londonderry, the numbers, usually 6000 or 7000, were swelled to 30,000.

James was eager to respond to the summons of his deputy, and Louis was anxious to support him with money and a staff of officers, since Ireland itself was to furnish men. James wished for Lauzun to take the command; but he refused, unless Louis would make him a duke, and this was not as yet granted. James, however, made him a Knight of the Garter, giving him the very George worn by Charles I. on the scaffold. It had been guarded by Izaak Walton till the Restoration, and on Lauzun’s death, being returned to the royal Stewarts, it remained with them till the last of the line sent it on his death-bed to George III. in 1807.

The command of the French contingent was given to Marshal Count von Rosen, a Livonian soldier of fortune of high birth and connection, but rude and coarse manners and ferocious temper, without any great ability. Count d’Avaux was to go as ambassador, and most of the fugitive nobles accompanied the King, as well as the Duke of Berwick, whose military capacity was far beyond that of any of the rest, but who was still a mere lad of nineteen.

Louis parted most affectionately with his cousin, giving his own sword as an augury of good fortune, and saying, with an embrace, ‘The best wish I can give your Majesty is that I may never see you again!’

A splendid equipage for the camp was also presented by the French king, but the vessel carrying it was lost at sea. Escorted by the French fleet from Brest, James arrived at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, and was met at Cork by Tyrconnel, who conducted him to Dublin, where he was received with showers of flowers, tapestry spread in the streets, and loyal addresses from all ranks.

His first proclamation summoned all Protestants to return to their homes, and all Catholics not regularly enlisted to give up their arms, and he then marched with his army to reduce Londonderry, which

his generals assured him would be an easy conquest. The Governor, Colonel Lundy, himself considered the place untenable. Two regiments had been despatched from England to assist in the defence; but he sent to their officers to prevent their disembarkation, saying that there was no alternative but surrender, and they would only swell the number of prisoners. When the royal army came in sight, he gave orders that they should not be fired upon. However, George Walker, a parish clergyman, who had taken refuge in the city, stirred up the people to persevere, and secretly enabled Lundy to escape in disguise from their indignation, while two officers, Major Baker and Captain Murray, took the command of the soldiers, Walker was elected governor, and the advancing troops of James were fired upon.

The ramparts were decayed, the walls crumbling, the artillery insufficient, the city overcrowded with useless mouths, James and Rosen expected an easy victory; but their summons to surrender was rejected, and so was an attempt to bribe Captain Murray. The resolution of the inhabitants was taken in a religious spirit. There were eighteen clergymen and seven Presbyterian ministers within the walls, and these all heartily co-operated. They had prayers daily within their churches and chapels, which were attended by the soldiers as well as the inhabitants, and above all things they endeavoured to prevent religious discussions. The town was battered for eleven days in vain, and at the end of two months it was plain to the besiegers that nothing but famine would reduce the place, and James and Rosen left General Hamilton to carry on the blockade, and repaired to Dublin.

In the words of Mrs. Alexander, a poetess by adoption of Derry—

‘Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral Church
Above the tide-vezt river looks eastward from the bay,
Dear namesake of St. Columb, and each morning sweet and solemn,
The bells through all the tumult, have call’d us in, to pray.

Our leader speaks the prayer, the Captains all are there,
His deep voice never falters though his look be sad and grave;
On the women’s pallid faces and the soldiers in their places,
And the stones above our brothers that he buried in their graves.

They are closing round us still! by the river, on the hill
You can see the white pavillions round the standard of their chief;
But the Lord is up in Heaven, though the chances are uneven,
Though the boom is in the river whence we looked for our relief.’

The boom was a strong bar cast across the estuary below the city, shutting out the entrance of ships with relief. Just as the famine was becoming grievous, a flotilla of thirty vessels was seen advancing on Lough Foyle; but, to the absolute anguish of the inhabitants, it sailed away again.

The commander was the barbarous Kirke, who was probably half-hearted in the cause, as well as pitiless, for he declared that as the boom was guarded by a land-battery at each end, it was hopeless to

force it, and he left the people to their fate, only sending them a message that they should 'husband their provisions.'

This, when Major Baker had already died from privation and insufficient food, loathsome articles were all that could be had; the last fragments of bread were kept for the Holy Communion! Hamilton besought the brave defenders to take pity on themselves; but the cry was still 'No surrender!' Rosen, who had again joined, furious at the delay, declared that if the city held out beyond the 1st of July, he should drive all the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood to perish with hunger between the walls and the camp, and though all the English and Irish generals protested, he actually carried his cruel threat into execution. The helpless crowd were fired upon from the walls before they were recognised; but the soldiers who drove them were weeping for pity, and they only shouted encouragement to their friends within. As the only chance of saving them, the garrison erected a gibbet and threatened to hang their prisoners, among whom were some persons beloved by the army, and this brought the Irish soldiers to the verge of mutiny. However, Hamilton had had time to send a messenger to James, and obtain from him an order that the unfortunate multitude should be released, and allowed to return home. With them the garrison sent some of their most helpless inhabitants, receiving in their stead strong men.

Meantime, Kirke learnt that his cowardice had excited great indignation in his superiors, and Marshal Schomberg, whom William had made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, sent peremptory orders that the relief should be attempted. Kirke was obliged to obey, but even then he merely permitted two brave masters of merchantmen, laden with provisions, to make the venture, Micaiah Browning of the *Mountjoy*, and Andrew Douglas of the *Phœnix*, under convoy of Captain Leake of the *Dartmouth*, also a volunteer.

It was the 28th of July, and there were only two days' rations of any sort of sustenance left in the city, when the famished inhabitants beheld the three ships sailing up Lough Foyle with a fair wind. The only navigable passage was close to the camp and batteries of the enemy, and the famished heroic inhabitants crowded their ramparts, watching in agony as the Irish batteries opened fire on the vessels, on whose progress hung life or death. The frigate shortened sail and replied to the battery. The gallant Browning, under cover of the smoke, dashed the *Mountjoy* at the boom, and broke through it; but the vessel was driven ashore by the force of the shock. The *Phœnix* sailed through the opening, and while the Irish were flocking down to seize the stranded *Mountjoy*, the tide and the recoil of her own guns floated her, and she followed her companion to the rescue.

'And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices singing,
And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph stave.'

By ten at night the ships were at the quay, all the citizens

hurrying down, by midnight all hunger was appeased. For a day or two longer the besiegers still fired; but at daybreak on the 2nd of August, the sentries announced that they were in full retreat! The siege had lasted since the second week in March. More than half the population had perished, and the remainder were ghastly spectacles; but they still had the gallantry to rush out and attack the retreat, though they were driven back with loss. Their resistance has ever since been the pride of their city, and the anniversary of the closing of the gates has been the special holiday of the apprentice lads.

Throughout the siege, the Enniskillen Protestant bands had harassed Rosen's army, surprising outposts and cutting off convoys of provisions. Lord Mountcashel was sent by James, some days before the relief of Derry, with 5000 men to reduce them. He began by trying to take the border fortress of Castle Crom, on Lough Erne, where many of the Protestant families had taken refuge. Not being able to bring his artillery over the surrounding bog, he made two sham cannons of tin, pointed them, and summoned the garrison to surrender; but they defied him, sallied out, drove him back, and captured the mock artillery, which afforded them infinite amusement. From Kirke they obtained weapons for themselves, and became so formidable that James sent a considerable force under General Macarthy, who had just put down Lord Inchquin's resistance at Munster. Sarsfield was to attack them from Connaught, the Duke of Berwick on the north side. This last had much of the genius of his uncle of Marlborough, and he alone was successful in his attacks. Sarsfield's men were dispersed, and Macarthy, with 5000, received a great defeat at Newton Butler from Colonel Wolseley with only 2000.

These brave men struggled through the bog and threw themselves on Macarthy's batteries in the right. The Irish General gave the command to the centre, 'Wheel to the right,' meaning them to turn and support the right. They took it for 'Wheel to the right-about,' and thereupon faced round and began to march off the field, whereupon the rest of the troops broke and fled! The Enniskillens pressed on them and gained a complete victory, slaughtering savagely. 2000 Irish were killed, 600 driven into Lough Erne, 400 prisoners taken, among them Macarthy himself, lamenting that he had not been slain.

Before this disaster, James had met his Irish Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689, in the Inns of Court. Except four Bishops, whose loyalty bound them to attend, a very few Peers, and six Commoners, it was wholly Roman Catholic. James opened it in person, in royal robes, with a crown on his head, and made a moderate and conciliatory speech, which was not followed up, although one act of this Parliament promised liberty of conscience to all sects, and gave the tithes to the Pastors of the Communions of the persons who paid them.

There was an Act of Attainder against all suspected of disaffection, 3000 in number, including ladies and children, unless they surrendered by a certain day, and even limiting the King's power of pardon.

Of course, too, they reversed the Act of Settlement, and they also enacted that no act of the English Parliament should bind Ireland, and in fact their 'Home Rule' went on much too fast for James, who was an Englishman after all. The schools and colleges were seized, and as to the University of Dublin, the King commanded the Provost and Fellows to name a Romanist, called Greene, as senior Fellow, and when they refused and had recourse to the courts of law, he sent soldiers to turn them out of Trinity College, made the Chapel into a powder magazine, and the rooms into barracks; but put the library in charge of a priest, who took great care of it, while awaiting the Jesuits whom James intended to place there.

The Parliament granted the King £20,000 monthly, which grant he instantly doubled by Royal Proclamation, against the remonstrance of all his Irish nobility. 'If I cannot do this, I can do nothing!' he exclaimed.

However, £40,000 a month was more than Ireland could raise, so he set up a Bank, and coined tokens out of a mixture of old cannon, broken bells, and pots and pans, calling shillings and guineas what was worth little more than farthings. Traders would have been ruined by taking these at their nominal value, and either raised their prices, or refused to sell at all. This was prohibited by Royal Proclamation, death was denounced against any one who presumed to give more than thirty-eight shillings of this base compound for a golden guinea, and soldiers were charged to see that the shopkeepers sold at the price which was ruin to them. This extraordinarily wrong-headed monarch was doing his best to alienate even the island he had deemed faithful to him! The Irish gentlemen also were much vexed at his preference for foreigners, to whose advice he listened alone, and who seem to have hindered his responding effectively to the summons of Dundee.

By this time, William III. had been able to send Schomberg to Ireland. The old Marshal landed at Belfast in the end of August, with about 10,000 men; but the best English troops were required elsewhere, and the army he had at his disposal were either raw English recruits, French Huguenots, Dutch, Germans, and Danes; mostly were mercenary soldiers, like the terrible regiments of the Thirty Years' War. Count Solms, the second in command, was Dutch, and therefore a favourite with William. Schomberg marched to Carrickfergus, where he was joined by the Enniskilleners, and hoped to gain a decisive victory; but he soon found that his army was in no state to give battle, being for the most part untrained and undisciplined. He therefore encamped at Dundalk, there to teach his troops drill riding and musquetry; but it was a very wet season, the

ground was soaked, the men suffered much from diseases of all kinds, and besides were shamefully ill-supplied with provisions by a Commissary, who afterwards was dismissed from the service. This of course led to plunder of the neighbourhood, and outrages were committed on all parties, gaining them the name of the black banditti. The Enniskilleners, mostly old Cromwellians or their sons, were equally violent towards Roman Catholics, though not so lawless or profane. They could only fight in their own way, and were so unamenable to discipline that one of Schomberg's officers said, 'It was as hard to keep the Enniskillens within a camp as a regiment in a circle of a yard diameter.'

James joined Rosen, and showed himself before the camp, but durst not attempt to storm it, nor would Schomberg come out to attack him. Rosen told him, 'If your Majesty had ten kingdoms you would lose them;' and the English at home said, 'Schomberg did nothing, and James helped him.'

He retreated, and Schomberg, on the arrival of some fresh regiments, moved to Belfast; but the jolting of the waggon over the wretched roads caused the death of many of the sick, and many lay down to die, so that it was said that the troops marched through a lane of the dead!

James sent urgent entreaties to France for further help, complaining of the uselessness of the Irish, and Louis sent him 5000, commanded by Lauzun, who was to supersede Rosen, and requiring as many Irishmen in exchange. Those whom James sent, after the regular Irish fashion, when out of their own country, became admirable soldiers.

Charlemont was held for James by an old gentleman called Teague O'Regan, a little hunchback, usually dressed in a huge wig, a white hat with a long feather, a scarlet coat, and jack-boots. Schomberg, who was much amused with what he heard of him, offered excellent terms; but the answer was, 'That old knave, Schomberg, shall not have this castle.'

However, when famine forced him to surrender, Schomberg still treated him honourably, and asked him to dinner. Meantime an Irish priest and a dragoon entered on a controversy ending in blows, and one of O'Regan's people rushed in to complain.

'Served him right,' said the old man. 'What business had a priest to argue with a dragoon!'

William himself came over on the 14th of June, with Prince George of Denmark, and the young Duke of Ormond, having sent before him a grand park of artillery, and a considerable force, chiefly of Huguenots and Dutch. He landed at Belfast, and on Schomberg's joining him at Loughbrickland, was at the head of 36,000 men. He was considerably puzzled how to reward George Walker, of Derry, whether, as he said, to make him a Colonel or a Bishop; and on the death of the diocesan, Derry was bestowed on the warlike priest. In

the churches of the North, King William was prayed for in the Liturgy ; in those of the South, King James.

The latter, with Lauzun, advanced with an army increased by 8000 French, who had been exchanged at Brest for 4000 Irish. His army amounted to somewhere about 20,000 men, encamped on the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda. He was determined to risk a battle, but sent to Waterford to secure a ship for his retreat, in case of being defeated.

William, who had very little time to spare for Ireland, and was determined, as he said, not to let the grass grow under his feet there, marched towards the river, and on the evening of the last day of June, beheld his uncle's army on the opposite bank.

'I am glad to see you, gentlemen,' he could not help exclaiming. 'If you escape me now, the fault will be mine.' He admired the rich green of the country, and said 'it was worth fighting for.' The Jacobite army was well posted, so as to command the passage of the river, which was not wide, but deep. The nearest bridge was at Slane, five miles off, and there were only two fords, one at Oldbridge close at hand, the other lower down, nearer to Drogheda. James had concentrated his army so as to prevent crossing at Oldbridge, and the position was so formidable, and the banks so steep, that Schomberg gave his voice against attempting a passage ; but William knew that a retreat would do him infinite harm in the eyes of all the nations concerned, and he rode up and down the bank, reconnoitring so that he was recognised. Presently he sat down with his staff on the grass to take some refreshment. Two French cannon were aimed at the party, so surely that William himself and Prince George of Hesse both fell ; but in a moment it proved that it was only Prince George's horse that had been killed, and that William had only received a slight flesh wound on the shoulder. He was soon on the alert again, and, indeed, spent nineteen hours on horseback that day, and rode through the army at midnight by torchlight.

By four in the morning of the 1st of July, he was in the saddle again, putting his troops in motion, causing all to wear green sprays in their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, who wore white-paper cockades. It was sadly needful where English were against English, Irish against Irish, French against French. The right wing was detached, under Schomberg's son, to cross the river at Slane bridge, and thus turn the enemy's flank. His left wing, nearly all cavalry, were to cross under his own command at the lower ford, while the centre, all infantry, under Marshal Schomberg, were to force the passage at Oldbridge. Young Schomberg's troops passed the bridge, and were attacking O'Neil's dragoons, when Lauzun, fearing that the retreat would be cut off, led his best French regiments to support O'Neil, thus leaving his centre to the command of James Tyrconnel and Hamilton.

The infantry, chiefly Huguenot exiles, began to cross prosperously,

though with water up to their breasts, for the Irish infantry went off headlong, throwing away their colours and their weapons; but Hamilton, bringing up some French regiments, made so stout a resistance that the Huguenots were at a standstill on the bank, and their Colonel, Caillemotte, fell. Old Schomberg dashed into the river to take his place. '*Allons, Messieurs, voilà vos persecuteurs,*' he cried; but at that moment the blue ribbon of the Garter was marked, and he was shot dead, George Walker, the Bishop elect, fell almost by his side. Just then, William, who had crossed the river, where the stream was so strong as almost to carry his horse off its legs, came up with his cavalry. Still Hamilton's French dragoons were so strong as to break the ranks of William's, and were about to turn the flank. He rode to the Enniskilleners and asked, 'what they would do for him.' 'Follow him,' they said; but a severe volley of musquetry so disconcerted these irregular soldiers, that they turned and fled, and William never placed any reliance on them again. However, in the *mêlée* that followed, one of them put a pistol to the King's head. He quietly put it aside, saying, 'Do you not know your friends.' This was the severest part of the encounter; but the firmness of the British infantry saved the day. Hamilton was wounded and made prisoner, after once crying with the old instinct, 'Spare my brave English'; James fled, and the French, under Lauzun, only succeeded in protecting the retreat, so as to save baggage, artillery, and colours.

The loss on each side was not very great, it was reckoned as about a thousand on the Jacobite side, and half as many of the Orange army; but Schomberg's and Caillemotte's were both valuable lives, and William was much grieved for the former as a personal friend. As to Walker, he said, with the true military dislike to a civilian running into useless danger, on hearing he had been killed in the river, 'The fool! what took him there?'

James, though once a brave man, seems to have become completely unnerved by his misfortunes. He reached Dublin that very night, sent for the Lord Mayor and a few other persons, and spoke indignantly of the cowardice of his troops, declared that his cause was lost, and the next morning proceeded to Waterford, breaking down the bridges behind him, and embarking for Brest, never more set foot in his native country.

The Irish felt themselves insulted, and called the defeat his own fault. 'Change kings,' they said, 'and we would fight the battle over again.' Lauzun and Tyrconnel marched to Dublin, leaving Drogheda to surrender under terror of a repetition of the horrors it had suffered from Cromwell. It was decided to withdraw beyond the Shannon, and before leaving Dublin, all the political prisoners were released, and the custody of the city resigned into the hands of the Protestant persons who still remained there. A mob arose, plundered Sarsfield's house, and those of other gentlemen on the Jacobite side, and it was necessary to send to William to ask for a garrison to

restrain them. He came in person, and on the Sunday went with his crown on his head to return thanks for his victory in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He formed a camp at Finglas, two miles from the city, and issued a proclamation promising protection to all who would live in peace, but adding that he would leave the desperate leaders of the rebellion to the chances of war.

These desperate leaders had fortified themselves in Limerick and Athlone, and hoped thus to secure the line of the Shannon. General Douglas was sent to reduce Athlone, and make a devastating march, his foreign mercenaries sparing nobody, whether Papist or Protestant. Athlone was defended by Colonel Grace, a descendant of one of the old Norman families, and on a report that Sarsfield was advancing, Douglas retreated, his army suffering terribly on their retreat through the country that they themselves had wasted. He rejoined the main army under the King, advancing upon Limerick, which was expected to be an easy prey. Indeed, Lauzun had said the ramparts could be battered down with roasted apples ; but as Sarsfield believed it defensible, he was left in charge of it, while Lauzun and Tyrconnel went off with the French contingent to Galway. Boisseleau, a French General, was, however, Sarsfield's superior in command, and some French cavalry were also left.

William came up in advance of his battering train, and summoned the place to surrender. Boisseleau addressed his reply to the Secretary, because he could not use the title of the King of England, and would not be so insulting as to omit it. He said he hoped to acquire the good opinion of the Prince of Orange by his defence of the fortress intrusted to him.

The place was on an island in the Shannon with only one bridge, and French ships guarded the mouth of the river ; but the attack had to wait for the arrival of the heavy artillery. Learning its approach from a French deserter, Sarsfield, a tall, brilliant, dashing Irishman, started with 500 cavalry, gained the right bank of the river, crossed it again, and seven miles from William's camp came on the train of artillery, parked for the night, in the security induced by not having seen an enemy throughout. All were asleep, when Sarsfield fell on them. Only one man escaped alive, and as it was impossible to carry off the guns, Sarsfield had them loaded to their muzzles, and buried under ground, heaping over them stones and ammunition waggons, then laying a train, he set fire to it as he rode off, and a frightful explosion astonished the country for many miles round, while he safely returned to Limerick.

Two cannon were left, and with these and his field pieces, William opened a breach in the walls twenty yards long. It was stormed accordingly, and the soldiers made their way into the town ; but soon an overwhelming crowd fell on them in a tremendous street fight, that they were fairly overwhelmed, and had to retreat with the loss of 1500 men.

William's ammunition and provisions were exhausted, autumn rains were imminent, and his presence was needful elsewhere. He raised the siege, and sailed for England from Waterford, leaving Generals Ginkel and Solms in command, when their foreign troops made horrid devastation. However, in September came the Earl of Marlborough, the one true captain in Europe, and an unusually humane man for his day.

He was not, however, thoroughly trusted by William, who joined with him the Prince of Wurtemberg, as superior in command. At first Marlborough would not give up, but finally they agreed to command on alternate days. The Earl on his first day gave the watchword 'Wurtemberg,' the Prince gave 'Marlborough' on his, as a seal of reconciliation. Tact and courtesy were always an element of success in Churchill's career.

The first enterprise was the siege of Cork, which stands on a boggy plain shut in with hills, and whose fortifications were in the usual Irish state of disrepair. Indeed, the fort of Shandon, commanding the city on the north, was in such a state that it surrendered at once. The commandant only waited till a breach had been made to offer to surrender on the same conditions as the King had usually granted, namely, that the garrison should depart freely to Limerick. Wurtemberg wished this to be granted; but Marlborough, who objected to put an end to the war, insisted on their yielding as prisoners of war, and the garrison, renewing their resistance, an assault was made, in the course of which was killed the Duke of Grafton, on a spot then in the marsh outside the walls, but now in Grafton's Alley in the heart of the city. Immediately after, the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war, on condition that life and property were respected; but the mob called itself Protestant, and began to plunder, the soldiers joined them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the two generals restored order, and prevented further violence.

They then besieged Kinsale, where the garrison shut themselves up in two forts, one of which surrendered easily, the other resisted so gallantly that the terms which had been refused at Cork were granted. Kinsale had been the depôt for all the stores so amply supplied by France, and the capture was so important that Marlborough was able to return to England after a campaign of five weeks, in which he had done all he had undertaken.

Lauzun and Tyrconnel also quitted Ireland, and the former reported to the two Kings that the cause was hopeless, upon which the French troops were withdrawn, much to their own joy, and not greatly to the regret of the Irish; but Tyrconnel declared that if Louis would only supply Sarsfield's wild troops with ammunition, they would still be able to hold out for King James, and it was quite worth Louis' while to keep a division of the English forces thus occupied.

General Ginkel in vain attempted to hunt down the Irish in the mountains of Kerry. Sarsfield commanded a band of cavalry which swept the country from their strongholds, and the peasants were in their element in a guerilla warfare in parties, which, from their chief weapons, namely pikes, were called rapparees. Ginkel was in despair, and wrote to William that the hills and bogs were impregnable, but that he believed that the leaders would submit if it were not for the fear of confiscation and ruin.

The King was quite ready to grant them free and favourable terms, but the Lords Justices Sidney and Coningsby and their Council, who expected to profit by forfeitures, made such an outcry about preserving the Protestant interest, that Ginkel wrote that they cared more for adding £50 a year to the English proprietary than for saving England £50,000!

In fact, 3921 persons altogether suffered confiscation; some forfeiting because their sons were in the opposite camp, and it was, moreover, made penal for ten Catholics to assemble in a body, the priest being in that case condemned to transportation to the plantations. Ginkel opposed these measures, and was therefore much hated. The resistance of the Irish gentry encouraged Louis to send another force of 10,000 men in 1691; but they were not put under the command of Sarsfield, who was created by James, Earl of Lucan, but of a Frenchman named St. Ruth, a very fine gentleman, who was much disliked by the Irish. Contrary to their advice, he fortified Athlone; but after a brave resistance, and once beating back the besiegers, the place was surprised by night, and Ginkel learnt from his prisoners that they suspected Louis of intending to unite Ireland with France, though, if their rights could be respected, they had much rather depend upon England.

This made Ginkel very anxious to finish the war, and with great difficulty he obtained from the Lords Justices the proclamation of an amnesty to all who would lay down their arms; but their intentions were distrusted, and St. Ruth resolved on a pitched battle. The spot he encamped in was in County Roscommon, close to the ruinous Castle of Aughrim, which protected the only road across the great bog, whence ran a stream. This guarded the left of the Irish army, to the right were some hills with a pass through them, protected by the house and grounds of Urrachee. The French and Irish amounted to 25,000; Ginkel's army to 20,000. On the 11th of July, 1691, Ginkel sent the Danish horse to force the Pass of Urrachee. They were repulsed; so were two English regiments of dragoons. The infantry, advancing at half-past four, gained this post, but were entangled in the bog, and exposed to a most destructive fire, so that they were finally driven back, and most of the officers made prisoners.

St. Ruth thought his victory secure, and exclaimed, 'Now will I drive the English to the walls of Dublin!' Seeing the English

cavalry under General Talmash about to advance by the narrow road leading by Aughrim Castle, he praised their valour, but pitied them as certain of destruction, and he was in the act of directing a battery to fire upon them when he was struck by a cannon ball and fell dead.

Nobody took the command. Sarsfield was probably not present. Talmash advanced unmolested, the Irish began to retreat as the English reserve made their way over the bog. At first the retreat was orderly, then it became a rout, a flight, a slaughter. 7000 French and Irish perished, and 2000 British had been killed.

Ginkel felt that he had had a narrow escape, and proceeded to master the forts around, letting their garrisons depart to Limerick with arms and baggage, and trying to persuade all to come to terms. Tyrconnel died at this time, it was said of a broken heart, and nothing was left to the Jacobite cause but Limerick, and in it Sarsfield, though Louis was said to be preparing to pour in fresh forces.

On the 27th of August Ginkel began the second siege of Limerick ; but he found the batteries on the English side of the town produced not sufficient effect, and the river Shannon, only crossed by a bridge towards Thomond, was open to bring supplies to the besieged. However, there was a small island in the midst, and to this, on a dark night, Ginkel laid down a bridge of boats. Beyond the island the river was fordable, and he thus surprised and broke up the Irish camp outside the walls. Then, on the 22nd of September, he had a desperate fight with the Irish guarding the Thomond bridge, and in the midst the French officer commanding within the town raised the drawbridge, shut the gate, and left the Irish outside to their fate, most of them leaping into the river to sink or swim.

This cruel act brought Sarsfield and most of his countrymen to decide against the French, and on the 23rd they declared their readiness to enter into a treaty.

According to this treaty, all Roman Catholics were to enjoy the exercise of their religion as in the time of Charles II., their property was to be preserved to them on their submission, and such officers and soldiers as were unwilling to accept the terms were to be conveyed to France. The treaty was signed just in time, for a French fleet with stores and reinforcements arrived on the coast only two days later !

On the 5th of October, the Irish army was paraded on King's Island to make their choice—Ginkel inviting them to the English service, Sarsfield to that of France. Mass was said, a sermon preached by a priest at the head of each regiment, and the Bishops present blessed them. Then refreshments were served. A flag was hoisted, and it was made known that all who would take service with England should march to the left of it, those for France to the right.

Ginkel, Sarsfield, and D'Ussé, stood by the flag. 'March!' was the order.

First came the Irish guards, 1400 strong. Only seven men turned to the English side. Next came the Ulster Irish, who to a man chose England; but of the other regiments so few declared for William that Ginkel only obtained altogether 1000 horse and 1500 foot.

The others marched through Limerick amid the tears and prayers of the populace, and embarked for France, at least all those who did not desert, and steal home to their native hovels. Thus, before the beginning of 1692, ended the war in Ireland, to the great indignation and wrath of the grasping officials, and the more fanatical Protestants, who dreaded the slightest concession to the Romanists, and did their utmost, not without success, to overrule the wiser spirit of justice and toleration. Wounds that have ever since festered and broken out again have been inflicted on either side in that sad and hopeless island of strife and debate, bloodshed and treachery.

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.
GIVEN AT WINCHESTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

THE age of the Antonines was the best period of the Roman Empire, when able and upright men were at its head, and the laws, just and beneficent in themselves, were fairly administered, and peace prevailed within the limits of the empire, including a wide margin around the Mediterranean sea, which was truly then a Roman lake.

In spite of occasional bursts of popular hatred, and of the constant danger of personal accusations, this century was likewise favourable to the growth of the Church, since, as has been seen, informers were discouraged, and the authorities had no desire to molest peaceable citizens for their opinions alone. Communication too was as rapid and convenient as the ancient world could make it. The wonderful ramification of Roman roads, with stations for rest or change of beasts of carriage or burthens, was complete, merchant ships carrying passengers made constant voyages. Every educated person understood Greek, every person concerned in public business, more or less of Latin, and the first language was universally spoken in the east, the second so entirely in use in the west, that it annihilated the native languages, except in the most remote and mountainous districts, which were never entirely subdued. All this greatly facilitated the spread of the Church, and we still have the testimony to these influences, in the fact that almost all our ecclesiastical, not to say our religious nomenclature, is derived from one or other of these, and they were there formed by a sort of allegorical use of words of different sense. I will only mention a few instances. *Evangelista* is the Greek messenger of good tidings. The name was first given to the shepherd who discovered the marble quarry whence was built the great temple of Diana at Ephesus. How fitly applied to the Gospel. Good spell writers, who give us the quarries of Church doctrine from the Rock.

Leiturgeia was the title given by the Greeks to any public service or office of the State, thence it came to mean the service of the gods, and Christian Greeks ended by applying it to their own highest service, so that the special meaning of Liturgy has come to be the Holy Communion office.

Again, *Kanna* in Greek, *Cana* in Latin, like cane in English,

signified a reed, a straight hollow rod. Thence, from the reed being used to guide a straight line, *kanón* came to mean a rule; whence the rules of the Church were her canons. Once more, *kanón* had the sense of a model. The more admirable and authentic books of classical writers came to be termed *kanones* or models, and thence the accepted Books of Scripture were known as the canon or authentic New and Old Testament. Shall I follow my canon further, when in mediæval times it expressed the roll of the clergy, especially of those immediately attached to the Bishop's Cathedra or chair, likewise to the roll of saints commemorated by the Roman Church? Thus the hollow straight reed has come to strange uses, with the warlike cannon, and the Spanish American cañon. Nor is the formation of our language of religion a trivial matter. Let me quote Canon Westcott again.

'Few among us ever pause to consider what periods of conflict, what long strivings after truth, what manifold trials of experience, what concurrences and combinations of different elements are epitomised in a language. Words are monuments of thoughts grappled with and overcome. They are not the production of any one man, but rather partial revelations by which "the word" interprets the mind of a nation. They place within the reach of all of us, and so that we can use them, the results which the greatest intellects have been able to reach. The use of a noble language—and no language is nobler than our own—is, if we regard it rightly, a perpetual lesson. The thought cannot be clear till the word has symbolised it; the word cannot be current without stirring speaker and hearer to fix the meaning for themselves. We can understand what this implies when we remember that there are people who have no words for Faith, Hope, and Charity. And if this seems strange, it is scarcely less strange, from another point of view, that for us these words represent our connection with Rome and Germany and France.'

After this testimony to the importance of words, let me give two more from the Latin. *Sacramentum*, a sacred thing, was first of all a pledge; and then the oath of a soldier on entering the Service. How well the word is chosen to combine the pledge from our master, and our own oath of allegiance! One more instance, Latin gives us tribulation and trouble, from *tribula*, the frame of thorns or spikes employed to thresh, or separate the wheat from the chaff. The world before Christianity, attached no such idea to misfortune, which they ascribed merely to the jealousy of spiteful deities.

For a time then Greek and Latin had mitigated the Babel curse, and even the similarity of high culture, in heathen philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry was in favour of the Christian teaching, since every educated man, from York to Seleucia, knew the same books, the same speculative opinions, and the same methods of thought and argument.

The Church had twenty years more of tranquillity, though the age

of the Antonines might be said to be over, for though Commodus was the son of Aurelius, he was of a different mould. The three first of these wise emperors had been childless, and thus had been free to choose and adopt successors of mature age, tried character, and known ability; but Aurelius was the father of a large family, and though his eldest and most hopeful son died before him, and the next in age had already manifested evil dispositions, he let matters take their natural course, and Commodus assumed the purple, only to recall the worst days of Caligula and Nero. Like the latter, his vanity prompted him to make himself a public spectacle. He fought in the amphitheatre 750 times, and of course always conquered, so that he used to subscribe himself 'Victor over 1000 gladiators'; and once, when he thought the people laughed at him, he was with difficulty withheld from having them all massacred, and the city set on fire. At last, after twelve years, he was poisoned in 193, by some persons who had found themselves marked for destruction. He had been too careless and self-indulgent to enforce the laws, and thus there was no persecution.

Neither was there any under Pertinax, a brave soldier, who was elected to the empire because he was one of the few surviving friends of Aurelius; but he only reigned eighty-seven days, being murdered during a mutiny of the lawless Prætorian guards, whom he was endeavouring to reduce to some discipline. The Prætorians, originally the guards of the Prætor or judge, had become the most formidable power in the State, though they were recruited from all manner of nations, and were very far from being genuine Romans, so entirely had the vision of Nebuchadnezzar been fulfilled that the final worldly power should be part of iron, but mingled with miry clay.

These Prætorians put up the empire to auction, and the highest bidder was a noted miser, Didius Julianus. Three generals in the provinces were, however, hailed as emperors by their troops, Severus, Albinus, and Pescennius, and the wars between them lasted till 197, when Severus gained a great and decisive victory under the walls of Lyons.

The Church was at peace outwardly at this time, but Pope Victor took serious offence at the persistence of the Eastern Churches as Quartodecimans, or observers of the fourteenth day for the Paschal feast. He took upon himself to excommunicate them, and Irenæus, who had himself been bred to the Eastern usage, but had conformed to the Western, went to Rome to remonstrate with him. It is quite plain that no supremacy over these other Churches were attributed to Victor, and on the representation of Irenæus, he withdrew his censure, and the question remained in abeyance for another century, until the Council of Nicæa.

Study likewise thrived in this peaceful time. Alexandria had ever, since the days of Ptolemy Philadelphus, been the principal seat of

Greek learning. Athens, indeed, was honoured and venerated, but more for the sake of its past than its present, and it was at Alexandria that all that was metaphysical and philosophical flourished, and new speculations were rife. Even Judaism, the most unbending of all religions, had there been modified, and as has been well pointed out, the contrast between the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus shows the difference between the tones of thought of the Alexandrian Jew and the Hebrew of the Hebrews. There Judaism and philosophy had striven to find common ground; and there again had attempts been made to accommodate Christianity and philosophy, so confusing that the Emperor Hadrian seems to have seen little to choose between them.

Here, however, was the first endeavour made to approach ancient classical study from the Christian side. It was by St. Clement of Alexandria. Remember there are three of that name memorable during our period, Clemens Romanus, the friend of St. Paul, and successor of Linus in the episcopate, Flavius Clemens, the cousin of Domitian, and martyred by that tyrant, and Clemens Alexandrinus the scholar. His full name was likewise Titus Flavius Clemens; and one would like to suppose him the grandson of one of the orphans of Flavius and Domitilla; but there is no authority for thinking so, and names had become so confused by adoption that there is no reliance to be placed on them.

Pantænus, once a Stoic, had already had a Christian school in Alexandria, and when he went eastward on a missionary journey, he left it to his pupil Clement. Both Pantænus and Clement looked on the teachings of Plato as St. Paul did when he spoke of heathens as 'feeling after God,' and they considered it as the divine preparation of the Greek and Roman mind for the reception of Gospel truth. Clement, therefore, taught the whole range of learning, and had many pupils, of whom the most distinguished was Origen, the eldest son of a most excellent man named Leonides, who made him every morning repeat some sentences of Scripture before commencing his classical studies.

Several books of Clement are still extant. One, the *Pædagogus* or Schoolmaster, is an abridgement of Christian doctrine and duty for the Catechumen, whom St. Clement was wont to prepare.

It is in three books. He tells us in the first that our Master is the Lord Himself, the Incarnate Word, the true Wisdom. Men fell from God by sin, and to restore them, He instructs them by His Word. He remits our sins as God, and as Man, preserves us by His teaching. He led the Israelites by fear, and since His Incarnation, His new people by love; but He is still the same, whether exercising justice or mercy—an argument needed against the heretics, who, like some moderns, tried to separate between the God of the Old and New dispensations. In the other two books, he goes into the details of the life a Christian ought to lead—a grave, self-restrained life,

avoiding all excess or self-indulgence, and with details curiously touching on manners. He condemns the 'Eucratites' who forbade wine altogether, but wishes that the young should abstain from it; and he had to renew St. Paul's cautions against the abuse of the Agapè. Sleep is to be moderate, and not taken by day, garments as simple as possible, and by preference white, according to the ancient Greek and Roman custom, and the most suitable to the Egyptian climate. He wished women's feet to be covered, as a matter of propriety; but men to go barefoot, except when at war, and he disapproved of all unnecessary ornament. The public spectacles of the theatre and amphitheatre were no places for Christians; but the need of wholesome exercise was fully recognised, and wrestling, ball, and walking, were recommended; but above all useful labours, such as cleaving wood, drawing water, or digging the garden. The multitude of slaves kept by the rich was thought by Clement most undesirable, and especially the seeking after dwarfs or curious animals, on which, he says, ladies lavished more than on the poor.

Be it observed that the Church from the first discouraged slavery, though maintaining the right of the master, and the duty of the servant; but it placed them spiritually on the same level of brotherhood, and gradually by influence upon thought and principle worked out freedom for all. To Clement's other writings he gave the curious title of *Stromata*, or patchwork, because of their miscellaneous character. There are eight books of them, the last, however, of doubtful authenticity. One great point that he makes is that the Christian is the true Gnostic, since he alone has the true knowledge which brings all science and philosophy into fit relation to the truth and to the Godhead. Clement was immensely looked up to by many generations of succeeding scholars, who evidently felt that he had given them the clue by which they could find their way through the mazes of classic literature without impairing their faith.

'Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo, here the unknown God of thine unconscious praise.'

So, as old Dr. Cave says, 'to commend this excellent man after the great things spoken of him by the ancients were to hold a candle to the sun!

Days of trial were, however, at hand. Severus was a stern ruler, and a passionate man. At first he seemed likely to be favourable to the Christians, for he imputed his recovery from a dangerous illness to the holy oil with which a Christian slave anointed him, and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, had a Christian nurse, and for a time a Christian tutor. He became, however, determined to enforce obedience to the ancient laws of Rome, and to bear down all opposition. He was exasperated by the conduct of a soldier, who when the brothers, Caracalla and Geta, were hailed by the title of Augustus, and the soldiers were simultaneously to put on laurel crowns, held his in his

hand, deeming it an idolatrous ensign, and replying to all commands, 'I am a Christian.'

By such acts of passive resistance, Severus seems to have been worked up to make it penal to become a Christian, and the original edicts against denying honors to the effigies of the gods and of the Emperors, which had of late been in abeyance, were again enforced, and in 202, the fifth persecution began, though not very severe, and lasted longer than any which the Church had yet undergone. One of the first persons arrested was the good Leonides. His son, Origen, then seventeen, burnt to share the crown of martyrdom, and was only withheld by his mother's hiding his clothes to prevent him from declaring his faith before the tribunal. He wrote to his father in prison, begging that no consideration for his family should daunt a good confession; but he need not have feared. Leonides was beheaded, as a true and faithful martyr. There, too, died Potamiana, an accomplished slave girl, who had been much admired. Her mother and she were taken to the tribunal at the same time, and endured preliminary tortures firmly. On their way to execution the officer of the guard, Basilides, showed so much compassion and so exerted himself to keep off the abusive mob, that Potamiana was encouraged to exhort him to embrace her faith, and to promise to intercede for him when her crown was won. Boiling pitch was poured on her, beginning with her feet, and going gradually higher till it reached the top of her head, when she died. Some days later, Basilides astonished his comrades by refusing a heathen oath on the plea that he was a Christian. Finding it no jest, as they at first thought, they brought him to the tribunal. While in prison, he told the Christians who visited him that he had three times seen Potamiana in his dreams, with the crown she had spoken of. They baptised him, and he died the Roman soldier's death, by the sword.

Eusebius found this tradition current at Alexandria, with other stories of the maiden's virtue and attractiveness. Probably the legend of St. Dorothea, which is placed under a later persecution and rests on no trustworthy evidence, was an echo of this story, rendered more graceful and poetical than the fact, for she promises the youth she pities, the celestial roses, and appears to him crowned with them, and offering him, not in a dream, actual and tangible flowers. And the beauty of the story has rendered it far more popular and well known than the history of the slave girl of Alexandria.

In fact, most of the apocryphal legends of martyrdom, dear to art and poetry, and devoutly accepted in the Middle Ages, are placed under the persecutions of this century, partly because of the large indefinite numbers who suffered, so that what was begun as allegory could be placed among them, partly because the names survived and were read in the diptychs without the history, and imagination gradually filled up what was wanting. The diptychs, it may be remembered, were lists of holy persons commemorated at the Blessed

Eucharist, as we in the Prayer for the Church Militant give thanks for those departed in Faith and Fear.

By that time the city of Lyons had become almost entirely Christian, but the districts beyond were still heathen. As is well known, Pagan is really, like peasant, a countryman, from *pagus*, a district in the country. On the occasion of some recurring festival in the city, these wild people from the marshlands on the one side, and the hills on the other, crowded into Lyons, and the edict of the Emperors let loose their fury, so that a general massacre of the Christians took place, the Rhone ran red with blood, alas! not for the last time, and Irenæus entered into glory in the midst of his flock. A priest, who had escaped, buried him in the vault of the church that bears his name, and where a mosaic states the number of sufferers at 19,000, which is scarcely credible, even if the whole population of Lugdunum was destroyed.

The Celtic populations seem to have been very slow to accept the new faith. Lutetia Parisiorum always has believed its first apostle to have been Dionysius, the popular St. Denys, who was confused with Dionysius the Areopagite, and was said to have been beheaded at Montmartre; but if any part of the story be true, the date is quite uncertain, and all the north and west, Brittany and Anjou, were still heathen two centuries later.

In the Middle Ages, Britain was supposed to have been one of the first countries to receive Christianity; and many persons still believe that St. Paul came thither on his last journey—even though they reject the legend endeared by romance of St. Joseph of Arimathea preaching in the isle of Avallon, whereof his supposed staff is the witness—namely, the Glastonbury thorn, which undoubtedly does bud and blossom at Christmas.

The Welsh firmly believe that Caractacus was converted by St. Paul at Rome, and that his son, Bran the Blessed, sent home the Aristobulus mentioned in Romans xvi., to preach to the Silures. Also that Lucius, son of Bran, turned his Druids into Bishops, converted the country, and became a hermit in Switzerland. But for all this there is no reasonable foundation. There is no trustworthy record of a British Church till much later, and in the remains of Roman cities, villas, and fortresses, there is a disappointing absence of Christian tokens. Heathen altars and inscriptions are numerous, especially along the wall of Severus, where every station seems to have had its shrine, often to strange foreign deities with uncouth names. Probably Christianity was working its way among the poor and obscure, unable to raise memorials. We must turn to regions then in their most advanced state of civilisation.

That portion of the Mediterranean coast which the French now hold as Algeria, together with Tunis and Tripoli, had, after the Punic wars, when the Roman power had finally overcome the Phœnicians, been settled by the Romans, Carthage had been rebuilt, and the

country was full of cities and villas on the beautiful slopes of the Atlas; and the inhabitants of the province of Africa, as it was called, were highly cultivated and civilised people.

How, or by whom, the Church was planted there is not known. Our earliest knowledge of it is in the stress of the persecution.

It seems to have been under the edict that made conversion penal that six persons were arrested, and thrown together into prison, for they were as yet only catechumen. Vivia Perpetua, a nobly-born young matron, only twenty-two years old, Felicitas, a slave girl, Revocatus, Satur and Saturninus, and one native youth. The greater part of the history of their sufferings was written by Perpetua herself. Of her husband we hear nothing; but she had a young infant, and her father was exceedingly distressed, and implored her, for his sake and the child's, to deny her new faith.

'Can I say that that vase is anything but what it is?' she asked. 'Then can I call myself ought but a Christian?'

The captives were baptized by two deacons who had access to them, and who afterwards brought them the Holy Eucharist. These deacons likewise obtained for Perpetua a separate room, where, for a time, she had the solace of her infant's company. 'The prison,' she wrote, 'became like a palace to me, and I would rather have been there than anywhere else.' Her brother, who was likewise a catechumen, suggested that she should pray that the future might be revealed. She did so, and was cheered by several dreams, which she recorded. One was of a ladder of gold reaching to heaven, but the base surrounded with swords, knives, and instruments of torture, and a terrible dragon at the bottom. She saw one of her fellow-prisoners, Satur, begin to mount, and near the top of the ladder, turn round and say—

'Perpetua, I am waiting for you; but beware of the dragon.'

'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, he cannot hurt me,' she answered.

The dragon seemed to shrink in fear, she trod on his head, and mounted, till she found herself welcomed by the Good Shepherd, in an exquisite pasture, surrounded by a white-robed multitude, who all sung 'Amen,' as He fed her with the milk of His flock.

Before the tribunal, all the prisoners stood firm, though Perpetua's poor old father stood with her babe in his arms, beseeching her to have pity on it and on him, and when she still remained constant, upbraiding her, and weeping so loudly that he disturbed the Court, and was expelled with blows of a rod, which his loving daughter felt as though given to herself. All the six were condemned to serve for a spectacle at the games to be given on the birthday of Caracalla, and they awaited the time in a dungeon so close and sultry, that one of the six died there before the time appointed. Felicitas, three days before this Roman holiday, gave birth to a daughter, who was carried away by a good Christian woman to be adopted.

There was no torture employed, and apparently old Christians were in no special danger, it was the embracing the new belief that was the offence; nor does there seem to have been such deadly animosity against them as against the martyrs of Vienne, and the night before their execution, according to a strange custom, a public supper, called the Free Feast, was provided for them. They accepted it cheerfully, and made it into an *Agapè*, a feast of love, and when Satur met the eyes of those who gazed at them in wonder and curiosity, he said—‘Yes, look at us well, that ye may know us at the Day of Judgment.’

When the morning of the games arrived, there was an attempt to clothe the prisoners in the mystic garments worn by human sacrifices according to the horrible old Phœnician rites; but they declared—‘We have come to our death in order to be free to avoid these things. You cannot compel us.’ And they prevailed, and escaped the scarlet and yellow robes and fillets prepared for them.

When they appeared in the arena, Perpetua was singing, as she helped forward the weaker Felicitas; but the three men made warning gestures at the Prefect, expressing, ‘Thou hast judged us, and God will judge thee.’ At least so the Christian spectators understood the action, which so infuriated the populace that they cried out to have them whipped as they passed the hunters. Some of the frescoes at Pompeii may give us an idea of the sport. There, indeed, the struggle was only between the animal and the gladiator, but, just as in these days, there is still a passion for excitement which can go no further than to demand perilous achievements of acrobats, and desperate exploits of lion tamers, so the pleasure of the Roman spectator was enhanced if he could see the wild beast really hunt down and slaughter a defenceless victim before being itself overcome by the trained hunter. So as Satur, Saturninus, and Revocatus passed forth, each received stripes from the hunters. Satur had always said that he had a horror of a bear; and a wild boar was at first loosed on him, but it did him no harm; and, though he was tied up near a bear’s den, the animal did not come out, as a friendly, half-converted soldier, Pudeus, had given it some meat to occupy it. The other two men were chased by a leopard and a bear, but not killed; and then the two women came forth hand in hand, and were put into nets, to be exposed to a wild cow. There was a murmur of displeasure at sight of the two young mothers, and loose garments were thrown over them. The cow dashed over them both, and threw them down; but Perpetua sat up, arranged her dress, bound up her hair, and assisted Felicitas to rise. She seemed to have felt nothing, for she said, ‘When are we to be exposed to this cow?’

Satur was then brought out again, and the leopard sprang at him and covered him with blood.

‘Well washed!’ cried the spectators; but Satur, calling to Pudeus said—

‘Remember my faith. Let it strengthen thee. Give me the ring on thy finger.’

Dipping it in his blood, the martyr held it out to the soldier, and died, first of all, according to Perpetua’s dream. The other four were brought to the middle of the arena for the last blow, and, after a kiss of peace to one another, they ‘bowed their necks the death to feel.’ Perpetua was the last, for the gladiator who had to strike her was young and inexperienced, and his hand trembled so that she had herself to guide the point of his weapon to her throat.

The ‘Acts of St. Perpetua’ were looked on as the glory of the African Church, and were regularly read aloud at the public services, with such enthusiasm that, two centuries later, St. Augustine had to remind the congregations that they were not inspired Scripture.

You will find the story in more detail, and with but little addition to make it more vivid, in one of Dr. Neale’s short tales of ‘The Triumphs of the Cross,’ by the title of ‘The Dream of St. Perpetua.’ There is hardly any visible record or memorial of either this martyrdom or that which I before described. Carthage the second has been as entirely wiped out as Carthage the first, between Vandals and Mahomedans, and in Gaul, while the amphitheatre of Nismes remains the marvel of the traveller, that of Vienne has vanished, and at Lyons the only memorial of Irenæus and his fellow-martyrs is the mosaic I mentioned before. The enthusiasm of Provence has been devoted, not to her true and veritable martyrs, but to a foolish legend of the family of Bethany having landed on her shores, and Martha having destroyed a dragon. To her cave are directed the pilgrimages, while the almost apostolic Pothinus and Irenæus, and the much-enduring Blandina, are forgotten.

TWO BOOKS WORTH THINKING OVER.*

THE first of these two books (both of which we think the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' will be glad to have recommended to them), is Miss Wedgwood's 'Moral Ideal.' Even a slight glance is enough to show that it is not a book which can be skimmed. There is scarcely a page in these nine essays without an epigram which in itself would be a subject for an essay of its own. Take these remarks, which catch the eye at random in turning over the pages—

'The dividing question of all thought is—In this universe of life and sense of feeling have we to do with a unity or with a dualism?'

'A universal law and a perennial conflict are inconsistent ideas.'

'The bond which made a multitude into a city, the many into one, must be something invisible.'

'When the union with Humanity is the only union, corporate responsibility is lost.'

'It was just when men were feeling as if the best thing were death, that they were taught that Life was the gift of God.'

The preface to these nine essays tells us that 'a partial and incomplete revelation of what men have sought to be tells us more of their true nature than does the most exhaustive record possible of what they have accomplished;' that 'the history of aspiration is the clue to all history.' The writer's aim has therefore been to write a sketch of the aspirations of the Aryan race, from the prehistoric times of the Indian Vedas to the present day. Of these nine essays, the last two only deal with Christian times, and they seem distinctly inferior to the seven others; not because there is anything antagonistic to Christianity in the conclusion, which sums up with great force the drift of the preceding papers, namely, that 'man finds his true Unity only as he finds a larger Unity which makes him one with himself, and with his brother man,' or, in other words, that man can only be his best self, or love his neighbour worthily, by union with God. But these last two essays, none the less, seem to be inadequate to their subject. Perhaps the reason is that the writer's stand-point is too near the thoughts of which they treat, that they cannot well be treated historically by those who feel towards them personal preference and antagonism, and must be left to 'orb into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein,' before such can be the case.

The first seven essays, however, can be praised without reserve. It is seldom that we find a book so suggestive in subjects for thought,

* The 'Moral Ideal, a Historic Study,' by Julia Wedgwood (Trübner and Co.), and 'Chess, a Christmas Masque,' by Louis Tylor (T. Fisher Unwin).

so that we can not only read and enjoy along its beaten track, but seem also to be started on pleasant byways of thought to explore for ourselves. The first essay, on 'India and the Primal Unity,' for instance, after showing us sympathetically how the primeval Aryans of India developed a philosophical sense of the Unity of God out of the diversity of His works, goes on to show how even the loftiest and most life-giving of truths, when regarded as the whole truth, leads to deadly error, not only in belief but in conduct. In fact, no one can read this essay carefully without being made to feel—though the lesson is not expressed—that our capacities are so small that the glimpses we get of the laws which work the universe *must* seem to be contradictory, and that any absolutely logical scheme evolved by a human mind *must* shut out considerations which nevertheless are of the utmost moment for the regulation of our moral life. The early Indian realised that God was One—and argued that if One, then All; the One of whom all else conceivable must be a manifestation. The exclusive contemplation of this thought naturally deadened in his mind all that bore against it—the revolt of the healthy human soul against imperfection, the desire of improvement, the sense of sin. The ideal of life became to him contented repose and mystic contemplation; and as the world could not go on if every one adopted this line, inferior families of mankind were called into requisition to do its rough work. Thence the origin of the religious aspect of caste, with all its accompanying tyranny and stagnation.

The second essay, 'Persia and the Religion of Conflict,' show us the lost ideals of combat with evil, and work for the improvement of the world, taking, possibly, even more than their proper place in the contemplation of man; though, for the purposes of practical life, it is perhaps hard to see how they can be over-emphasised. There was, of course, in the Zoroastrian religion, a strong reaction against the mysticism of India, and this was further emphasised by the migration of the race who held it from the tropical climate of India, where subsistence was possible with the minimum of labour to the table-lands of Central Asia, where the winters were bitterly cold and the summers intensely hot, and where hard work was necessary for life. We should be inclined to doubt whether modern Assyriologists would hold as strongly as the author does the belief in the connection between Zoroastrianism and Judaism. Is it not more probable that Chaldæism was the special form of Paganism against which Judaism reacted, both in the pre-Egyptian history of Israel, and in the time of the exile? and in that case, would not such a myth as that of the combat between Bel-Merodach and the Dragon of Chaos, when touched by the spiritualising and moralising genius of the Israelite, have more affinity with a Semitic mind than the Aryan doctrines of Ahriman and his creation of evil? One is inclined to imagine that we have, in Persia against India, and in Israel against Chaldæa, two parallel changes of creed, one Aryan and the other Semitic; and it is

possible to trace in the Persian doctrines the practical, non-mystical morality which has been the backbone of European civilisation to the present day, while in those of Israel we trace the germ of the Divine Religion which we best define as spiritual rather than moral. For as our author says in her sixth essay: 'It is the rise into a dimension above morality which has made the Jew the moral lawgiver of our race.'

The third essay, 'Greece and the Harmony of Opposites,' is an exceedingly interesting study of the art-spirit in Greece, and some of us may perhaps feel that it enlightens us on the art-spirit, not only in Greece, but in the modern world also. The question what the relation is between art and morality, has been often debated and answered in different ways. Probably we should all agree, that though a mind which loves morality cannot fail to have a moral purpose in the ground-plan of a work of art, yet that in the working out of the subject it must put art first and morality second, or the result will not be art at all. 'Sandford and Merton' cannot be said to be art in any sense of the word; while the 'Merchant of Venice' cannot be said to be morality, in any sense of the word, though by enlarging our sympathies it may enrich our morality. Miss Wedgwood points out that 'Genius is not immoral; but it is utterly unmoral. It metes out its interest according to other laws than those which regulate the moral sympathies; it demands only the play of opposite forces and the balance of contending impulses, and wherever these are found, there is the soil for its roots and the atmosphere in which its blossoms may expand in all their beauty. Against such an ideal the conscience in some sense always embodies a latent protest. It is a protest only in the sense in which we may imagine youthful vigour to protest against that invitation to repose, which is to renew all its springs. Genius, however we reconcile that truth with others not less certain, implies always a certain moral impartiality; hence its dangers; hence also—if we would remember that the whole of our nature, and no part more than the conscience, needs repose—its deepest benefits alike to those who share it, and those who only share its gifts.'

Greece, the writer goes on to say, 'represents the moral ideal of genius, with all its wealth and all its peril. It shows us moral truth as we see the moon by daylight: faint, delicate, forgettable, secondary, yet never indistinct. Not that passion is faint, not that the moral sympathies are feeble; but that it is manifold, that they are balanced. There is fierce wrath, there is passionate love, but wherever we can distinguish the poet's feeling, it sympathises with both. Greek life is penetrated with that spirit of balanced judgment, of elastic sympathy, which, allowing vehement utterance to all feelings, refuses decided predominance to any, which tends to exhibit all conflict as gymnastic, all antagonism as the harmonious play of opposite emotions.' The author goes on to exemplify in Greek mythology,

Greek history, Greek art, 'the spirit that always insists on hearing the other side,' and shows how, while 'the ideal of the Conscience belonged to the great foe of Greece,' Persia, 'the Hellenic spirit, welcomed *all* impulse; all vivid feelings were legitimate; their harmony, their balance, was the only conscious need.' It is satisfactory to feel that, tested by this criticism, the literature of modern France would fall as far short of true art as that of modern England. No Greek would have revelled in piling up refinements of misery on his heroes and heroines like Alphonse Daudet.

The essay on 'Rome and the Reign of Law' gives an exceedingly interesting study of the poet Virgil. The idea of the author is that the mediæval estimate of this poet, as a kind of forerunner of Christianity, is in some degree justified by facts. She shows that throughout the *Æneid* he gives the idea that all the misfortunes, labours, and sorrows of the heroes and heroines are subordinate to a great purpose in history—the glorious unity of the Roman Empire, just as his own conquered Mantua had been merged into a greater than itself. Here, again, is an idea which will interest many.

'When we turn to the *Æneid*, the whole action depends on female influence. Its most impressive figure is the Carthaginian Queen; its central deity is the divine mother. The worship of the Virgin seems in the greater part of the poem just trembling into life; it is one of the many respects which Virgil may be considered in a double sense the poet of Rome. The image of motherly love, glimmering through the storms of life with a continual reminder of Divine care, and a continual claim on human submission, more prefigures that element in Christian faith, which was welcomed by the world with the most urgent sense of need, than any of the loftiest utterances of Greek religion.'

'The Age of Death' is a study of the Stoics, with especial reference to Marcus Aurelius, whose *Meditations* are now so well known through Long's translation: 'The Jew at Alexandria' draws our attention to Philo; the 'Problem of Evil' gives an account of Gnosticism, which it looks upon as an endeavour at forming a system which would include the lines of Greek and Jewish or early Christian thought, and Manichæanism, which does the same by the late Persian beliefs. After these comes the 'Fall of Man,' dealing chiefly, though, as we have said, to our mind somewhat inadequately, with St. Augustine, while the 'Heritage of To-day' hardly attempts to do more than summarise certain tendencies of modern thought. On the whole, however, the book is one worth not only reading, but *having*, and readers who care for books of real thought ought to be exceedingly grateful to Miss Wedgwood for her contribution to the historical philosophy of our day.

The second book on our list is much smaller and lighter than the first. 'Chess, a Christmas Masque,' in its dainty vellum binding, will probably prove more generally attractive than the 'Moral Ideal.'

Nevertheless, it is not without a reason that we class the two together as 'books worth thinking over.' These little poems have in their way the same kind of suggestiveness as Miss Wedgwood's essays; like them, they point out the entrances of paths of thought which we may pursue at our leisure. They are not faultless. The author's thoughts are often finer than their expression; he is sometimes prosaic enough in his parlance to remind one of the parody on Crabbe in 'Rejected Addresses' (see the poem called 'White King's Pawn'), and sometimes obscure enough for Mr. Browning. But in spite of such passages as—

'Well! one day my master sent me right away to Pentonville:
I must wait and bring the money; two and sixpence was the bill;'
or,

'Go! pen your Psalms anew,
But other hands than yours in blood imbrue,
Never the same,'

we strongly recommend our readers to study the book without prejudice, for it is well worth careful reading.

The idea of the poem is original enough. Eric, a young man of the present day, perplexed with the moral and social problems which beset our times, falls asleep at nine o'clock on Christmas Eve over a game of chess, which he has been working out on the board. The prologue to the reader from the author opens the book thus—

'I know not if 'tis true; but old folks say
That he who spends the eve of Christmas Day
Alone, and falls asleep 'twixt curfew time
And twelve, and wakes before the midnight chime,
Finds all things that have known the sway of man
Alive, and eager to unroll the plan
Of mortal destiny. Their form he sees,
Their voice he hears as human; should he please
To question them, they speak as those who share
Man's good and evil fortune.'

The Chimes then strike nine in a little poem on work and its meaning, and Eric awakes to see the Chessmen come to life—

'My chessmen took a human shape and moved,
The White with purpose good, the Black with ill.
Behind the hosts in serried ranks arrayed,
The powers of Light and Darkness held their place:
And I, half pleased, half puzzled, watched the game.'

The first 'Chorus of Chessmen' gives the keynote of the social problem which runs through the book—the fact that life wears an utterly different aspect to those whose lives are in easy circumstances, and those who have to toil to earn with difficulty a bare subsistence. The Pieces throughout represent the former, the Pawns the latter.

PIECES.

'When the play is over and the match is won,
Times of joyous contest ended, joyous rest begun;

Then the players, foes no longer, only rival friends,
 Drink a parting health together; so the evening ends
 When the play is over.'

PAWNS.

'When the work is over, and the reckoning cast
 Of the loss and gain the Future herits from the Past;
 Then the struggle recommences, all its hungry need
 Written in the father's life blood for the child to read
 When the work is over.'

CAROLLERS (*without*).

'When the life is over, with its good or ill,
 Fixed for ever, clean or unclean, just or unjust still;
 Then the cause of right shall triumph, wrong be put to scorn,
 And our King shall come in glory, on that Christmas morn
 When the Life is over.'

After this the Black Queen's Bishop—a sort of cross between Bishop Blougram and Cardinal Mazarin—touches a whimsical chord of anti-idealism; it must be remembered that like the rest of the Black Pieces, he is not represented as an embodiment of evil, but only as working to uphold the wrong side in the conflict between good and evil. Then Eric, whose doubts are revived and brought into prominence by the suggestion of the Bishop's words, calls on 'yon fair-haired Knight,' who 'played somewhat fiercely with the heavy hilts of sword and dagger while the Churchman sneered,' to show 'how love's transforming touch has turned the ill to good.' We have not time to deal with 'White Queen's Knight,' or 'White King's Bishop,' the aged Pope to whom the Prior carries his doubts for solution with a misgiving that they will never be heard, and finds them solved after all. 'Black King's Castle' is a Confederate General, who points out, that though he fought on the wrong side, there was yet good in his evil. 'White King's Knight' is a touching little poem of the eager greeting of a child afterwards lost, bringing permanent spiritual gain to the heart of his father: the point, we suppose, from the place in which it is set in the poem, being the spiritual history of a soul common both to 'lordly pieces' and 'common pawns.' It comes between the bitter Chorus of Black Pawns and the glad and hopeful Chorus of White Pawns. The last verse of the former runs thus—

'No God! when once the hungry peoples waken,
 The classes finding life no make-belief,
 But as we know it, want and pain and grief
 Shall cry the loudest from high places shaken:
 "There is no God!"'

The real answer to the Black Pawns, however, is the little poem called the 'Star of Bethlehem,' which we give in full.

CAROLLERS (*without*).

'It is a winter night with starry sky,
 And see! a troop of horsemen riding by.

"What seek ye, friends?" "Oh, we have seen a sign
In Heaven, betokening a birth divine;
And we bring gifts to offer at His shrine."

"God speed, ye gentle sirs; but who are ye,
Tall, stalwart swains, what came ye forth to see?"
"Shepherds, an't please you: even now a throng
Of angels sang the birth foretold so long;
We go to see the wonder of that song."

"Ye simple shepherds, wherefore leave your fold,
The rich have gone before with gifts and gold:
What can ye offer?" "Gifts of priceless worth;
The angels brought them down from Heaven to earth,
Peace and goodwill; we give them for His birth."

White King's Pawn and White King's Castle, its companion, are both well worth reading; we have only space, however, to give a very slight quotation from the latter. The prosperous man who has failed in his hopes and ambitions, and has nearly lost his faith in the trial, is tempted to stake it on the event that God should restore him to 'favour in the eyes of men,' and goes to consult a friend who has suffered undeservedly through life—

'Sorrow had crowned him with a sad wan grace,
The majesty of grief; his careworn face
Brightened and softened as I said my say.
"Time was, my friend, when I was wont to pray
For good that came not; now I simply trust;
We too are Gods though humbled in the dust.
As Gods ourselves we *know* the Heart Divine,
Not sons but strangers they who seek a sign.
He hears as we would hear; as we would give,
No less, He gives: shall Life itself not live?

Our heart is breaking; lo! we lay it bare
Before the Lord; its nakedness is prayer.
Our blindness, weakness, anguish, self-confessed
The things themselves, not words—on Him we rest
As though we knowing could ourselves fulfil
What we unknowing asked. Our own His will,
And we? *Ah, God! Thy glory!* Dare we choose
(I speak from knowledge), never would we lose
Thy presence. If our cross can make Thee stay
To share it with us—take it not away!"

'Black Queen's Castle' and 'Black Queen' are both introduced by a chorus to the 'Spirits of Ill' from the Black Pieces. The latter is perhaps the most striking poem in the book, though too long to give here—the Black Queen is Lady Hamilton, called in the preliminary chorus the Delilah of the hero Nelson, yet represented with a touch of nobility and heroism which appeals to our sympathy. She is contrasted with and followed by the 'White Queen' in a series of sonnets replying to Black Pawns and Black Pieces. The last of these, 'Touch me not,' is very beautiful; but we must pass on to the end. The Black King replies to his rival, the White King, who has

argued that the Chessmen are but moved and set out by higher hands, that—

‘All that we ask is some token,
 Proof that a Presence is near,
 Let but the stillness be broken,
 Sunshine or shadow appear.
 Surely the Player who moves you
 (If there be players at all)
 Knows that his silence disproves you;
 Fails not to answer your call?
 No? not a sign from the distance
 Time then my triumph to claim;
 Yield or else prove your existence.’

Eric, waking from his vision to find the Chessmen again in the form of Chessmen, ‘wanting but one more move for Black to win,’ makes the move which is needed, in order to convince the Black King that there is a Player after all; but only hears ‘faintly as if from afar,’ ‘Check! and this gives me the game.’ The Black King cannot understand that the move is not made by himself, though he teaches Eric that no human consciousness can tell exactly how much of its moves are caused by its own volition, and how much by the Hand which moves us—often for purposes as unseen by ourselves as Eric’s move to make Black win to show him that ‘not you, but I, Sir King,’ make the final and conquering move. So the Adversary complains of his Black vassals—

‘Braggarts, uncertain of aim, overshooting your goal,
 Fools who have won me a game, and have lost me a soul,’

and the vision ends.

One more quotation. It is that of the midnight chimes as the clock strikes twelve, with which the book ends.

FIRST QUARTER.

‘Lord, we raise our grateful numbers
 (Softly while the city slumbers),
 Blest the want that Thou completest,
 Thou who man’s shortcoming meetest,
I’rayer of all God’s gifts is sweetest.

SECOND QUARTER.

Surely, since through Thy decreeing
 Increase comes and joy of being,
 Prayer is good, but best fulfilling;
 Man’s the wishing, God’s the willing.
*Hush! a warning voice is speaking
 “Good the finding, best the seeking.”*

THIRD QUARTER.

,Ten were cleansed for one returning,
 Wants supplied, forgot the yearning;
 Gates that open wide for wanting,
 Close to needle’s eye by granting.

*Gift there is, more craved for taking,
Fast, the keener for the breaking,
Thirst, the deeper for the slaking.*

FOURTH QUARTER.

Grant this thirst and hunger blessed,
More desired the more possessed;
Christmas gift, God-present bringing:
Morn will hear our joy-bells ringing.
*Year by year ring in thy birthday,
Till thy coming ends our Earth-day;
Thine the thirst and thou the river,
One for ever, Gift and Giver.*

Clock strikes twelve.

M. BRAMSTON.

TWO AND A HALF HOURS UNDERGROUND; OR, A
PILGRIMAGE TO THE GROTTOS OF HAN NEAR
ROCHEFORT, BELGIUM.

To give any adequate idea of the immensely impressive effect which these marvellous works of Nature produce is beyond the power of words; but in attempting, however slightly, the task of describing them, I shall perhaps succeed at least in recalling some of the details to the minds of those who have seen them, whose memory and imagination will supply the rest.

After half an hour's drive from Rochefort, and twenty minutes' walk along a damp woodland path, seeing *en route* the huge rocky vault—supported midway on the outer side by a natural column of rock—of which the river Lesse washes the base, and with many eddies forces its way into the cliff and sinks underground, we arrive at length at the dry entrance to the caves—an insignificant opening in the rock, overhung with trees, and of no great height, which tells no tale of the wonders within; so that it is not surprising to hear from the guide that until 1828 no one had penetrated beyond the opening, and Nature had succeeded in keeping her secret.

Here preparations are made for the descent, dresses pinned up, and hats taken off; some persons even put on brown-holland costumes. The party numbers nearly one hundred, conducted by an intelligent guide, and divided into threes by the lamp-bearers, active young women carrying double lamps with a handle between them. In this order we enter a dark, damp passage, with rough steps cut in the rock, and very slippery; after a slight descent for some distance, we emerge in the first hall, and, assembling round our guide, who carries a long torch, which he whirls round and round him in a most picturesque way while standing on a stony eminence, we are told that this is the *Salle des Scarabées*, so called because numbers of these ancient insects were discovered here, when the eye of man first saw the cave in 1828. It is a high, round, vaulted cave, with a floor descending from the left side to a deep and gloomy depth on the right. We stand on a rocky eminence near the middle, and take our first look at the stalactites and their companion stalagmites, which cluster in quaint and curious pendants and columns on the left side. Our guide throws the gleam of his torch that way—for, in spite of the many lamps, all the remote corners of the vault are enveloped in deep, mysterious gloom—and explains how the *stalactites* are caused by water trickling through crevices in the rock, and leaving a deposit of *chloride of calcium*, which it has absorbed in its passage. Every succeeding drop leaves its deposit, and, dropping on to the floor, begins

to raise an answering column immediately underneath, called *stalagmite*. We observe the hollow opening at the base of the stalactite, caused by the drops passing down the centre; but, although these strange formations are crystal, they are dimmed with sand, smoke, and darkness, so that they look like stone. Some of the stalactites and stalagmites had joined in the course of time, and show twisted and fluted columns; the still pendent stalactites also are most weird in form, but much lighter as a rule in bulk than the stalagmites, which are generally thick, massive shapes. Our guide points out two large stalagmites in an oblique position, at an angle of fifty degrees, I should think, which he explains must have been tilted by an earthquake, as these formations, being the result of water drops, are always perpendicular. On the top of these oblique ones, indefatigable Nature had already formed a few small stalagmites in a perpendicular position, the difference of the angles being most marked.

Our guide next dashes down the rocky gulf to the right to illumine its depth, and show the arch in the farthest corner from us, to which a stony stairway leads down, our next path. To see the whole procession slowly winding down, the dark figures standing out against the many lamps—which only could illumine their faces, so intense was the gloom—like a funeral procession of monks going to bury a brother, or, as one of our party suggested, of nuns going to immure a sister in the living rock, was indeed a wonderful sight, as beheld from our rocky vantage-ground towards the left. But soon all had disappeared under the archway, not without many adjurations from the lamp-bearers to '*Faire attention à la tête,*' and we find ourselves again in the long, winding passages, descending by uneven, damp steps, the roof now high, now low, here and there hung with clusters of stalactites, and the walls clustered with strange columns, unevenly distributed, and of every variety of shape and size, the untiring drops still carrying on their patient architecture. Many were named after shapes they resembled, as *The Bee-hive*, a round, modelled boss; *La petite Chapelle*, covered with little pinnacles and points; another one, '*Le Dôme,*' we thought like the celebrated Cologne Cathedral. These formations were not more than two or three feet in height.

We now emerge into a high rocky gallery of great size, whose right and left extremities are lost in gloom, but which descends from left to right, with a raised causeway for our pilgrims on one side and a dry water-course on the other side.

Here a halt is ordered, to allow another party which meets ours to wheel off to the left end of the chasm, where a low archway reveals itself to the gleam of their torches, and we now see that the floor descends rapidly to the left. Anything more strangely fascinating than the sight of this silent, dark-figured procession with its dim lights, wandering off into apparently outer darkness, and disappearing

into a hole in the rock three by three, is impossible to imagine. It is as if one were in Dante's *Inferno*, and met a party of fellow-spirits, each doing their appointed penance under a mysterious guard, who will not allow them to pause and exchange words with the new arrivals from the dear daylight, but hurries them away to unknown and deeper depths.

However, we continue our way down to the right, which soon expands into another high cave, called *Salle de Vigneron*, the name of the gentleman who owns the caves, the silence being sometimes broken by shouts and cries raised by the younger pilgrims to terrify the grand, silent vaults with echoes. We do not pause here, but continue round to the left, still beside the dry water-course, which my lamp-bearer tells me is a fierce rushing torrent in winter, as the river Lesse overflows and all these channels are full, some even to the roof, so that it is impossible to see the caves. We now walk on a causeway in the middle of the gallery—to the left the water-course; to the right a strange, smooth water-worn, rounded ascent, covered with slimy mud. Our guide points out that the height of the water in winter can be seen by the discolouring of the stalactites on the roof, and here and there we see planks or branches brought from the outer world by the winter torrent. It is grand to imagine the water bursting in and making this empty kingdom its own, whirling and eddying down this carved gallery in its wild career.

In one part the gallery forms what is called *La Salle des Mamelucks*, as there is a huge square oblong rock on one side exactly the size and shape of one of the Egyptian sarcophagi. The top is at perfectly right angles with the base, as if it had been chiselled; but there is no word or sign cut on the smooth side, as if some spirit-king of the rocks were sleeping here and would have his name unknown.

At the end this gallery at length widens out into a lofty, domed vault—the highest we have yet seen, like the apse of a great church—in which a huge stalagmite to the right, of immense proportions, rears its broad flat head, like a foreign pulpit whose sides are carved into flutings and columns of crystal. Our guide, whose activity is remarkable, climbs lightly up this elevation from behind, and standing on the broad surface, a small black figure, with a gleaming torch upraised, and revealing undreamt-of depths descending behind the pulpit, which stands out, a black monster, against the bright mystery behind, tells us that we have now passed more than a quarter of the way, and that we are going to approach the most beautiful portion of the whole caves, *The Grotto of Mysteries*, by a way which he points out behind the pulpit. He informs us that up to the present the caves had been blackened by the smoke from resinous torches, which the guides formerly used here; but this plan has been given up for some years, carefully prepared smokeless torches having taken their place, so that the blackened caves were recovering their whiteness owing to the action of the still dripping

water and fresh deposits. But the portion to which we are approaching had never been blackened, as it was not discovered till years later, namely, in 1850, after the smoky torches had been given up. After this harangue the guide suddenly descends, and we are soon *en route*, winding round the pulpit, where a hitherto unseen vaulted passage discovers itself, which we enter. In several places we notice that the roof had been raised by blasting, as there were the marks of boring; but generally it is the natural rock which forms the vault. Here, as indeed all along, there is great need of care in walking, as the steps are rough and slippery, and there are frequent holes and descents on each side of this made path; but the attendants are always ready with a helping hand, and no accidents happened. In one part where it is rather narrow, we go one by one to the edge of a deep circular abyss, from which we are divided by a sort of low fence of stalagmites. Stooping over these, we look down the vault; but though the guide whirls his torch downwards we cannot see the bottom. A white and gleaming chasm—that is all we can see. The guide, waiting till the last one had passed, then again resumes the head of the procession, and we continue our way through the passage, passing through a more grotesque grotto than we had yet seen, *La Grotte des Saucissons*, so called from the number of short, thick stalactites hanging as it were in twisted strings all over the roof, and exactly resembling German sausages. This is the smallest and quaintest cave of all, and passing through, we continue our way in the passage, and after a few more *détours*, and stumbling up a rough stairway, we emerge in a small round cavern, where there is just enough room for us all to crowd in, when we are told that we are now in the *Grotto of Mysteries*.

Our guide then lights a magnesium light, in the most intense silence, raising our expectations by telling us to look to the left when the light shone. For a few short seconds the brilliant white light illumines the whiteness of this fairy-like cave, and we see to the left a symmetrically grouped range of complete columns of glittering crystal, reaching to the roof; the swift gleam enables us to take in also the rest of the cave, and we see to the right a high table-land, bearing on its surface a beautiful miniature mosque of alabaster. To the left of this are two pendent crystal stalactites, which our guide, who quickly mounts to this height and lights a second magnesium light, specially points out. The reason we soon learn; for two soft notes, like evening bells from a mountain chapel, suddenly rise and fall upon the hushed silence. A feeling of wondering awe falls upon the audience. Are these dainty hiding-places of Nature so complete that they have even their own sweet and silvery harmonies, played by spirit-hands? is the thought which rises, while the unearthly light gleams on the white domes of the miniature mosque below, showing a circular opening to the right of it,

wherein other wonders of crystal display themselves in distant perspective.

The chimes were really caused by sharp taps from the guide's knuckles on these two stalactites; but this does not lessen the wonder of the sounds, which were in thirds, and perfectly harmonious. The light fades to torchlight, and, leaving the alabaster grotto to its lonely loveliness, we wend our way through the opening to the right, and enter the *Grotto of the Alhambra*, so called from two large crystal columns of rather Moorish appearance which divide the vault. In one corner we have to observe the *Tonneau des Danaïdes*, a wonderful vase-shaped arrangement of crystal columns, hollow in the centre, as we could see through the interstices of the columns which formed the outside. The name was well-chosen, for an eternity would not be enough for those poor princesses to succeed in filling with water the beautiful, open-work *tonneau*, with its many crevices. The roof and sides of this small but beautifully finished cave are hung with dazzling crystal stalactites, untouched by smoke and glittering like diamonds.

'You have now,' said our guide, 'seen the most beautiful and delicate grottoes, for what remains is distinguished by its grandeur and vastness, rather than by its delicacy of finish. We are now half-way. *Du courage, mesdames!* : What remains to be seen is worth the fatigue.' This encouragement was indeed needed, for we had come nearly a mile, and, the way being perpetual steps as well as slippery and up and down hill, many of the party began to flag, but were never allowed to linger by the careful attendants, who continually admonished us to '*Dresser le pas*,' as it was dangerous to get far behind. We then go through darker and more interminable descents than before, through vast lofty galleries, of increasing height, until at length the solemn silence is broken by the distant sound of rushing water, growing ever nearer and nearer, until we suddenly come to an enormous black abyss enclosed by rocks in unbroken sheets, receding into impenetrable gloom on all sides, and, giving an indescribable effect of vastness, increased by the river which suddenly rushes forth from the darkness on the left, and whirling and eddying under a bridge, hurls its swift waters wildly down the right-hand gulf. This is our second sight of the river Lesse, here of considerable volume, our first being where we saw it enter the rock from the outside.

Crossing the bridge, the procession mounts the other side to a rocky elevation overlooking the river, where seats and, alas! refreshments, to break the romance, were provided. But we separate from this 'madding crowd,' and, standing on the fragile bridge, too far below to be lit by the faintest ray of the lamps, we gaze down into the chaos of waters, seeking the heart of the earth, and trying to imagine the thousands and thousands of years during which this unseen river had chafed and fretted for itself a channel so

vast and high, in such unknown depths, undreamt of by the little generations of man which rose and died on the earth above, but all the time running its appointed course and fulfilling the will of the Great Spirit.

A cold, damp air moves faintly across the gulf, and time seems annihilated, when suddenly our dreams are dispersed by the procession forming again, and we hurry up to take our places, moving off in the opposite direction, where another passage discloses itself. A rich bass voice suddenly rises far behind, where the last of the procession are leaving the eminence by the river, singing the beautiful air from Nessler's opera, '*Der Trompete von Säckingen*,' — '*Es wär zu schön gewesen*.' The full, passionate notes swell to the vast roof, and echo from the frowning rocks, making them speak a language they had never known—a song of love from the depths of a human heart.

The passage in which we now find ourselves is composed of black marble, with crystal streaks running across it in a slanting direction, which, all unpolished as it is, yet adds a gloomy magnificence to the scene. But nothing had yet equalled the grandeur of the vast domed roof of *Pluto's Cave*, which we next enter, passing one side of the large archway a lofty portico, enclosed by two high columns, wherein our guide stations himself. This is the lowest part of the cave, and the rough floor, broken with many caverns, ascend steeply to the other extremity; the height of the roof is about 200 feet, the length 250 feet, and the breadth about half, so that this is the largest and grandest of all the caverns. Our way leads up one side of the cave, and we halt at a sort of platform half-way up, passing a lovely corner called *Proserpine's Boudoir*, where there are some large blocks, covered all over with minute crystals sparkling like diamonds.

Next a torch is carried to the lower depth which we had passed, as the size is too vast for the lights on the platform to reach the extremities, and our guide rushes up a steep precipitous incline, broken with huge boulders which forms the opposite end, in order to illuminate *Pluto's Throne*, on the summit formed by two immense great masses of rock close to the roof.

The torch at this elevation gleams like a faint, distant spark; but another magnesium light being lit, shows the throne and solitary figure of the guide in strong relief, but casts an impenetrable darkness down the incline. As the light falls, the active guide bounds lightly down the precipice, leaping from boulder to boulder with the speed of long practice, lighting each jump with his whirling torch. A long cheer greets his arrival at our platform, and we then find a horizontal path to the right, which leads us into a beautiful gallery, nearly covered with a pool of clear, still water, left by former floods, into which every shape of the overhanging stalactites and the rocky sides is reflected as in a mirror. Our causeway, raised at the foot

of one of the walls, leads us to the *Salles des Draperies*, where the pool enlarges into a basin. The reason this name was given was, that as the interstices between the hanging pendants had been filled up by the formation of crystal sheets with uneven, curled edges, hanging curtains and canopies were formed, whose effect was doubled in the peaceful mirror below.

We are loath to leave this charmed bower, but at length continue our way and arrived at the *Salle du Trône*, so called from a rocky formation of that shape at one end of it. But we are hurried on, feeling that this dream-like pilgrimage is all too quickly drawing to a close; a few more passages and vaults, and we suddenly find ourselves again by the banks of the river Lesse, which here runs perfectly calmly and as peacefully as if it knew that it would soon ascend to the daylight.

Looking back from whence we had come, we see a vast ascending wall of perfectly unbroken rock, mounting in an oblique direction to the rocky ceiling. I may here remark that these arched roofs all through the caverns are usually formed by rocks tilting at two opposite angles and meeting in the centre to form a roof of incredible strength, jamming in huge rocks, which seem to hang suspended like the sword of Damocles.

Turning to the river, we see, not a bridge, but five quaint flat-looking boats with benches across, and rowed by a pair of oars from the stern. They lie perfectly still on the black sluggish water, here widened on the opposite side to a circular basin, and winding away round a corner to the left, where the lofty ceiling becomes lower. One by one the boats are filled—the lamps being placed in the stern, and casting long narrow reflections on the water, and a lurid glow on the faces of the occupants—and silently move off to the left, where they pause until all are ready to start. The word of command is given, the oars splash, and we have soon rounded the corner.

The lights are then put out, and a darkness reigns that can almost be felt, while the silence is strangely broken by the gibbering of bats which lodge in the roof. A strange unearthly, bluish green light now appears on the water in front, as if thrown from an invisible ghost's lantern. All eyes are fixed on this growing light, which gleams sadly, as the first ray of light might look to prisoners long buried in a pitch-black *oubliette*—coldly too, as the first dawn on distant Alpine snows.

But, see! it grows, and we exclaim, 'The daylight at last.' Turning another corner, we see the rocky slopes, one behind another, gleaming palely in this strange green light, which is reflected from one to the other, making them look as distant as childish days to an old man's eyes. At length, however, a blaze of true yellow light shows us the real opening of the cave, which has allowed this reflection to penetrate. In the opening we see a picture of a garden, with a twisted fence, green trees, and the bright river, but looking strangely pale and

picture-like in the dark frame of rocks. 'Now for the cannon!' cries the guide; and, while the rowers rest on their oars and the passengers, as in a dream, dare not break the awed silence, when the lamps are put out a sudden and terrible roar booms through the long vaults, echoing horribly and shaking the foundations of the rocks, bursts upon the startled ears, and dies away in long vibrations down the galleries.

Dizzy, stunned, and dazed with all they have seen and heard, the pilgrims land speechless at the steps of the garden, and emerge into the upper air, feeling that the mile and a half which they had walked underground was equal to six above, but feeling, too, that the grandeur, magnificence, and strangeness of Nature's secret beauties are worth a longer and more arduous pilgrimage even than they have accomplished.

YMÂL OSWIN.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

XI.

MACAULAY ON ADDISON.

‘AFTER full inquiry and impartial reflection,’ says Macaulay, writing of Addison in 1843, ‘after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, “Sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy.” Men may easily be named in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.’

The above passage deserves to be cited in full, not only because it gives a very just description of the subject of Macaulay’s essay, but because it contains hardly a word which does not apply almost equally well to Macaulay himself. The blameless life, the freedom from serious defects of character which distinguished the one man, were alike characteristic of the other, and the resemblance between them in these and other respects perhaps accounts for the existence of that sentiment which Macaulay describes himself as entertaining towards Addison—a sentiment ‘as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey.’ Other points of resemblance, in character as well as in circumstances, are not far to seek, and it is sufficient to mention the enthusiasm for literature, and especially classical literature, the firm adherence to Whig principles, the dislike of extremes by which the two most famous contributors to the *Spectator* and the *Edinburgh Review* were similarly distinguished. Then, again, both alike knew what it was to suffer reverses of fortune, both rose to eminence in political life, each obtained a sudden and exceptional literary success, each a widespread personal popularity. Neither was long-lived, yet both accomplished a vast amount of work in the course of their lives.

Macaulay, indeed, may be said to have begun his life's work almost in babyhood, and there are perhaps not many authors upon whose writings more light is shed by a knowledge of the details of their career. Our first view of him is as a little studious boy, lying full-length on the floor of the Clapham nursery, and devouring book after book of history, biography, travels, poetry—whatever, in short, came in his way. Reflection seems to have had no charm for him; we cannot imagine him evolving, like Pascal, the propositions of Euclid, or puzzling over the origin of evil, and other problems of existence, as some precocious children have done; his appetite was for the accumulation, the picturesque grouping, not the classifying and drawing deductions from facts, and in this we see an early indication of the literary bent of his later life. Another characteristic, his remarkable freedom from vanity, should doubtless in great measure be attributed to the rare discretion of his mother, who, while taking the deepest interest and pride in his precocity, yet did as much to avoid, as the majority of fond relatives do to incur the risks of undue notice and flattery. 'You will believe,' she wrote, 'that we never appear to regard anything he does as anything more than a schoolboy's amusement.' The multitude of the boy's literary compositions equalled that of the books he devoured; but neither was allowed to interfere with his school-work, and after passing through two private schools with credit, at the age of eighteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge (October, 1818), where he gained every distinction that was compatible with a rooted aversion to, and incapacity for mathematics. At Cambridge his interest in politics, always strong, became intensified, and, as was not unnatural, at the era of the Manchester 'Massacre' and the Six Acts, he developed from a Tory into a strong Whig. At college also he began to contribute both verse and prose to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. In 1824—the year in which he obtained his Fellowship—he received an invitation to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and in 1825 appeared the article on Milton, which first brought him prominently before the literary world. Meanwhile, his father's affairs had been gradually getting from bad to worse. Zachary Macaulay's best energies were given to the slave trade agitation, and his business suffered in consequence. The tidings of unexpected poverty and possible ruin were sent to his son at Cambridge, and the cheerful courage with which he received them, the uncomplaining energy with which he showed himself ready to face the worst, make this incident one of the most honourable in Macaulay's life. It was mainly owing to his exertions that his father's debts were paid off, and his brothers and sisters relieved from the pressure of poverty. He was the better enabled to assist his family by the remarkable success of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; they were articles written in a startlingly new and forcible style, full of bold paradox, incisive criticism, and vivid illustration. It was impossible to mistake the wide and varied knowledge, and the

brilliant talents of their author. He attracted the attention of leading men; Lord Lyndhurst made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, Lord Lansdowne brought him into Parliament for the pocket borough of Calne. This was in 1830, and Macaulay was soon in the thick of the struggle for Reform. His first speech on the great bill established his fame as an orator, and from that time to the close of his Parliamentary career, 'whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons like a trumpet call to fill the benches.' In this particular he presents a striking contrast to his hero Addison, who was returned for Malmsbury in the election of 1708, and of whom he writes: 'The House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent.' An interesting passage follows, showing the reasons why Addison's deficiencies as a speaker did not impair his success as a politician, and comparing the influence of Parliamentary speeches in the present day with that of the press in the eighteenth century. For four years Macaulay remained in Parliament, holding in succession the offices of Commissioner and Secretary to the Board of Control; and at the same time contributing to the *Edinburgh Review*, frequenting the literary society of which the centre was Holland House, and bringing welcome life and cheerfulness to his father's somewhat dreary household in Great Ormond Street. In 1834 he went to India in the capacity of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of the Company, and, during the four years spent there, added to his reputation for indefatigable energy and administrative talent by his work on the Committees of Public Instruction, and for the drawing up of the new Penal Code, and Code of Criminal Procedure. The amount of reading accomplished during his absence from England was enormous, the list of books devoured—it is the only word—in thirteen months alone, including 'Æschylus twice, Sophocles twice, Euripides once, Pindar twice, Theocritus twice, Herodotus, Thucydides, and almost all Plato.'

Returned to England, he again entered Parliament, this time as Member for Edinburgh, and until the fall of the Melbourne Ministry in 1841, he held the office of Secretary-at-War. When the change of government took place, he devoted himself in about equal proportions to society and to literature; still, however, occasionally speaking in the House, and on two occasions attaining the great personal triumph of arresting 'the successful progress of legislative measures, and slaying them at a moment's notice, and by his single arm. The first of these occasions was the Copyright Bill of Sergeant Talfourd in 1841; the second, the Bill of 1853 for excluding the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons.'

This was the period of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and of the articles on Frederic the Great, Madame D'Arblay, Addison, and Chatham; in 1844, however, he finally gave up the *Edinburgh Review*, and set to

work seriously upon the History which he had long been contemplating. In 1847 his vote in favour of the grant to Maynooth lost him his seat in Parliament, and although, five years later, the Edinburgh electors again returned him at the top of the poll, his active Parliamentary life was henceforth at an end.

The History now absorbed all his energies, and in 1848 the two first volumes were published. The extraordinary popularity which it at once achieved, is shown by the fact that the first edition was exhausted within a few days, and that in less than four months thirteen thousand copies were sold. The remaining three volumes were written under circumstances of great pain and difficulty, for in 1852 he was attacked by the heart-disease, from which he never recovered.

It was on the 28th of December, 1859, that he passed peacefully and painlessly away, having for the last few years contemplated without fear the probability of a sudden death. 'I have had a happy life,' he wrote on the 25th of October, his last birthday; 'I do not know that any one whom I have seen close has had a happier. Some things I regret; but who is better off?'

It would, indeed, be difficult to point to a career more blessed with unceasing prosperity and attainment; the most affectionate and satisfactory of sons and brothers, he was happy alike in his domestic relations, in his political life, and in his literary work. He seems to have lived in a perpetual sunshine of good fortune; nor did he make up for his singular freedom from external trouble by the depth and frequency of inward conflicts. Such, indeed, seem to have been unknown to him, and his equable easy-going temperament was wholly deficient in the emotional qualities which are as likely to constitute the intense misery as the supreme happiness of their possessor. The spiritual side of his nature was curiously undeveloped, and, as he was incapable of experiencing, so he was utterly unable to sympathise with those who did experience the pains of wrestling with things unseen. Hence his distaste for speculative philosophy, instanced in the scorn which he heaped upon the pre-Baconian philosophers, who troubled themselves with questions 'which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more;' questions which Macaulay characterises as 'trifles,' and lightly enumerates as follows: 'What is the highest good; whether pain be an evil; whether all things be fated; whether we can be certain of anything; whether a wise man can be unhappy.' And then, jubilantly, the contrast is drawn between the men who thus degraded their intellect and Bacon, of whose plan 'to make men perfect was no part. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable.' Well might Bacon have prayed to be delivered from his friends, could he have foreseen that his title to honour would one day be triumphantly proclaimed to rest upon such a basis; he who had conceived the idea of the *Magna instauratio*, and magnificently inveighed against the

misplacing of the furthest end of knowledge, as if it could be! 'A couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife or contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and'—second, not first—'the relief of man's estate.'

The fact would appear to be that Macaulay was himself so eminently comfortable as to be unconscious of spiritual needs; he had, almost all his life, just as much affection, as much money, as much occupation, as good health, as he could possibly desire; his mind was always absorbed in the interest of literature. What more could he want? What more, he would have said, could any one else want? But a doubt is excited whether, after all, there are not, and have not been, some people 'better off' in a non-material sense. There were absences in his character of which the reader is sensible in his works as well; such are the absence of the religious sense, of philosophic breadth of view, of painstaking search after truth, of awe at the known and at the unknown. 'We never leave him,' writes Mr. Cotter Morison, 'conscious that we have been raised into a higher tone of feeling, chastened and subdued into humility, courage, and sacrifice. He never makes us feel "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." He never has anything to say on the deeper aspects and relations of life, and it would not be easy to quote a sentence from either his published works or private letters which shows insight or meditation on love, or marriage, or friendship, or the education of children, on religious faith or doubt. We find no trace in him of a "wise spirit" which has had practical experience of the solemn realities and truths of existence. His learning is confined to book-lore; he is not well read in the human heart, and still less in the human spirit. His unspirituality is complete; we never catch "a glimpse of the far land" through all his brilliant narratives; never, in his numerous portraits, comes a line of moral suggestiveness, showing an eye for the deeper springs of character, the finer shades of motive. His inability to criticise works of poetry and fiction extended to their chief subject—the human heart; and it may be noticed that the remarkable interest he often awakens in a story which he tells so admirably, is nearly always the interest of adventure, never the interest of psychological analysis.'

The reason for this last peculiarity, and for another—the absence from his writings of 'generalized and synthetic views'—is perhaps to be looked for in Macaulay's lifelong disregard of the old school-room precept to read 'non multa, sed multum.' His appetite for almost every kind of literature seems to have been of the same kind as that of a certain class of minds for fiction of the lightest order, an appetite of which the edge is never blunted, and the cause of which, if analysed, would perhaps prove to be nothing more dignified than

a rather superior form of curiosity. The dullest eighteenth-century pamphlets, the driest speeches of obscure Greek orators, seem to have had the same charm for Macaulay as a three-volume novel to the above-mentioned class of readers, and he read with hardly more reflection on what he read, hardly any more desire to investigate principles, and arrive at true conclusions than do they. He was intensely, imaginatively interested in all that he read, and hence in great part his power of interesting and exciting the imagination of his readers. To do this, he conceived, was the true function of an historian, whose aim should be to make history a 'true novel . . . and to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory; call up our ancestors before us, with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb; show us over their houses, seat us at their tables, rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, explain the uses of their ponderous furniture.'

And again he writes: 'The materials for an amusing narrative are immense. I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' Such an aim in an historian is about on a par with that which he applauds in a philosopher, 'to make imperfect men comfortable;' and it is obvious that, if not precisely incompatible with the aim of presenting a scrupulously true and accurate picture of the past, the two objects are, at all events, likely on occasions to clash. To a writer resolved on being amusing, the temptation to heighten effects by a little blackening of character here, a little white-washing there, with now a suppression, now an amplification of details, would be too great to be resisted; in fact, the habit would, and, in Macaulay's case, did, become quite unconscious. He had not the least intention of being unfair, but he could hardly help so disposing and re-touching his materials as to make the most effective, and not the most accurate or reliable picture. Hence numberless small inaccuracies in his work, and more serious misrepresentations; such as in the case of Penn, Bacon, Johnson, and again, the whole body of the clergy in the early part of the eighteenth century. His own view of history made him underrate, and regard with indifference, if not distaste, the patient labours of those who devoted themselves to historical research, in the persuasion that truth should take precedence of amusing narrative and artistic arrangement of facts. He had always been 'a little sceptical,' he writes on one occasion, 'about the merits of Niebuhr,' and now he is 'a confirmed unbeliever.' And there is not in all his voluminous correspondence a word in appreciation of the services rendered to his own branch of literature by such men as Palgrave, Kemble, Guizot, Michelet, Neander, with all of whom, and others of like merit, he was contemporary. Among historians, then, of the first rank, if to such are essential an ardent love of truth for truth's sake, and a philosophical

insight into cause and effect, among historians thus endowed Macaulay can never claim a place. He is, however, likely to attract more readers than many such, and that for merits great and undoubted in an historian as in other classes of writers. 'He was,' says Mr. Morison, 'one of the best story-tellers that ever lived,' and this, for one reason, because all he had to tell was, to use the same illustration twice, precisely as interesting to himself as the most exciting story to the most devoted reader of stories.

Probably no one has ever done so much—it is hard to determine who has done more—to stimulate interest in, and sympathy for the past, nor could any style have been better adapted to produce this desirable result than Macaulay's brilliant paragraphs, built up, as they are, of short pointed sentences, and full of dramatic force and vivid colouring. There is no reserve in Macaulay, no consciousness of scenes that may better be imagined than described; in his pictures Agamemnon appears with uncovered face, and there is no idea of concealing agonised features, the delineation of which will do credit to the painter's skill. His detailed descriptions, and what may be called constant breaking up of facts into possible component parts, is certainly most successful in bringing historical scenes vividly before the eye, and assisting the imagination to realise the life of past centuries. For instance, the bare fact that the relations between King Frederic William and his son were unhappy in the extreme, might convey no particular idea to our minds; but when we are told in a series of brief excited sentences how the young Frederic's 'flute was broken; the French books sent out of the palace,' how 'the Prince was kicked and cudgelled and pulled by the hair; sometimes he was restricted to bread and water; and once his father knocked him down,' when we are told all this, then we really feel as if the events related had happened yesterday, and the young ladies whom Macaulay wished to please, would be ungrateful indeed if they did not accord the palm for sensational narrative to the historian. Another way in which he gives life and vividness to his story is by frequently employing direct narration to express the sentiments, opinions, and characters of his subjects.

'Rascal, what are you at there?' (The King of Prussia is speaking.)

'Please your Majesty,' answered the preceptor, 'I was explaining the Golden Bull to his Royal Highness.'

'I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!' roared the Majesty of Prussia, etc., etc.

And again, in the essay on Addison: 'After dinner (with Pope) Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he wished to explain.

'Tickell,' he said, 'translated some time ago the first book of the *Iliad*. I cannot, therefore, ask to see yours, for that would be double-dealing.' But, indeed, instances of this characteristic are to be found on almost every page. It is a characteristic which naturally tends

to diffuseness, and this was one of Macaulay's faults. The five volumes of his history only cover about fifteen years, though he had hoped to deal in them with a period more than twice as long. In writing the History he expended infinite pains on arrangement and revision; the Essays, on the other hand, were often struck off at white heat in an incredibly short time. It was Macaulay's own opinion that he was most successful with those articles of which the subject was historical or political; and in this opinion his readers will be disposed to agree with him. There is, however, something wonderfully attractive—seductive, one is inclined to say—in some of the literary portraits, and the scant justice which is done to characters such as Johnson's, and even Boswell's, is the more to be regretted, in that essays which make such delightful reading are unlikely soon to fall into oblivion.

The essay on Addison is perhaps one of those which may be read with most pleasure; it is free from gross exaggeration, and the warm appreciation of the *Spectator* by the Edinburgh Reviewer is very genuine and spontaneous. True, to heighten his praise of Addison, Macaulay underrates Steele, and the credit of having reformed the stage is perhaps too exclusively assigned to his hero. These, however, are comparatively small points, and, taking it altogether, the essay gives an idea of Addison no less fair and just than it is impressive and life-like.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—XII.

Questions.

82. What position would you assign to Macaulay as (a) Historian, (b) Critic, (c) Poet?

83. What are the chief characteristics of Macaulay's prose style? Quote instances from this essay of his fondness for *Antithesis*.

84. What is Macaulay's estimate of (a) Addison's character, (b) his literary powers? Do you agree with him?

85. What does Macaulay say of Steele? Are his statements well-founded?

86. What conclusions does Macaulay draw as to Addison's classical attainments?

87. How does Macaulay account for Addison's success as a politician?

March Class List.

First Class.

Greta }	100	Cordelia	}	83
Lisle }		Kleine Katze		
Bee	96	White Hawthorn }		
A. C. Shipton	95	Cornflower		82
A. M. G.	92	Hilda		81
E. M. Collum }	90	Eugenie	}	80
Irene		Mu Mu Kappa		
Patty	89	Wolferstan }		
Sybil	88	Fides		77
A. I. P.	87	J. M. Douglas		75
Maia	86	M. E. Ackerley }	}	72
Snapdragon	85	Dick		
		Bunney		71

Second Class.

Seonarf. 67

Third Class.

Sunflower 45

The *Class List* inserted last month was for *February*, and was headed *January* by mistake.

French Literature Class.

In the July number will commence a course on early French Literature to last for the half year, after which it is hoped that preparation for the Cambridge examination may be resumed. Entrance fee, 2s. 6d. For criticised papers, another 2s. 6d. at the commencement, and postage with each set of papers. Address Miss Le Fléchier, c/o Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it always best to keep the Golden Mean?

The Golden Mean has not inspired enthusiasm, nor proved to be a popular subject. Perhaps that fact is an answer to the question. While the extremes are being balanced, and the direction of the engine carefully fixed, the fire goes out, the hot water gets cold, and the motive power fails in consequence. *Elcaam* and *Ein Mädchen* have sent papers; *Elcaam*, in favour of the Golden Mean. Her paper is the best written; but *Ein Mädchen* is given as going the most deeply into the matter.

Perhaps it may elicit a reply or rejoinder. In the meantime the Sunday-schools are still eloquent, so space is left for the differing views of *Double Daisy* and *Veritas* on this subject.

It seems to me that it must depend very greatly upon the occasion for decision, as to whether it is better to incline to either extremity, or whether the Golden Mean is just what is highest and best. In cases which are of small moment, perhaps it is better to have no wishes so decided as to make one inclined to think that all who are of the opposite opinion must necessarily be wrong.

On the other hand, it might be a sign of cowardice, of a want of firmness, to refrain from strongly expressing an opinion in favour of either party in case of an argument. There are certain natures who must be enthusiastic about anything they undertake, and it would be mere hypocrisy for them to appear indifferent about a subject on which they had thought much.

Though no doubt much harm may be done by a too warm upholding of one's own opinion, yet surely a number of good undertakings have suffered or failed entirely on account of the lukewarm support of those on whom they depended.

To take an instance where keeping a middle place might do harm. Suppose people to feel very strongly about amusements on a Sunday, but for the sake of those with whom they may be obliged to live, they do not keep so strictly to their own opinion as they would like to do. A third person might not understand the motive for such yielding, but might jump to the conclusion that if A. might take a walk or smoke a cigar on Sunday, he, B., might gamble or walk instead of attending service. In such a case it would, I think, have

been better for A. to abstain from even harmless amusements on that day. I consider that one should in all cases endeavour to find out how one's actions are likely to affect others, and neither be lukewarm in supporting one's own opinion for fear of giving offence, nor yet obtrude it too much on matters of slight import.

In great matters, I take it, it is better to have a decided feeling one way or the other; but in little things it is safer to keep the Golden Mean.

EIN MÄDCHEN.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

That the Sunday-school system works satisfactorily in large towns in general is an assertion that perhaps few would make, and I think we ought to be grateful to Chelsea China for stirring us up to investigate the causes of failure, instead of calmly acquiescing in the fact, and accepting the consolation (?) so often tendered, 'It is the same everywhere.' The need for Sunday-schools is as great in the town as in the country, for though there are more agencies at work in the former, none of them give definite, systematic instruction to children of all ages. What is altered is the relationship between teachers and children; the former is 'teacher,' and nothing more; would it not be better for her to face the fact and bend all her energies to this, the work for which she is responsible, instead of neglecting it in the endeavour to gain the position of friend and confidante. There are others ready to be the children's friends, district visitors, G. F. S. associates, etc. The opportunity of giving instruction, which is to be the basis of their future spiritual life, is the Sunday-school teacher's alone; that, and not friendly intercourse, must be her first object.

But she will say, and truly, that she must win the children. Win them, yes, but *to* what? and *for* what? It has been said that the sympathy of persons who have no definite aim of their own, will not be helpful to any one else. May not this be a clue to the uselessness of much kindness in Sunday-schools? Is it not the case that many teachers have no definite aim beyond securing attendance, or winning a certain amount of personal devotion? If we are to do any lasting good our aim must be much higher. To ground the children in Church doctrines, not merely to talk about them, but really to teach them, 'first catechizing in, then catechizing out,' to train them in habits of reverence and self-control, which will outlast a change of teacher and companionship—sympathy which helps to this is good, sympathy which makes them or ourselves content with less is mischievous. Respect and obedience we are bound to enforce, or the best teaching will be thrown away; affection will probably follow, sooner or later. Instruction is more needed in a town than in the

country; the children will come across every variety of opinion, and have more capacity for understanding what they learn.

It will of course follow that those who cannot teach had better not become teachers; it will probably answer better to give large classes to a few, than to leave many small ones in incompetent hands. Religious instruction is too important to be badly given, and there are many other channels of usefulness open.

And if it is well not to be afraid of diminishing the number of teachers, it is still more needful not to be afraid of diminishing the number of children. Among the multifarious agencies of town parishes a boy or girl is not likely to be entirely lost, or if lost in one parish will turn up in another, where a fresh start under altered conditions will probably be the best chance for him or her. At all events, we have no right to dwarf the moral stature of those who would improve for the sake of those who would not.

DOUBLE DAISY.

This of course depends in *some* measure on the place, people, clergy, and helpers in the Sunday-school; but as a rule I think we may certainly say that the present Sunday-school system *does* work *most* satisfactorily in the majority of our large towns. As a worker in a large Sunday-school in the south-west of England, I have been much interested in the various papers sent in to Debatable Ground on this subject. Every one must feel how very important it is that the present system of imparting religious instruction should be made as perfect as possible, especially in these days when Sunday is often *the only* day on which any of the highest and *most* important teaching is given to many of the rising generation!

Of course the ideal of religious instruction is that parents should teach their own children at home; but as this, alas, is quite a thing of the past, it behoves us to make the best of what we have in the present. The Sunday-school system has its many advantages, for it forms a bond of union between many, who without it would perhaps never come in contact with one another, it shows the scholars that others outside their own homes take an interest in their spiritual welfare, and it gives an opportunity to impart true Church teaching to children from their very earliest years; and although the old feudal feeling has quite died out of our midst, at any rate in our large towns, yet the bond between teacher and taught is often a very strong one, and the teacher's influence is felt, long after Sunday-school days are past.

But one mistake I think is often made in some of the best-worked schools. The removals from class to class are *too* frequent. When we think of all the different characters which are to be met with even in *one* class, and how long it takes to *thoroughly* understand and deal with each individual one, does it not seem a pity that so often, just

as the teacher is beginning to gain an influence, the scholar is removed 'to a higher class?' Is not this often the real cause of boys and girls leaving the Sunday-school at such an early age as they do in some places? They have not been long enough with any *one* teacher to make a real friend of them, and so their interest in the school flags, and they slip away, feeling quite sure that there are plenty of younger ones coming on to fill up their places. The Yorkshire and other North-country schools have been quoted as exceptions to this state of things, and the writer is glad to say that there are many in the South too, where boys and girls come regularly to the Sunday-school long after they have arrived at years of discretion.

To attain this, of course a great deal depends upon the working of the school. In one, well known to the writer, the scholars' ages range from four years to seven-and-twenty. The removals in this school (which is a town one) only take place once a year, and then only necessary gaps are filled, so as to keep up the number in each class, and as nearly as possible each scholar in the class is about the same age.

This slow removal system certainly works well. The scholars become attached to their teachers, and very seldom wish to leave them; while the teacher's influence is in some cases almost unbounded. The classes are not numbered, being only known by the teacher's name; in fact, numbering would be almost impossible when two classes are just the same age.

Every Sunday morning the school is marched to church, and each teacher sits with her class; the younger ones under eight being allowed to leave the church quietly during the singing of one of the hymns. The whole school, numbering over two hundred girls, is taken to the Children's Services, and not the slightest difficulty is found by the boys' school being seated on the opposite side of the aisle. The whole system though, as I have said before, depends much on the workers in the Sunday-school. If they are half-hearted, the whole machinery of the school will suffer; but where there is earnestness and hope, much may be done to stem the growing tide of carelessness and infidelity, and surely the effort to save *even some* of the younger members of Christ's flock is worth *any* sacrifice and toil.

VERITAS.

A. J. W. also sends a very interesting and encouraging paper about a London Sunday-school.

So-and-So's paper (unfortunately on *both sides*, not of the subject, but the sheet) is very interesting. Her recommendation to *face* the altered conditions, and to 'organise, organise, organise,' are valuable, especially as she is most sanguine as to the result.

X. backs up *Double Daisy's* view in a few lines, that are perhaps, like his former contribution, somewhat cynical. He says, that in his

experience, 'the best attended and most regular classes are not the most visited, or even the most loved, but the best taught, and the best managed.' Perhaps, if this is so, it may be explained by the fact that in towns there are often a great many ladies to visit and 'take an interest' in mothers and children, and that, after all, they are sent to school for a definite object, and are cultivated enough to know when they attain it. But X.'s remarks would not apply in any place where there was parochial neglect, or where the proportion of lady visitors was very small.

Tasmania's paper from Addison about Ghosts is interesting; but it is too late to reopen the subject.

QUESTION FOR JUNE.

Are charity and keen insight compatible?

Answers to be sent to the Publishers, written on one side of the paper, before July 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE NESTORIANS AND THE COUNCIL OF EPHESUS.

Questions for June.

- 21. An account of the heresy of Nestorius, and of the attitude of the great Patriarchs towards it previous to the Council of Ephesus.
 - 22. A short history of the Council.
 - 23. Subsequent fate of Nestorius and Nestorianism.
 - 24. A life of St. Cyril of Alexandria.
- Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by July 1st.

March Class List.

First Class.

Cocksmoor.	39	Sycorax		Verena	32
Kentigern	38	Wylmcote	}	Hegesippus	}
Etheldreda	37	Fidelia		Veritas	
Charissa		Miss Muffet	}	Vivia	
Speranza	36	Decima		Cox	
Water Wagtail		Violets	}	Malacoda	}
Papaver		Ierne		Polypodium	
Erica		Vorwärts		Frideswide	30

Second Class.

Snapdragon	29	Καθολικος	}	Mervarid	26
Countess	28	Portia		Trudle	25
Budgerigar		Mary	}	Cecilia	}
Bluebell	27	Millstone		Box	

Third Class.

Evelyn.	18	Theodosius	16
And one unsigned paper.			

REMARKS.

9. When asked for two or three lines on each person, members should not give ten or twelve.

Water Wagtail: The successive Presidents at Constantinople were (1), St. Meletius, who presided at the opening; (2), St. Gregory Nazianzen, after Meletius's death; (3), Timothy of Alexandria, on Gregory's resignation; (4), Nectarius of Constantinople, on the passing of the Canon giving precedence to that see. *Ierne, Frideswide,*

Trudle, etc.: No Western Bishops at all were present at the Council except from Macedonia. St. Hilary was dead, and neither Damasus nor any Roman Pope ever sat in an Œcumenical Council. *Budgerigar* mentions Massatians, meaning, no doubt, Massalians, a fanatical sect, rather like Quakers in theory, but Shakers in practice, condemned at Antioch, under Flavian in 391. Best answered by *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Charissa*, *Miss Muffet*, *Wylmcote*, and *Fidelia*.

10. The Canons are best given by *Cocksmoor* and *Kentigern*; the Macedonian heresy best by *Vorwärts*, *Hegesippus*, and *Cox*. It is edifying to observe that Canon II. gives jurisdiction to the Provincial Synod of Bishops, and not to the Patriarch. *Water Wagtail*: Peter of Alexandria was really the first in place among Eastern Bishops, Constantinople having no primacy in his days. There is no doubt that whether the sect was rightly or wrongly named from the Patriarch Macedonius, he was heretical concerning the Holy Spirit, and semi-Arian as to the Nicene faith.

11. The Creed and notes are perfectly given by *Cocksmoor*, *Charissa*, and *Verena*; and very well by most. With regard to the *Filioque* clause, we must remember the Greeks had some right on their side, viz., that it is highly inexpedient to add (by any but Œcumenical authority) even the surest dogma to the Creed. Also, that these words require to be guarded against a possible interpretation that the Third Person proceeds in the same manner from the Two, severally, thus making two Fountains of Godhead. St. Thomas Aquinas shows that this is not really involved in the *Filioque*, and the Greeks had no right to tax the Latins with this heresy. At Florence (1439) it was decreed that as the Father hath communicated all things (save the Paternity) to His Son, and they are One, in that sense the Holy Spirit proceeds from both, but *by one spiration*. St. Thomas says that the Eternal Procession is from the Father, *through* the Son. On the whole, a more disastrous addition in its consequence, as one factor in the severance of East from West, could hardly be imagined.

Papaver: The Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia recites in her Liturgy a Creed neither Nicene nor Constantinopolitan, but a blending of both, e.g. she retains 'that is of the substance of the Father,' and recites the clauses of altered position twice. There are extra clauses, especially on the Third Person. 'Lord and Lifegiver' is omitted, and 'Holy' as a note of the Church. It retains the Nicene anathema, and the exclamation of Gregory the Illuminator, 'we will glorify Him who was before all worlds', etc.

Etheldreda and others: 'Holy' was in all Greek and Latin copies, but is omitted in English by a slip of the pen. *Bluebell* omits 'Whose kingdom shall have no end.' *Polypodium* quotes the Apostles' Creed from 'He suffered' to 'rose again.' The following have been wrongly underlined, as they were in the Nicene Symbol. Members

must note their own errors: 'Only-begotten Son of God'; 'was incarnate'; 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' The following have not been underlined by some, yet they were all added now: 'Before all worlds'; 'from heaven'; 'crucified under Pontius Pilate'; 'was buried'; 'according to the Scriptures'; 'and sitteth at the right hand of the Father'; 'with glory.' *Fidelia*: Certainly, Dykes in F seems to give a sufficient rest after the word 'Lord.' *Bluebell*: Bog-Oak thinks Professor Lumley's views unusual. It is true the additions had existed in the creeds of Epiphanius and elsewhere; but at Chalcedon, seventy years later, it was believed that this Council added them to the Nicene symbol. The letter to Theodosius mentions 'some short definitions.' Giesler, Hammond, Bright, and Mahan all give this view. Early authorities often call this fuller Creed 'Nicene.'

12. Fullest answers by *Cocksmoor* and *Kentigern*. Best condensed by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Ierne*. Several who assign 316 or 320 for Martin's birth, follow it up by saying that at twenty years old he was fighting under the 'Emperor Julian.' The chronology of the Saint is very uncertain, but this is too inconsistent. In 336 Julian was a child of six years old. If he fought under Julian it must have been when the latter was Cæsar in Gaul, 355-361. All should have mentioned his friendship with St. Hilary, and more prominence should have been given in many papers to the fact that his life's work was the conversion of the Gallic peasantry.

Subscriptions received from *Speranza* and *Hispania*.

Bog-Oak observes that some members are not reading any one *Church History* through. Their plan seems to consist in 'looking out' answers, which must be rather like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. A sort of intellectual back-bone results from reading even one book straight through. Other books can be searched as well. These questions do not cover the whole ground nearly; and if 'nature abhors a vacuum,' so does the historical student.

Notices to Correspondents.

J. M. H.—It is to be feared that St. Ursula never had any existence. A German martyrology of 847 speaks of a troop of virgins murdered at Cologne. They became 11,000 in 922, and Ursula's name appears in 1112, when the legend takes shape, that she was daughter to Nothus, king of Britain, and obtained leave from her father to put her maidens in eleven ships, to cruise about and go on pilgrimage to Rome for three years. On their return they fell into the hands of the Huns, at Cologne, and weremassacred. Maximinus in the third century, and Attila in the fifth, are equally credited with their destruction; and there is another version, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, making the ladies Cornish maidens on their way to be wives to the colonists of Brittany, murdered by the Huns and Picts! It is quite true that skulls are shown at Cologne, and it is likely that there were virgin martyrs there; but the remains were taken from an old burial-ground, and were only identified as those of the 11,000 by the dreams of a nun and a monk. Besides, there are bones of men and children among them. The name Ursula and the ship story is supposed by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould to have come from an old German myth of the moon-goddess Hörsel, gliding in her silver boat, among her thousands of companion stars.

Mrs. B., St. Mary's Rectory, Godalming, will be much obliged to any one who will send her the words of a short poem by Mrs. Charles, of which the last verse is—

‘The work is good, the way is right;
But yet, I think, an hour shall be
At even, on the sunlit height,
Which shall be morn to thee and me.’

V. B.—Declined with thanks.

Miss J. G. Mozley believes that the following is a correct list of the published writings of her aunt, the late Mrs. Thomas Mozley: ‘The Fairy Bower;’ ‘The Lost Brooch;’ ‘Louisa, or the Bride;’ ‘Bessie Gray;’ ‘Robert Marshall;’ ‘The Stanley Ghost;’ ‘The Old Bridge;’ ‘Family Adventures;’ ‘Hymns for Children;’ ‘Little Dora,’ and other small books in a packet.

In the vestry window of Wilton Church, there are medallions of old glass, apparently Flemish. In one is shown a woman riding on an ox. She holds up, in her right hand, a human skull, and in her left, a pair of scissors. The ox is trampling on a woman, beside